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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 25, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
19	1	BALLROOM BLITZ	The Sweet (RCA)
9	2	MONSTER MASH Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)	
1	3	ROCK ON	David Essex (CBS)
3	4	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)
15	5	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
4	6	OH NO NOT MY BABY	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	7	ANGIE	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
21	8	ALL THE WAY FROM MEMPHIS	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
17	9	NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
23	10	JOYBRINGER	Manfred Mann's Earthband (Vertigo)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 25, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Apple)
2	2	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
7	3	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
3	4	I'VE GOT TO GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
6	5	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
5	6	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
4	7	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
13	8	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)
12	9	LADY WILLPOWER	Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
10	10	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Canned Heat (Liberty)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 27, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	2	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
2	3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
11	4	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
3	5	I WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme (CBS)
9	6	APPLE JACK	Jet Harris and Tony Meeham (Decca)
13	7	IF I HAD A HAMMER	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
4	8	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
9	9	JUST LIKE EDDIE	Heinz (Decca)
16	10	SHINDIG	Shadows (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 30, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	7	1
2	(13)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	2	2
3	(3)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	9	1
4	(14)	GREASE	Frankie Valli (RSO)	5	4
5	(4)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile (Rak)	4	4
6	(6)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)	6	4
7	(5)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	8	5
8	(16)	SUMMER NIGHT CITY	Abba (Epic)	3	8
9	(11)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	2	9
10	(12)	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	10
11	(10)	BRITISH HUSTLE	Hi Tension (Island)	7	7
12	(28)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	2	12
13	(21)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	6	13
14	(8)	HONG KONG GARDEN	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	5	8
15	(2)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic)	23	1
16	(25)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	2	16
17	(9)	AGAIN AND AGAIN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	9
18	(7)	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)	8	2
19	(—)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	19
20	(18)	FORGET ABOUT YOU	Motors (Virgin)	7	14
21	(—)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	1	21
22	(17)	EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb (RSO)	6	11
23	(—)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)	1	23
24	(24)	THE WINKERS SONG	Ivor Biggun (Beggars Banquet)	2	24
25	(—)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	1	25
26	(26)	A ROSE HAS TO DIE	Dooleys (GTO)	3	26
27	(18)	I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	4	18
28	(30)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gale (UA)	2	28
29	(20)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	19	1
30	(23)	TOP OF THE POPS	Rezillos (Sire)	6	13

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DAVID WATTS — Jam (Polydor); BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE — Cleveland Eton (Gull); HEADS DOWN NO NONSENSE MINDLESS BOOGIE — Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias (Logo); MEXICAN GIRL — Smokie (RAK).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 30, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
2	(2)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
3	(5)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
4	(3)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John
5	(9)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
6	(10)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
7	(8)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
8	(4)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
9	(6)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
10	(13)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
11	(12)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
12	(7)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
13	(18)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
14	(17)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
15	(16)	YOU AND I	Rick James
16	(19)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
17	(21)	WHO ARE YOU	Who
18	(11)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
19	(22)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
20	(15)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
21	(24)	COME TOGETHER	Aerosmith
22	(14)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
23	(29)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
24	(25)	OH! DARLING	Robin Gibb
25	(28)	GET OFF	Foxy
26	(30)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel
27	(—)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
28	(—)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle
29	(—)	JOSIE	Steely Dan
30	(—)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending September 30, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	12	1
2	(1)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	11	1
3	(2)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	9	2
4	(4)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	13	2
5	(6)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	22	1
6	(5)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	8	3
7	(25)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	7
8	(7)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (Polydor)	5	5
9	(12)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	2	9
10	(10)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston (Epic)	3	10
11	(9)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	11	7
12	(11)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	15	2
13	(8)	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE	James Galway (Red Seal)	4	8
14	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	41	3
15	(23)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	17	2
16	(19)	ARE WE NOT MEN	Devo (Virgin)	3	16
17	(—)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	(Motown)	1	17
18	(—)	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	34	5
19	(30)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	19
20	(13)	STAR PARTY	Various Artists (K-Tel)	7	10
21	(21)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	80	1
22	(—)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	15	4
23	(—)	SUNLIGHT	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	2	23
24	(—)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(23)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	28	6
26	(28)	THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	2	26
27	(27)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner (Atlantic)	4	23
28	(—)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	28	1
29	(17)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS	The Rezillos (Sire)	8	15
30	(26)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	36	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN — Rose Royce (Whitfield); EVEN NOW — Barry Manilow (Arista); PRIVATE PRACTICE — Dr Feelgood (U.A.); SOLID SENDERS — Solid Senders (Virgin).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 30, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
3	(5)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
4	(4)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
5	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
6	(8)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
7	(6)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
8	(7)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
9	(9)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
10	(10)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
11	(11)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
12	(12)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
13	(14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
14	(15)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
15	(—)	TEN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Wiseberg
16	(13)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
17	(18)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
18	(19)	COME GET IT	Rick James
19	(28)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
20	(24)	SLEEPER CATCHER	Little River Band
21	(22)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
22	(17)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
23	(25)	GET OFF	Foxy
24	(20)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
25	(16)	UNDER WRAPS	Shaun Cassidy
26	(—)	LIVE AND MORG	Donna Summer
27	(23)	THE CARS	The Cars
28	(21)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
29	(—)	AJA	Steely Dan
30	(—)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Siouxsie hits the big-time

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have been lined up for their first headlining British tour, following the chart success of their Polydor single "Hong Kong Garden". And their debut album "The Scream" is scheduled for release on October 27, midway through the tour.

So far 23 dates have been set, but there are still more to be announced, including a major London concert. There are two support acts on all dates, one of which will be Spizz Oil, while the other varies from one gig to another — special guest on the opening show is Nico.

Confirmed dates are Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (October 11), Bath Pavilion (12), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Plymouth Fiesta (16), Bristol Locarno (17), Bournemouth Village Bowl (19), Hastings Pier Pavilion (20), Leeds University (21), Birmingham Mayfair (23), Coventry Tiffany's (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Glasgow Apollo Centre (27), Middlesbrough Town Hall (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Sheffield Top Rank (31), Lancaster University (November 1), Liverpool Mountford Hall (3), Manchester University (4), Canterbury Odeon (10), Colchester Essex University (11), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (15) and Portsmouth Locarno (16).

Penetration set to blast Britain

PENETRATION, who recently proved their worth by headlining at London Lyceum, return from a European tour to play their most important gig series to date — including another big London show, this time at the Roundhouse. They'll be promoting their first album "Moving Targets", released by Virgin in luminous vinyl on October 13 and preceded by the single "Life's A Gamble" on October 6.

Dates are Huddersfield Polytechnic (October 27), Liverpool Eric's (28), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (31), Newport Stowaway Club (November 1), Bristol Polytechnic (2), Manchester The Factory (3), Nuneaton 77 Club (7), Reading Bones Club (8), Plymouth Metro (9), Uxbridge Brunel University (10), Northampton County Ground (11), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (12), York Pop Club (15), Leeds Fan Club (16), Scarborough Penthouse (17), Dudley J.B'S (18), Retford Porterhouse (24) and London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (25).

A second and even more impresseve Penetration tour is being set up for December, when they will play ten major dates. Details are expected in a few weeks. (Could it be with Rory Gallagher?)

THE CAPTAIN and VANIAN

DAMNED GIGS ARE DOOMED!

THE THREE former members of The Damned — Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible — who recently came together as The Doomed in a one-off gig at London's Electric Ballroom have now decided to remain together under this banner. They're joined in The Doomed by Henri Badowski, who was recently involved in The Captain's short-lived King band, and together they undertake their debut tour at:

Plymouth Metro (tomorrow, Friday), Newport Stowaway (October 4), Birmingham The Gig (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Leeds venue to be confirmed (10), Canterbury venue to be confirmed (12), Manchester Mayflower (13), Middlesborough Rock Garden (14), London Royal College of Art (19), Brighton Sussex University (20) and Peterborough Focus (21). Further dates are being finalised before they leave for a tour of Germany, Holland, Belgium and France.

Tanz Der Youth have broken up

TANZ DER YOUTH, the band formed by Brian James after the break-up of The Damned, have now split up themselves — and they put the blame fairly and squarely on poor food in motorway cafes! James is to pursue a solo careeer, Alan Powell is working with Mick Farren's band along with Andy Colquhoun, and Tony Moore is open for offers.

CLASH REACH DECISION DAY

AS NME CLOSED for press on Tuesday, The Clash were heading for a showdown with their manager Bernard Rhodes. On Sunday he flew to New York, where the band are working on their upcoming LP, and was meeting them on Tuesday in what's expected to be a head-on confrontation.

Allegedly he's been increasingly disillusioned with the group's ideals, and a rift has been simmering for months. Matters came to a head when he booked The Clash into a concert at London Roxy on September 9, a date which they were unable to fulfil.

U.S. rumours suggest that Rhodes is considering selling his management contract to Rod Stewart's manager, Billy Gaff. But Joe Strummer said on Monday that he "hadn't heard that one". However, sources report that American CBS are anxious for a management change, and they have already nominated their choice of successor — who is believed to be an American.

TOUR ADDITIONS & CHANGES

Lurkers, Smirks, TRB, Buzzcocks, Rats extra

THE LURKERS have made several additions to, and changes in, their current tour. They have new bookings in October at Cambridge Corn Exchange (13), Nuneaton 77 Club (24), Batley Crumpets (25), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (26) and Manchester Mayflower (28) — but they have cancelled gigs at Halifax Good Mood (7), Newbridge Club (8), Bristol Locarno (10), Peterborough Focus (28) and Nottingham Malbour (29).

Their previously reported three-day West Country visit (November 1-3) is now incorporated in a six-day mini-tour, as follows: Exeter Routes (November 6), Penzance Garden (7), Torquay 400 Club (8), Plymouth Woods (9), Scarborough Penthouse (10) and Lincoln A.J.'s Club (11).

THE SMIRKS have added seven gigs to their tour, starting this weekend. They are Plymouth Polytechnic (October 6), Bradford Royal Standard (15), Warrington Carlton Club (16), Nottingham Sandpiper (19), High Wycombe Nags Head (26), Birmingham Aston University (31) and Halifax Good Mood Club (November 4). But they have scrapped planned dates at Plymouth Woods (October 23), Penzance Garden (24) and Exeter Routes (25).

THE BUZZCOCKS have added a second concert at Manchester Apollo to their extensive tour itinerary, opening this week — it's on November 12. And their show at Middleton Civic Hall is brought forward 24 hours from October 6 to 5. Another new booking is at Bournemouth Winter Gardens on November 7.

TOM ROBINSON BAND are to play a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, October 9, as their show there the previous evening is now sold out. Tickets are now available priced £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1.

BOOMTOWN RATS have slotted another concert into their tour schedule — at Sunderland Empire on October 23. And their show at Carlisle Market Hall is brought forward from October 21 to 18.

"BE STIFF" — the upcoming Stiff Records package featuring Wreckless Eric, Jona Lewie, Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet and Mickey Jupp — will play extra dates at Plymouth Polytechnic (October 14) and Bournemouth Village Bowl (November 15). Rachel Sweet will be backed on the tour by Will Birch's band The Records, who will also be playing their own set, though it should be stressed that they haven't signed to Stiff.

Thunders delay

JOHNNY THUNDERS' previously-reported one-off at London Strand Lyceum has been delayed by 24 hours to Thursday, October 12, because of his U.S. commitments. Tickets are on sale at the advance price of £2.25, and those already purchased will be valid for the revised date. Billed as Johnny Thunders Allstars and promoting his new solo album "So Alone", it features several well-known musicians — including Steve Jones and Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols.

PLEASERS IN ACTION

THE PLEASERS go back on the road this week following a three-month lay-off. Dates so far confirmed are Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (tonight, Thursday), Leeds Polytechnic (Friday), Sheffield University (Saturday), Reading University (October 4), London Strand King's College (6), Manchester University (7), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (12), Dundee Technical College (13), Bolton Technical College (14) amd Newcastle Polytechnic (15). More gigs are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Costello single, TV

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions release their third Radar Records single on October 20 titled "Radio Radio" — previously unissued in Britain, though it was included on the American version of the album "This Year's Model". The B-side is "Tiny Steps" from the sessions in which they're currently involved. They are also working on a TV documentary for screening in BBC-2's "Arena" series, and this will be followed by tours of Canada, Japan and Australia. But they'll be back home in December in time to headline some special Christmas shows here.

AC/DC AFTER YOUR BLOOD

THE FIRST 14 dates and venues have now been confirmed for the major mid-autumn tour by AC/DC, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. But they'll be on the road solidly through November, which means that further dates have still to be added to their itinerary.

The schedule so far comprises Liverpool Empire (October 30), Edinburgh Odeon (31), Glasgow Apollo (November 1), Newcastle Mayfair (2), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Coventry Theatre (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Stoke Trentham Gardens (8), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Derby Assembly Hall (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

Ticket prices are £2.80, £2.40 and £1.80 — except at Wolverhampton (£2.50 and £2), Stoke (£2.50 only) and Hammersmith (£3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50). AC/DC, currently halfway through an extensive U.S. tour, are bringing in their new stage equipment incorporating three lighting rigs and a walkway stretching above the stage — and it's hoped to use all or part of this gear at every show.

A new AC/DC live album "If You Want Blood You've Got It", recorded during their recent world tour, is released by Atlantic on October 13. A single from the LP, titled "Whole Lotta Rosie", will be issued either on the same day or a week later.

Gabriel's four at Christmas

PETER GABRIEL is to be this year's main pre-Christmas attraction at London's Hammersmith Odeon. He's playing four concerts there on Wednesday to Saturday, December 20-23 inclusive. All shows begin at 8pm, and tickets are priced £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75.

Postal bookings are being accepted immediately at the Peter Gabriel Box-Office, The Odeon, Hammersmith, London W.6 (cheques and POs to "Odeon Hammersmith" and enclose s.a.e.). Tickets will go on sale on October 5 to personal callers at the venue and promoter Harvey Goldsmith's Box Office in Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1.

Gabriel's band for these gigs will be Jerry Marotta (drums), Tony Levin (bass), Sidney McGinnis (guitar), Larry Fast (synthesiser) and Timmy Capello (keyboards), but a support act has still to be named. After appearing earlier this month in open air shows at Knebworth and London's Battersea Park, Gabriel will be doing two tours of America and another European tour before his Christmas concerts.

● It's not yet known if there will be a Christmas Eve concert at Hammersmith though, being a Sunday this year, the chances are there won't be.

JAMES BROWN — FOUR SHOWS

JAMES BROWN returns to Britain in November, for the first time since January last year, and plays four concerts in two nights as part of a European tour. He's bringing over his full U.S. production, billed as The James Brown Revue, and he headlines two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 24 (tickets £4, £3 and £2) — followed by two at Manchester Apollo on November 25 (£3.50, £3 and £2.50). Performances on both nights are at 6.30 and 9pm, and tickets are on sale now. Promoters are Straight Music.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

BUDGIE READY TO TAKE OFF

BUDGIE begin a 22-date autumn concert tour next month, supported at all venues by Strife. This will be their first outing in this country since Tony Burge left the band, to be replaced by ex-Trapeze guitarist Rob Kendrick. And now that session man Myf Isaac has also departed, Budgie are back to their original three-piece format. The tour is promoted by John Giddings of MAM, and the itinerary is:

Liverpool Empire (October 12), Cambridge Corn Exchange (13), Croydon Greyhound (15), Southampton Gaumont (17), Plymouth Metro (18), Lancaster University (20), Glasgow Strathclyde University (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (23), Cardiff University (25), Swansea University (26), Hull University (28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (29), Manchester Apollo (30), Birmingham Odeon (31), Brighton Top Rank (November 1), St. Albans City Hall (3), Derby Assembly Rooms (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Maidstone College (10), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11) and Sheffield Top Rank (12). One or two more gigs may be added.

TV, RADIO LATEST

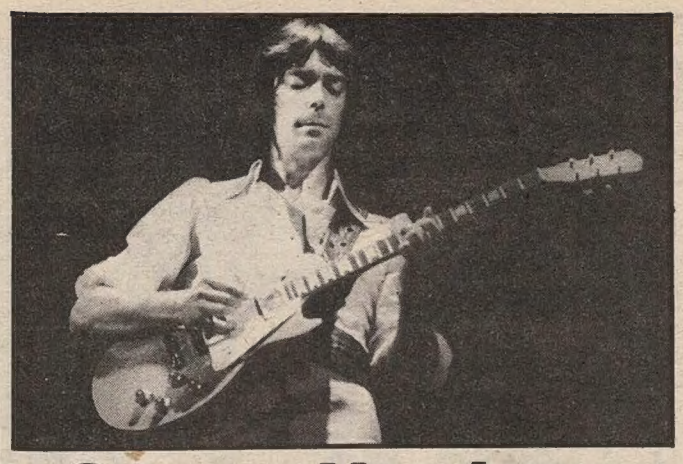
PART OF Jethro Tull's concert at New York's Madison Square Garden on Monday, October 9, will be screened live by BBC-2 as an "Old Grey Whistle Test" special. And it's aired simultaneously in John Peel's Radio 1 show. The concert is being screened worldwide by satellite and will be seen by an estimated 400-million audience. The telecast replaces the usual Tuesday OGWT that week. Said producer Mike Appleton: "We hope this will be the first of many live satellite shows from America. We're thinking about doing something similar for Christmas."

Radio 1 breaks away completely from Radio 2, starting Saturday November 11. And two weeks later, coinciding with the wavelength changes, Radio 2 begins 24-hour round-the-clock broadcasting. The new Radio 1 schedules will be:

WEEKDAYS: 6 am Dave Lee Travis; 9.00 Simon Bates; 11.30 Paul Burnett; 2 pm Tony Blackburn; 4.30 Kid Jensen (Monday), Ed Stewart (Tuesday), Anne Nightingale (Wednesday), Noel Edmonds (Thursday), Kid Jensen (Friday); 8.00 New BBC d-j Andy Peebles; 9.50 Newsbeat; 10-midnight John Peel (Mondays to Thursdays), new in-concert rock show (Friday).

SATURDAY: 7 am Playground; 8.00 Junior Choice; 10.00 Peter Powell; 1 pm Adrian Juste; 2.00 Paul Gambaccini; 4.30 Rock On; 5.30 It's Rock'n'Roll; 6.30 In Concert; 7.30 Manchester DJ Show; 10.0 — midnight Disco Show.

SUNDAY: 8 am Junior Choice; 10.0 Noel Edmonds; 1 pm Jimmy Savile; 3.0 Anne Nightingale; 5.0 Top Forty; 7.0 Special Feature (first is the Moody Blues Story); 8.0 Star Special with big names acting as d-j (first is Stevie Wonder); 10.0-midnight Sounds Of Jazz.



Steve Hackett first solo tour

STEVE HACKETT, the former Genesis guitarist who left that band early this year, is going out on his first solo tour. Together with a band put together specially for this venture — comprising Hackett (guitar), Peter Hicks (lead vocals), John Hackett (flute and guitar), Dick Cadbury (bass), John Shearer (drums) and Nick Magnus (keyboards) — he's undertaking a European tour, including seven concerts in this country.

He plays Cardiff University (October 23), Manchester Apollo (24), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aylesbury Friars (28), Birmingham Odeon (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (30), with one more venue still to be confirmed. Box-offices are now open for the first six shows. Chrysalis release Hackett's new single on October 6 — titled "Narnia," it's a re-recorded version of a song from his latest solo LP "Please Don't Touch."

Mini-tour by Quatro

SUZI QUATRO and her band, now featuring new keyboards man Bill Hurd as replacement for Mike Deacon, are set for a six-date mini-tour starting at the end of next month. They play Ipswich Gaumont (October 27), Peterborough ABC (28), Manchester Apollo (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Oldham Civic Hall (31) and London Hammersmith Odeon (November 2). Suzi then leaves for Los Angeles to film further "Happy Days" episodes and for recording sessions. Her new album "If You Knew Suzi" is issued by Rak Records tomorrow week (October 6).

RECORD NEWS

Tosh: album, single, tour

REGGAE GIANT Peter Tosh has signed a long-term deal with EMI Records, who will release his product on the Rolling Stones label. His first single through this outlet is "(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back", with vocal support from Mick Jagger, which is rushed out this weekend. His album "Bush Doctor" follows in late October. Together with his band Word Sound & Power, he'll be playing ten British concerts — including two at London Rainbow — as part of a European tour starting October 25.

New Elton John album

ELTON JOHN returns to the album scene on October 20 with the release of his first new LP since "Blue Moves" two years ago. Titled "A Single Man", it's the first under Rocket Records' new distribution deal with Phonogram. Tracks are **Shine On Through, Return To Paradise, I Don't Care, Big Dipper, It Ain't Gonna Be Easy, Part Time Love, Georgia, Shooting Star, Madness, Reverie** and **Song For Guy.**

Musicians featured are Clive Franks (bass), Tim Renwick (guitar), Steve Holly (drums) and Ray Cooper (percussion), with orchestral scorings by Paul Buckmaster — and there are cameo appearances by Chris Barber's Jazz Band and the staff and players of Watford Football Club! One of the songs "Part Time Love" is issued as a single on October 6, coupled with a track not on the album called "I Cry At Night".

Jam, Sham: new singles

THE JAM and SHAM 69 both have new singles scheduled for release by Polydor on October 6. Jam's is a rocker called "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight", which Paul Weller describes as "anti-violence and pro-curry", while the B-side is their tribute to Keith Moon titled "So Sad About Us". The Sham single "Hurry Up Harry" sees them augmented on piano by co-producer Peter Wilson, who was featured on organ on their previous hit "If The Kids Are United", and it's coupled with "No Entry".

● **J.A.L.N. Band's** new Magnet single "Universal Love", issued this weekend, is followed on October 20 by their latest album "Movin' City High".

● **Johnny G** has recorded a one-man-band EP, for release by Beggars Banquet at the end of October. Titled "Monophenia", it features four tracks but retails at normal singles price.

● **Steve Ellis** is back in action with a new single out this weekend on Ariola titled "Soothe Me". It's taken from his upcoming album, for November release.

● **Hawkwind's** former Top Ten hit "Silver Machine", recorded live at London Roundhouse in February 1972, is reissued by United Artists on October 6. The first 15,000 copies are 12-inch in a mirror board bag, with the Hawkwind logo embossed on the cover. It then reverts to a seven-inch in a picture bag.

● Motown Records have signed three major acts to their stable — **Billy Preston** who joins from A & M, **Bonnie Pointer** formerly of the now-disbanded Pointer Sisters, and reed-man **Grover Washington Jr.** First product is from Washington whose new album "Reed Seed" is out on November 10, and the other two are currently working on debut product for the label.

● The new **XTC** album "Go 2", for release by Virgin on October 6, will include a free 12-inch EP titled "Go Plus" featuring inverted dub versions of five of the LP tracks. This applies only to the first 20,000 copies, after which it reverts to normal packaging.

● The majority of the initial pressings of the Deptford Fun City album "What You See Is What You Are", recorded live during the recent free tour by **Here & Now** and **Alternative TV**, have been found to have a technical fault. Those unhappy with their copies should return them for replacement to Grant Showbiz, 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W.11. Those who are still awaiting copies by mail will have to wait a little longer, while new copies are pressed.

● Two singles, both released in picture bags tomorrow (Friday) by Radar Records, are "Hysterie Connective" by **Metal Urbain** and "In The Colonies" by **The Steroids.**

● Lynda Kelly, the former 5000 Volts lead singer who recently signed with Phil Wainman's Utopia Records, has changed her name to **Lynda Virtu** for her debut single "Treat Me Like A Woman". It's issued this weekend through Mercury.

● **Spherical Objects'** new single "The Kill" comes out on October 13, complete with picture sleeve and lyric sheet. It's released on Object Music, which is distributed by Rough Trade, Virgin, Lightning and Wynd-Up.

● **Slade** have a new single coming out on October 6 to coincide with the extensive tour they've just begun. Titled "Rock'n'Roll Bolero", it's on the Polydor label.

● Worcester band **The Tights** release a double A-side single this week on the Cherry Red label, comprising "Howard Hughes" and "China Eternal". Issued simultaneously by Soho Records is "All The Time In The World" by **The Nips,** formerly The Nipple Erectors.

Queen elpee: bare facts

QUEEN, who are currently recording their new album in Nice, plan to have it ready for release in time for the pre-Christmas market. It has the working title of "Jazz", and the band flew to London ten days ago to supervise photo sessions for the gatefold sleeve. This involved a nude bicycle race, staged in great secrecy at Wimbledon Stadium, by 60 ladies of all shapes and sizes! This explains the titles of the tracks from the LP, which are being issued as a double A-side single next week — "Bicycle Race" and "Fat Bottomed Girls".

See what's behind Lloyds £3 voucher for new students

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Cashpoint is our computer-linked cash dispenser. We'll issue you with a Cashpoint card free when you open your account. Use it to withdraw as much cash as you need (up to a daily limit of £100 if your account can stand it). There are over 500 Cashpoints inside and outside our branches and many are near or at universities and colleges.

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With a current account, you'll be able to write cheques to pay for things. Sometimes you might be asked for identification – and a Cheque Card is a form of identification which also guarantees that we'll honour cheques up to the value of £50. We don't issue them automatically to new customers but after a few months your branch manager will consider your application sympathetically.

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Something you may not feel you'll need – until you're out there on your own with a few problems, especially financial ones. You'll find your Lloyds Bank branch manager particularly approachable and understanding when it comes to those small but often unavoidable overdrafts.

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Moraz replaces Pinder in Moody Blues

A new look after 14 years — from left to right (top) JOHN LODGE, JUSTIN HAYWARD, PATRICK MORAZ: (bottom) GRAEME EDGE, RAY THOMAS.

THE MOODY BLUES — who announced their reunion earlier this year, and have since gained considerable chart success with their comeback album "Octave" — have undergone their first line-up change since they were originally formed 14 years ago. Mike Pinder has left the band, and has been replaced by Patrick Moraz, who played with Yes during Rick Wakeman's two-year absence from that outfit.

The decision for Moraz to join the Moodies was made in July, since when they've been rehearsing intensively for their return to live appearances. These begin with four concerts in Germany (October 19-23), as a prelude to a major 30-date American tour running from November 3 to December 12, playing such prestige venues as New York Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium and Los Angeles Forum.

A Moodies spokesman said they are currently seeking a venue for a big British concert (or concert series) at the end of the year, and they hope to be able to arrange this for the period immediately prior to Christmas.

Pinder's shock departure was evidently because he couldn't face the prospect of arduous touring. Commented drummer Grame Edge: "We're not closing the door on Mike, but by his refusal to tour he has walked out through it. If this new line-up is as successful as indications suggest, the public can expect a lot more action from the Moody Blues." Reports from Los Angeles, where Pinder lives, suggest that he is going to sue the other Moodies — who, he claims, sacked him.

Moraz says he's trying to fit into the band so that their original sound is retained. He told NME: "If I can enhance anything by suggesting a few musical diversifications, I will. But basically we're using the same format with which the group is associated." He added that he'll be continuing with his own solo work, where there are no clashes of commitment.

A new Moodies single, titled "Driftwood" and penned by Justin Hayward, is released by Decca on October 6.

SEVEN GIGS BY SPIRIT

RANDY CALIFORNIA

SPIRIT, the Los Angles band with a cult following extending back for more than ten years, fly in at the end of next month to headline seven major concerts. They play Bristol Colston Hall (October 24), Oxford New Theatre (25), Birmingham Odeon (28), Newcastle City Hall (November 1), Glasgow Apollo (2), Manchester Apollo (3) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6).

Tickets should be available at all venues by this weekend, and postal bookings are also being accepted by the respective box-offices. Prices are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 — except at Hammersmith where they are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Tour promoters are Straight Music.

As usual, the band are fronted by the ever-present Randy California on guitar and vocals, with another founder member Ed Cassidy sitting in on drums as ever, although at press-time it wasn't certain who the trio's bassist would be. A new Spirit album will be issued to tie in with their visit.

Gruppo in U.K. gigs

GRUPPO SPORTIVO — the zany Dutch band with the Italian name, who last appeared in this country at the Reading Festival — return next week for their second British tour. It previews their new album "Back To 78", scheduled for release by Epic Records on November 6, though it will be preceded by a single — title to be announced next week.

Dates so far confirmed are Portsmouth Polytechnic (October 2), Plymouth Metro (3), London Mile End Queen Mary College (5), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (6), Birmingham Barbarella's (7), Manchester Polytechnic (10), Sheffield Polytechnic (11) and London Marquee (12). Further gigs are still being finalised.

Hawklords: 15 extra

THE HAWKLORDS, the new-look and re-vamped version of Hawkwind, have added another 15 dates to their major autumn tour reported three weeks ago — making a total of 36 shows in all. Many of the October gigs are already sold out, but they've now also slotted in Malvern Winter Gardens (November 2), Cambridge Corn Exchange (3), Ilford Odeon (4), Reading Hexagon Theatre (5), Cardiff University (6), Gloucester Leisure Centre (8), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (9), Derby Assembly Hall (10), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (13), Carlisle Market Hall (16), Lancaster University (17), Blackburn King George's Hall (19), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22), Plymouth Polytechnic (23) and Uxbridge Brunel University (24).

Besides the album "Hawklords" which is being issued on October 6, a new single also comes out on the same day — it's an edited and remixed version of a song from the LP called "Psi-Power". And the final album from the former Hawkwind line-up "PXR5" is now scheduled for New Year release by Charisma. After their British and American tours, The Hawklords will be taking their show to America and Japan.

Bob Calvert makes a special appearance at London Hampstead Three Horseshoes on October 30, when he'll give a poetry reading based on works from his book "Centigrade 232".

and The Pirates add 12

THE PIRATES have added another dozen dates to their "Shakin' All Over The U.K." tour, named after their current single and reported two weeks ago. And this completes a massive 44-venue itinerary. The new bookings are at Scunthorpe Tiffany's (October 10), Newport Stowaway Club (18), Leeds Polytechnic (19), Nottingham Peoples College (21), Bournemouth Village Bowl (26), Bradford University (November 8), Norwich Peoples Club (9), Newport Village Club (10), Dumfries Stage Coach (12) and Ayr Dampark Hall, followed by two Irish gigs at Galway University (16) and Dublin Trinity College (17).

MILLIE'S 11 DATES

MILLIE JACKSON returns to Britain in November to play 11 major dates, including two in London, and that's the longest concert series she's ever undertaken in this country.

As previously reported, she's currently touring America with her own mini-musical production show called "Get It Outcha System", based upon her new album of the same title and combining music, comedy and magic.

Her U.K. tour will incorporate a slightly revised version of this musical, though it's not yet known if she will be bringing along The Moments who are involved in the U.S. production.

Dates and venues are Southampton Gaumont (November 3), Liverpool Empire (5), Manchester Apollo (8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Nottingham Theatre Royal (13), Oxford New Theatre (14), Brighton Dome (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Ipswich Gaumont (17) and London Hammersmith Odeon (18 and 19). Tickets are on sale now — prices vary, but at Hammersmith they are £5, £4, £3 and £2. There's a likelihood of a few more dates being added to this list.

OTWAY STARTS LONG TOUR ON OCTOBER 6

JOHN OTWAY is going out on his first major tour with his new band, which he formed earlier this year after dissolving his partnership with Wild Willy Barrett. Titled "Otway's In The Clubs", it opens at Cheltenham Town Hall (October 6) and Swindon Oasis Centre (7).

The full itinerary is still being finalised and is expected to be announced next week, but it's known that it takes in visits to Scotland (October 10 — 16) and Ireland (17 — 22), before concentrating on England and Wales.

Meanwhile, Otway is having trouble getting airplay for his new single "Baby's In The Club", and he's considering re-recording some of the lyrics in order to overcome the resistance of most radio stations, which evidently regard them as offensive.

NEWS IN BRIEF

BARRY MANILOW has sold out his first-ever British concerts at the London Palladium on October 9 and 10, and consequently has re-arranged his European schedule to take in four more days at the Palladium — from October 11 to 14 inclusive. Tickets are on sale now.

PHIL MAY, long-standing leader of The Pretty Things, has decided to change the band's name following their recent re-formation with a re-shaped line-up. In future they'll be known as Phil May & The Fallen Angels, and their first gig in this guise is at London Music Machine this Saturday.

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias have lost two of their members — Tony Bowers (bass) and Bob Harding (keyboards), both of whom quit the band last week. The remaining five say they are close to finding replacements.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND are returning to Britain for a concert tour this autumn, NME learned this week. RCA Records confirmed that the visit is being lined up, and said it would probably be in November. A new album will be issued to coincide.

MR BIG, who reached No. 4, in the NME singles chart last year with "Romeo", have split up. They signed with EMI in 1975, but have since undergone several line-up changes. Now songwriter, guitarist and vocalist Dicken is auditioning musicians for a new band.

TRANS-AM are to re-open one of London's top pub venues, the Windsor Castle in Harrow Road, on October 14. It closed a month ago for major improvements, £50,000 having been spent on conversion — including a new full-size stage and seating for the 350 audience.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
Rose Royce
WITH GUESTS
STARGARD
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
WEDNESDAY 4th OCTOBER at 6·30 & 9·00
TICKETS £3·50 £3·00 £2·50, £2·00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
THURSDAY 5th OCTOBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·50 £3·00 £2·50, £2·00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

ALBERT KING IN LONDON

ALBERT KING — one of that small and select band of modern blues guitar greats, along with his namesakes B.B. King and the late Freddie King — is coming to London for what's believed to be only his second visit to this country: Together with his full U.S. blues band, he headlines a one-off show at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, November 12 (8pm). Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, and the promoters are Straight Music. The support act has still to be named, but it's understood that it's likely to be Billy Boy Arnold.

Chieftains concerts

THE CHIEFTAINS headline a major 20-date concert tour in November, including a big London show at the Royal Albert Hall. Their British outing follows a coast-to-coast U.S. tour starting October 11, and taking in a prestige date at New York's celebrated Carnegie Hall. Prior to this, during the first week of October, they'll be in Dublin providing the music for a National Theatre Ballet Company production of "Playboy Of The Western World", for which Chieftain Paddy Moloney has scored the music. The group will have a new CBS album issued to coincide with their U.K. tour, for which dates are:

Bristol Hippodrome (November 6), Leeds University (8), London Royal Albert Hall (9), Coventry Theatre (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Oxford New Theatre (13), Birmingham Hippodrome (14), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (15), Nottingham Theatre Royal (16), York University (17), Lancaster University (18), Glasgow Pavilion (19), Edinburgh Odeon (20), Southport New Theatre (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Hatfield Forum (23), Ilford Odeon (24), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25), Cardiff University (26) and Sheffield City Hall (27).

BILLIE JO TOUR SET

DATES AND VENUES have now ben confirmed for the "Nasville Cavalcade" country package which tours Britain this autumn, headlined by Billie Jo Spears. Also on the bill are Loyd Green, Vernon Oxford and Ronnie Prophet, plus British back-up band Frank Yonco & The Super-glades. Promoted by Mervyn Conn, there are two performances every night, and the itinerary is:

Ipswich Gaumont (October 28), Norwich Theatre Royal (29), Peterborough ABC (30), Dublin (31), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (November 1), Croydon Fairfield Hall (2), Southport New Theatre (4), London Wembley Conference Centre (6), Taunton Odeon (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (9), Chelmsford Odeon (10), Coventry Theatre (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12) and Inverness Eden Court Theatre (13).

ON THE ROAD is on page 48

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
AN EVENING WITH
AL DiMEOLA
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Weds. 18th October 8.00 p.m.
TICKETS £3.75, £3.25, £2.75
Available from the Hammersmith Odeon Box Office, W.6
01-748 4081 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at
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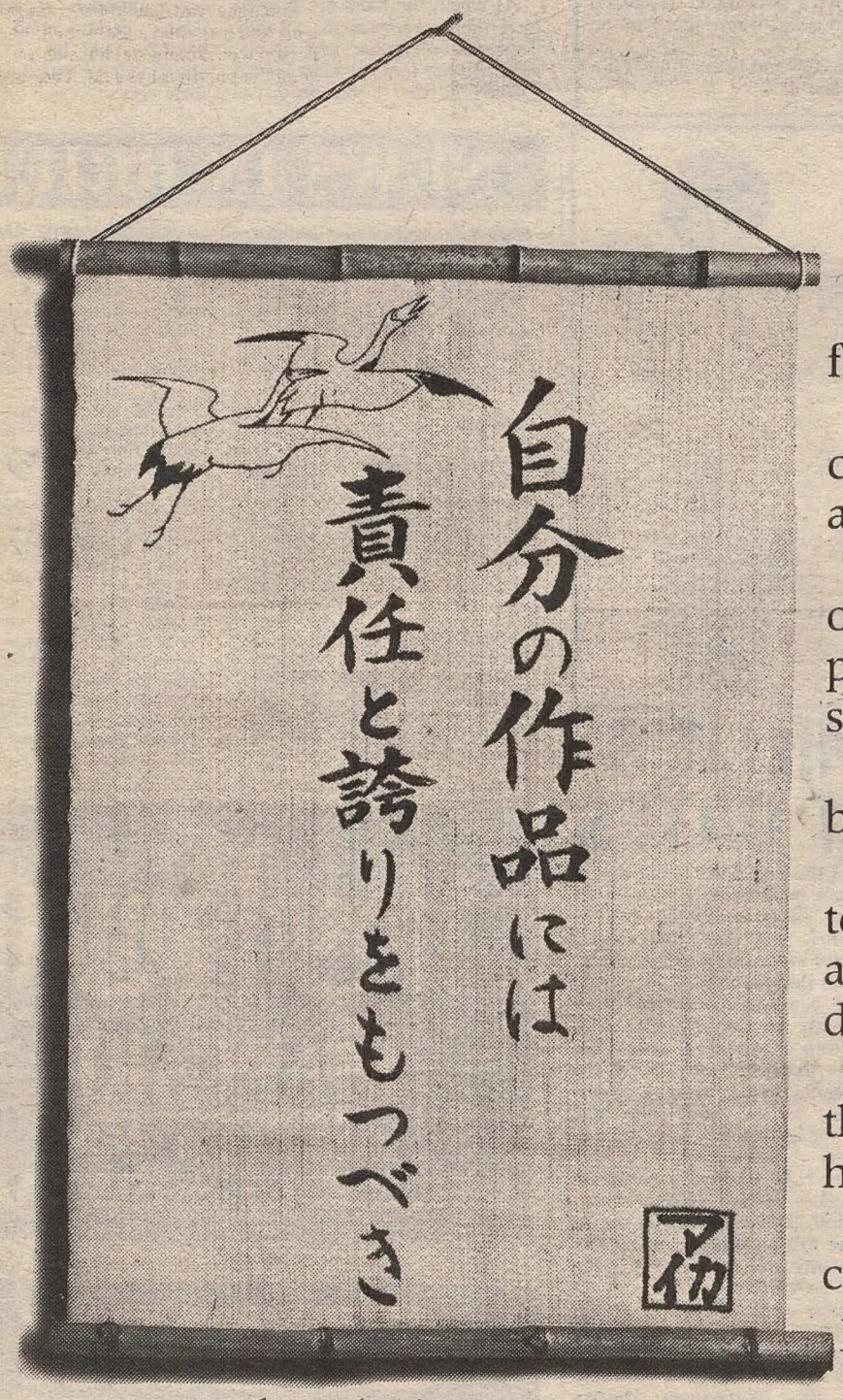
Is a motto like this out of place in a modern Hi-Fi factory?



Translated, it reads 'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'

Appropriate perhaps to the village cabinet maker. But to a computerised, highly automated Japanese factory?

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For everything else we know of no better craftsmen than ourselves.

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Yet even when taking immense pride in their work, the most capable of craftsmen have been known to err.

This is why, at every stage in the construction of an Akai hi-fi unit, each component is painstakingly tested before it passes to the next stage.

When the hi-fi unit is completed it is thoroughly tested again, by seven different people, before being packed and taken to the warehouse.

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Finally, in spite of a quality control programme that verges on the fanatical, not a single Akai hi-fi unit reaches Britain without a complete inventory of spare parts.

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AKAI 'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'

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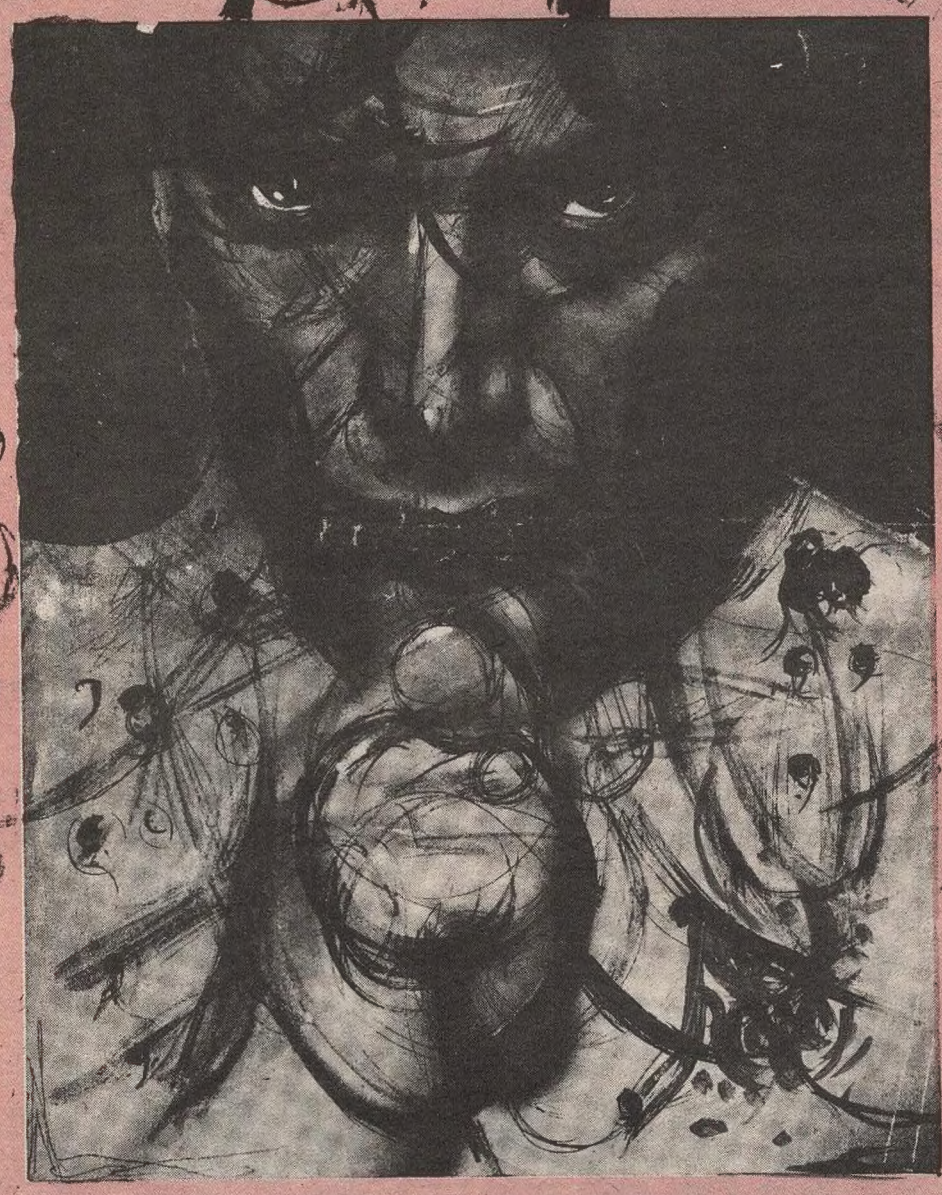
THE POP GROUP



By PAUL RAMBALI

PARDON ME if I've misunderstood, but amongst all those pretty speeches and petty let-downs didn't somebody once ask for 'new music night and day'?

And did they get it?

Not quite.

Maybe you, like a good few others, feel more than a little deflated at this moment. And then again maybe you don't. Maybe it summons no wince at all to hear of members of Generation X swanning across the Atlantic with a high fashion vamp on each arm. And maybe you're perfectly happy to frequent some dismal hole in the vain hope of finding something to *pogo* to.

The hairstyles may come and the hairstyles may go but the facts remain the same. And one of the more incontrovertible facts, is that much of the promise and hoped held forth over the past two years simply hasn't been fulfilled. Some of it has, of course, and I'm grateful for that.

But there's also the fun-while-it-lasted line you will sometimes hear sobbed over a pint. And if you weigh these two attitudes, both somehow on the forcedly bright side of regret and disappointment, against what might have been, the discrepancy is obvious and the potential still massive.

I refer you now to The Pop Group.

They are neither punk saviours nor any other kind of great white hope embittered scribes are wont to foist upon their hapless public. But they are just about the proudest example of what Rotten and Perry's edicts *should* have wrought that I've encountered in a long time.

This is no idle connection. I could have set The Pop Group against a background of technological and industrial neuroses, ideological masterplans, intellect, eclecticism and weirdness. They would probably have owned up to about three counts and this year's myth would have stood up to one more parade.

Yet the perpetuation of myth is something none of us needs, and is indirectly something The Pop Group rail against. To put it simply: they want you to think for yourselves and do for yourselves.

Some of our older readers may perceive an echo of the '60s most enduring catchphrase: "Don't Follow Leaders". Younger factions will recall only the aforesaid inflammatory call-to-arms and ensuing promises, promises. Both would have to agree that The Pop Group put those words into practice.

Chances are The Pop Group are an unfamiliar quantity. They aren't given to turning up once a month at the local watering hole, and they've yet to make a record. The name itself leaves no clues. Think about it. At once it conjures everything and anything. From this ambiguity the least you can expect is the unexpected. And you wouldn't be far wrong.

Guitars don't talk they scream and words just won't give it away. Comparisons will not do either, because if I said they were like Smokey you probably wouldn't read on whereas if I said they were like Television or The Magic Band you might, this being the kind of deadly conditioned response The Pop Group want to dispel.

They're a hard band to contain.

WHAT SHAKES me up most about this music, simply, is that it has the open, spontaneous temperament of the best jazz — a rare quantity as jazz itself sinks further into the synthi-musak mire. Even rarer to find this coupled to raw, breathless, insurgent rock.

I wonder how they did it, when so many who began from the same point seem now to merely aspire to being this week's pop sensation or next year's headbanger herd leader.

"Because we just approached it in a different way," explains Bruce matter-of-factly. Only himself and guitarist Jon Waddington had any previous playing experience.

"There's so many things involved," mutters Mark. "It's not just picking up an instrument. We're not just musicians."

Back to Bruce: "That's the problem with a lot of these guys in bands. All they concern themselves with is music, which is okay, but they cram their heads with it and end up with blinkers on. Everything else gets shoved aside."

Dialogue with The Pop Group goes back and forth like a tennis ball. One person will explain and expand on what the previous has said. They are, on the whole, remarkably unselfconscious.

"We try to leave ourselves open," says Gareth, "like Leonardo Da Vinci. You know the way a child of five wants to learn all the time? He just stayed like that."

"That's what we want to do," chimes Mark. "People only use a small amount of their potential. I don't see the point in just giving up at a certain stage and sinking into a comfortable lethargy with comfortable all-sewn-up attitudes."

"Yeah," Bruce again. "You've gotta keep learning and keep discovering and keep going forward all the time."

Mark fumbles for a record. The afternoon's listening encompasses "Miles Davis live with Gil Evans", "Leggo Dub" and James Brown's "Get Up Offa That Thing". I groove instinctively.

ONSTAGE and off, Mark Stewart looks like an archetype teenage hunk — tall, lean and hungry. When I first saw them I thought I had it sewn up: this lot may not sound like a pop group, but they definitely think they look like one. My theory goes down like egg on a new suit.

It was Mark, Bruce Smith and Gareth Sager who originally formed the band some eighteen months ago. They'd known each other for years and Mark finally talked Gareth into buying an old Burns guitar. Bruce already had a drum kit, and the first song they played together was "My Generation". They got the chords right and couldn't stop, a crazy noise that lasted for three hours, Mark straining his lungs in the absence of a microphone.

Gareth, apart from being a compelling onstage visual factor, at times ranks as a wilfully obnoxious runt. "He's the only person I know," says Bruce, "who doesn't mind people disliking him, and sometimes goes out of his way to get just that reaction."

Continues over page

Photographs BRIAN GRIFFIN /Graphic RICHARD SPIELS

POPGROUP

From previous page

Bruce, born in California but relocated to Britain at the age of seven, is almost the opposite: an outgoing, salubrious person who obviously takes great pleasure in conversation. Mark is pensive, speaking in short, angular bursts, much like his singing and onstage demeanour.

Simon Underwood, in whose small Bristol flat we are gathered, is talkative, enthusiastic — he'd never even looked at a bass guitar before joining the band — while Jon is simply taciturn.

They've acquired a reputation for being intellectuals, because they like the stimulus of ideas, and reclusive, because they'd rather dictate their own pace in the quiet Bristol confines than scramble for the big city at the merest favourable noise. I could throw in a few book titles spied on shelves for elitist measure, but suffice to say they walk, they think, they have girlfriends, they have fun. Their collected ages add up to

l. to r., Mark, Simon, Bruce, Jon (standing), Gareth.

almost a hundred, their collected 'A' levels add up to one. They have unusually keen appetites for knowledge. They steer clear of dogma.

"People often can't figure that out," says Bruce, his Americanisms at odds with a West Country accent. "They can't understand why we haven't been to university, why we haven't spent six years at music school. All we've learnt is what we've learned from all around us."

Gareth: "It's not that we've got anything to hide. Nor is it like The Residents, we're not trying to concoct some big mystery. We're just average characters who got pissed off very quickly."

Pissed off with what?

"Everything."

Oh.

Mark breaks this temporary deadlock: "we're in exactly the same position as everybody else really. But the difference is we're trying to make something happen where a lot of people aren't. People can make things happen outside of bands, they could do all sorts of things."

Bruce: "It's just that music is a very effective form of propaganda — you can get across to everybody."

"That's why people call us a rock band," muses Gareth. "Because we're up there with guitars and things. I try to say I'm not in a rock group but it's pretty difficult."

Must be a case of guilt by association, I offer.

"The thing is, we use the standard rock instruments . . ." Bruce's words solicit groans all round. This has obviously been repeated enough times by them to attain cliche status. Mark gives an analogy: "We're just using words that don't really mean anything anymore."

". . . And we try to do things with those basic instruments that people don't usually do, instead of getting a synthesiser, say, to create new sounds. If you provide yourself with a limit then you can work inside it. Constantly hit the walls and just see if you can't actually break them down.

"There's so many people," he adds in exasperation, "who think the only thing you can do with a guitar is play like Jimmy Page.

"We're showing different places to work in," says Mark. "It's like: we've got arms and legs and so forth and we've done this. You've got arms and legs, think what you might be able to do."

Bruce: "It's a question of setting yourself free and not worrying about inhibitions and people saying you can or can't do that. We want people to *question* as much as possible. All the rules, conceptions, everything. They should question every action they take."

And they want to make you do this not by soap-box sloganeering, because most likely this would just substitute one set of glib, comfortable delusions for another, but through suggestion. In the sense that their music itself is a pointer towards unexplored, unconsidered possibilities, they disrupt expectations, force you to respond on instinct.

"And the harder we try the more we're going to get across — the more people are going to start thinking about that kind of thing.

"I like to think that when people are watching us they really feel something, some kind of emotion. They don't just get up and bop around or sit down and contemplate."

"That's the reason why we don't give so many performances," continues Mark. "We give everything. We're like stripping ourselves bare when we go out there. We don't hold back and act casual or relaxed, we give it everything we've got. And we hope people realise we give everything we've got and maybe give everything to us.

He brightens suddenly. "That'd be great. We'd meet in the middle like a big ball . . ." With a broad sweep of his arms he gestures coming together and eruption.

"*Chaos.* And after the chaos maybe something new will happen. I'd love to inspire people. To inspire somebody would be one of the best things we could possibly do."

IT'S NO act conducted for the benefit of the visiting journalist, and they are at pains to ensure he goes away with a proper understanding of the band and not some half-baked combination of selected fact and projected fantasy.

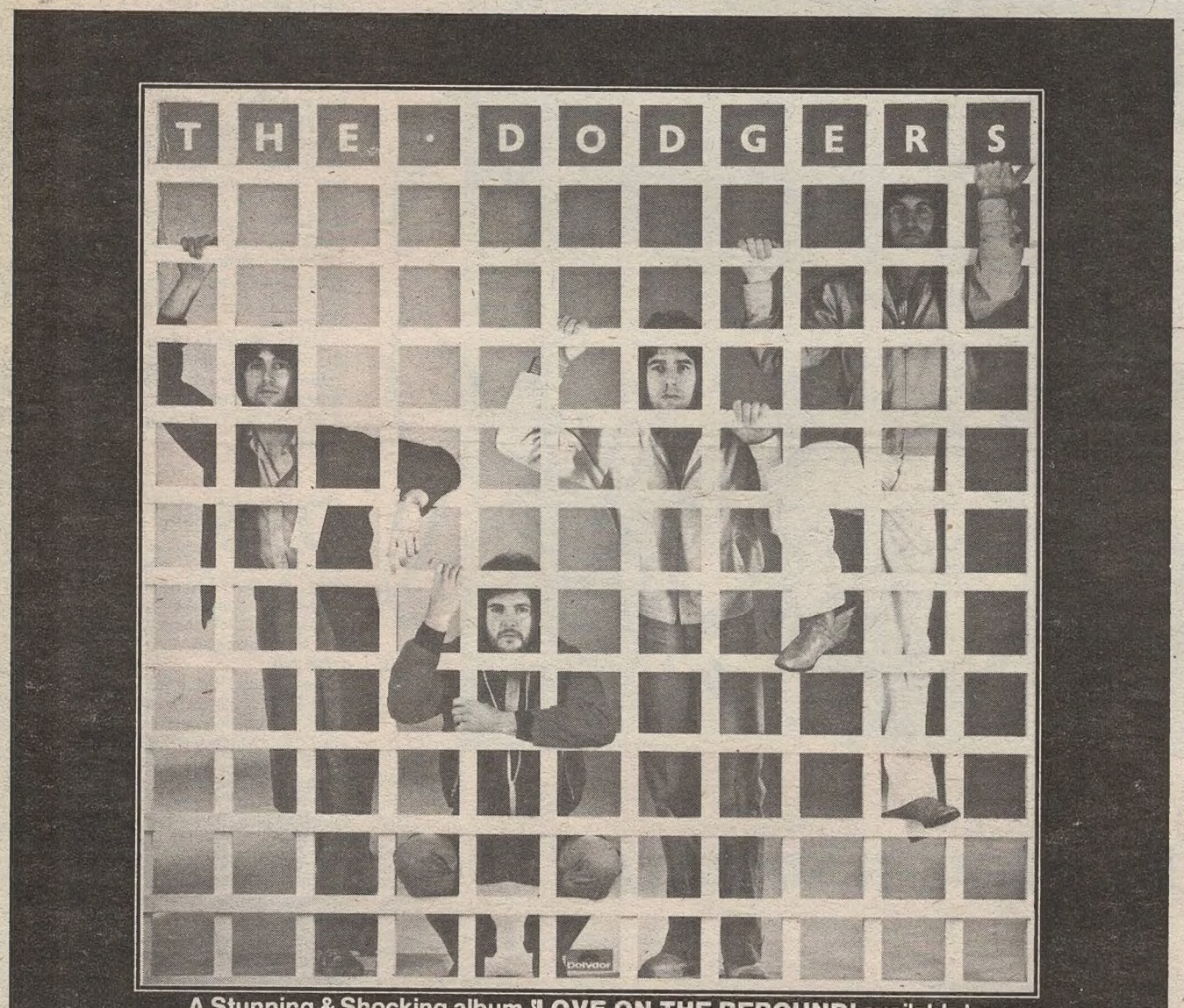
They speak their minds, they know what they want, and even have a few ideas about how to get it. They are self-contained and autonomous and want to remain so, sharing the chores — creative and otherwise — of keeping the band in action amonst themselves and a group of friends who have grown with them.

There's a short tour forthcoming, the proceeds of which will go via Amnesty to help prisoners of conscience. This isn't trendy concern for trendy causes — the last benefit they did was for old people's homes and you can't get less fashionable than that.

After which they will record an album. Matumbi's Dennis Bovelle agreed to work with them but his band commitments have sadly scotched the project. They're now considering using John Cale.

They might seem like impassioned young idealists but they deny the charge. They reckon what they want is not an ideal so much as a fact that just needs waking up to — they're optimistic realists. They don't want to pull the wool over your eyes, they want to pull it away.

Are we so cynical yet?



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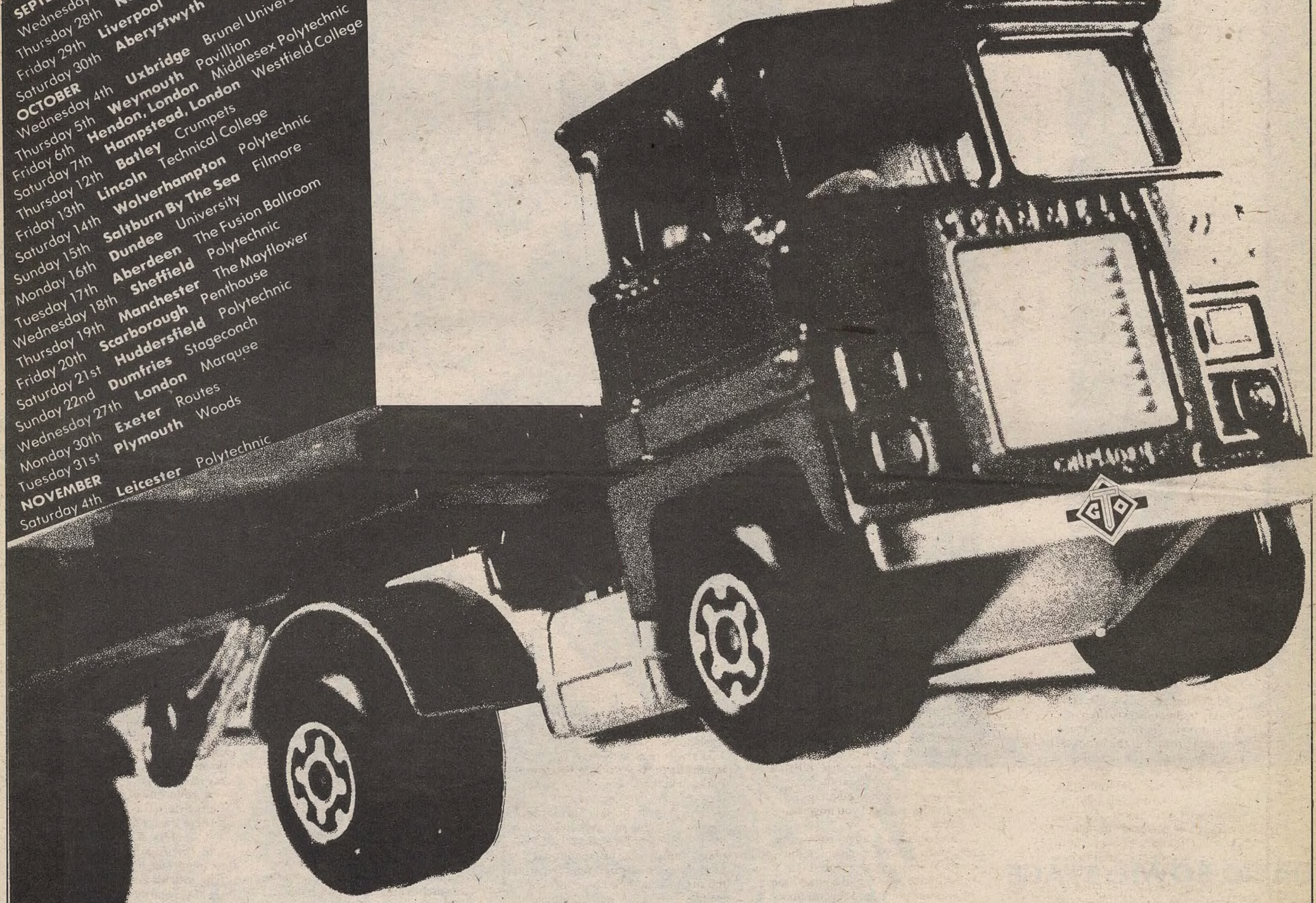

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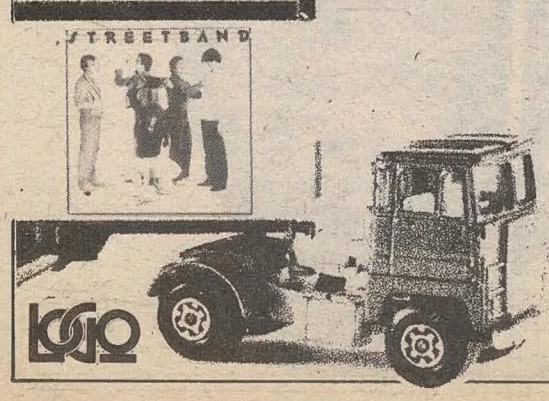

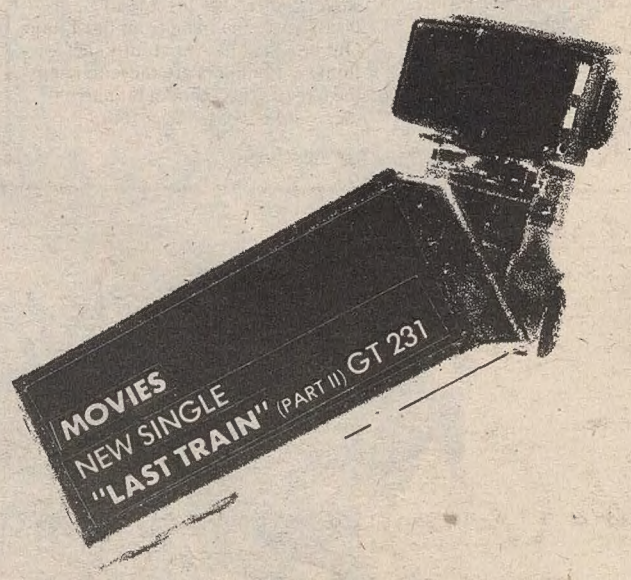

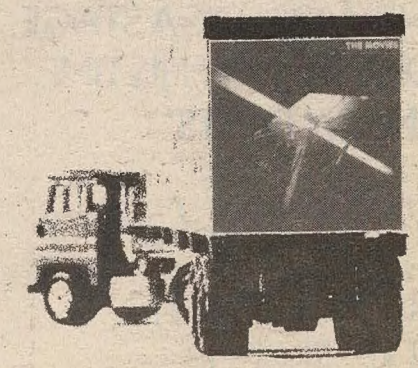

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THRILLS

ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE'S LONG HOT CARNIVAL

Observations: GRAHAM LOCK

Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

THE ANTI-NAZI League ended their long, hot, glorious summer on a note of muted triumph.

50,000 people took to the streets on Sunday to demonstrate their opposition to the racism of the National Front, but the Front tactic — typically astute — of marching through the East End on the same day not only split the ANL ranks, but it also cast a disconcerting light on the nature of their support. Repeated appeals for volunteers to defend Brick Lane elicited little response at the concert. People preferred to lie in the sun and enjoy the music. Which is understandable, but it's not a very effective way of smashing fascism.

The ANL has also been under attack from the Tory press, who are probably scared shitless that the racialist policies of their own party will be the League's next target. The argument goes that the ANL is *merely* a front of the Socialist Workers Party. Hysterical though it is, this suspicion could damage the League's popularity with those apparently numerous rock fans who seem to equate any left-wing group in the UK with the Stalinist policies practised in Eastern Europe.

Personally, I agree with the SWP's point that fascism can't be eradicated without fundamental changes to the society in which it flourishes. But I'm also unconvinced that the society they propose would be a preferable alternative.

Still, the point is that punters who think politics should be kept out of rock have their heads stuck firmly in the sand. Opposing the Nazis is a political act, and it doesn't just end there. As Tom Robinson said in his brief speech at Hyde Park, racism is more than the NF, it's probably three-quarters of the Tory party, half of Labour and most of the British police force as well.

After the speeches, predictably well-intentioned and mealy-mouthed, the march proper got under way about noon, raising great clouds of dust as it left Hyde Park. Punks with green and pink hair mingled with skins, hippies, students and the occasional, lonely representative of the middle-aged middle classes. A lot of black kids too, though fewer Asians — maybe they were in Brick Lane, or maybe it's that their culture tends to get overlooked on occasions like this. Where are you now, Ravi Shankar?

Tourists gaped, angry car-drivers remonstrated with policemen, but the carnival atmosphere ensured that those on the march had a good time. Chants and songs and several floats, with steel bands and new wave groups as diverse as The Members and China Street kept the crowds entertained as the procession headed south across the water in brilliant sunshine.

In Brixton itself, people lined the streets and applauded the marchers, who applauded back. Brixton Gays hung a banner across the street, welcoming the march. Farther on, Lambeth Town Hall was festooned with a huge banner, "Council Workers Against The Nazis", while across the road the Little Bit Ritzy cinema had changed its name to "Ritz Against The Nazis".

There were already several hundred people waiting in Brockwell Park when the head of the procession arrrived, and people were still streaming in all through Stiff Little Fingers' opening set. Standing in at the last moment for Sham 69, SLF played competent, unexceptional punk, their lyrics often referring to the situation in their home town of Belfast. I was surprised that the lead singer went out of his way to disassociate the band from the Troops Out movement. Apparently, he thinks the soldiers are there to keep the peace. This seems a bit naive to me, and I'd like to suggest the

● Next page

ELVIS at Carnival

... BUT ALL IS NOT WELL AT ELVIS' WARM-UP GIG

ON SUNDAY, Elvis Costello played for Rock Against Racism. The night before, he and his entourage had engaged in some Rock Against Journalism.

A reporter sent to cover Costello's New Brighton warm-up gig prior to the carnival wound up with a broken wrist and five stitches in his head — the work, he claims, of Costello's manager Jake Riviera.

In a now familiar display of 'concern' for his charge, Riviera (ne Andrew Jakeman) demanded that all press be excluded from backstage after the gig. And after a heated exchange, Mike Simpson of the local *Birkenhead News* was trundled unceremoniously out of the superstar's sight.

Apparently, Simpson had been attempting to glean why the Great Man had decided to play a small town like New Brighton. Costello is rumoured to have lived in the area for some time, but the last contact he had with the unfashionable side of the Mersey was primary school.

In answer to what seemed to Simpson a fairly innocuous question, Riviera said that he did not like people with "long hair, velvet jackets, flared jeans . . . or hippies wearing plimsoles."

Further attempts by Simpson to be granted an audience were rewarded with a headlong flight down a staircase. The reporter later received treatment for a head injury requiring five stitches and a broken right wrist.

When questioned on the subject by *Thrills*, Riviera said: "Lots of people came backstage as they always do when you play small clubs. I asked one particular group of three people, 'Are you journalists?'

"They said they worked for a local paper and flashed NUJ cards all over the place. One of them said he worked for *Record Mirror* as well and wanted to ask Elvis some questions.

"I asked him to leave. He asked why, and I said we didn't do interviews. Elvis isn't doing interviews with anyone at the moment. Plus he was trying to talk to his mum at the time. I asked him to leave again.

"The people with him left, and he said he didn't want to get hurt, and I said he wouldn't get hurt if he would just leave.

"He said, 'I won't leave unless you give me a valid reason.' So I said, 'I don't like people with long hair'. He said that wasn't a valid reason. So I said, 'Here's a valid reason', and hit him.

"A few punches were thrown and then Elvis leaped in. Des Brown (Costello's tour manager) pulled Elvis off. He was saying, 'Ease off, champ'. The guy was just a pissed blockhead who wouldn't take 'No' for an answer."

And how exactly did Mike Simpson happen to find his way down that flight of stairs?

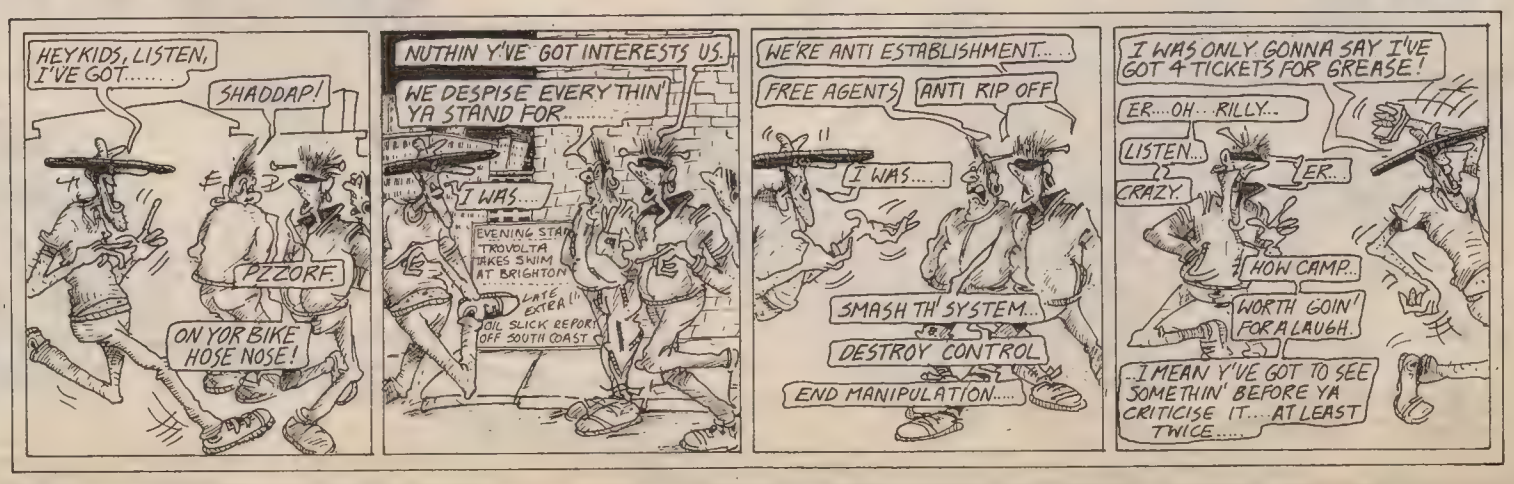
"I don't know, man. I was in the dressing room counting my teeth and making sure I still had all my bridgework. I'd just been punched in the mouth four times and I wasn't at my most alert."

A colleague of Simpson's denies that Riviera was punched four times. "There wasn't time," Eric Harwood — also of the *Birkenhead News* — told *Thrills*. Simpson has now taken a fortnight sick leave because he can't type with his arm in plaster, and is seeking legal advice.

This is not the first time local journalists, photographers or fanzine writers have complained of assaults backstage at Riviera's hands. Let's hope it is the last.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON



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alternative explanation that they're there to protect the ruling class.

But my political differences with Stiff Little Fingers were nothing compared with what, for me, became the biggest problem and drawback of the afternoon — Rastafarianism. Misty played some lovely music, the slow, sensuous tug of their bass and keyboards was simply bliss, but I can't handle Rasta lyrics. When they quote Isaiah, and sing *"Mankind, you're a sinner"*, I feel sick at heart. To my mind, religion is part of the problem, not the solution, and concepts like God/Jah and sin are pure bull. The last thing anybody needs is a lot of groups laying repressive guilt trips on them — that way is *not* liberation.

There's also the matter of the Rastas' sexism. Julie Burchill has already written about this, so I'll just add that I think it stinks, too. And this needs to be repeated because, though sexism and racism are equally vile, the former is possibly more prevalent than the latter. You don't find The Stranglers making 'jokes' about beating up Jews or blacks, and you don't find the Stones issuing promotional posters of a black man lying chained and beaten.

After Misty, Jimmy Pursey made a short, emotional appearance, attacking the press for the "lies" they'd printed about Sham's withdrawal, and emphasising that he *had* turned up because he supported wholeheartedly the ANL and RAR. Then John Cooper-Clarke read a poem, and next came Elvis Costello, resplendent in red jacket, with a fine set taken mostly from the "This Year's Model" album. Highlights were the amazing, expanded version of "Watching The Detectives", with Elvis a master of timing, the new (to England) "Radio Radio", and a thoughtfully apt encore of "Peace, Love And Understanding". Inevitably, it lacked the intensity of his indoor gigs, but for me it was the most enjoyable part of the day. Still, I'm a fan.

Pic: PETER MURPHY

Aswad topped the bill, a useful political gesture, though hard to justify musically. Their hard, slick sound lacked the appealing warmth of Misty, but they worked away and had the crowd swaying, waving and punching the air with unabated enthusiasm, even though the sun had gone down and a chilly wind was blowing across the park. The smell of dope hung in the evening air, the lights were needed on stage for the first time, and many people began to make their way to the exits.

Aswad finished with a furious jam, the stage packed with waving, dancing people, and Red Saunders of Rock Against Racism urging: "the struggle will continue".

These thoughts and doubts, written down immediately after the event, are intended as a contribution to that struggle. There can be no doubt that the history of popular music this century is largely the history of black music — Bessie Smith, Robert Johnson, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Muddy Waters, John Coltrane, James Brown, Smokey Robinson, Chuck Berry, Jimi Hendrix, Aretha Franklin, Bob Marley . . . the list is endless. Anyone who has ever danced to their music, anyone who has ever bought one of their records, has no choice but to stand up and fight against the racists of the NF and the sympathisers in whatever party.

There is a poem, quoted in the Carnival programme, by Pastor Niemoller, "victim of the Nazis of Germany": "First they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out — because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Communists, and I did not speak out — because I was not a Communist. Next they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out — because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me — and there was no one left to speak out for me."

Think about that, before you decide that politics is just *too* nasty, and go off to play your new Devo record.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

NEW TOSSING RECORD

"So that's why they wear kilts!" ejaculates Auntie H, who spotted this beauty in Off Licence News.

JOHN BRYANT

IN OUR issue of November 12, 1977 we reported in an article about the Animal Liberation Front that Mr. John Bryant and others broke into the laboratory of ICI and stole two beagles being used for experiments.

It was completely untrue that Mr. Bryant stole the dogs. We wish to make it clear that the dogs were taken to Mr. John Bryant, who is a member of the Council of the R.S.P.C.A. and the Manager of the Ferne Animal Sanctuary. He later placed them in new homes. Although he was charged with receiving the dogs, the prosecution offered no evidence and he was, therefore, acquitted. He agreed to be bound over to keep the peace for two years.

We apologise for any distress or embarrassment caused to Mr. Bryant by this error.

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How to almost drown your way to a name and fame

THOSE OF YOU hip to, or at least vainly searching for, the brand new single "Tele-Tele-Telephone" from the brand new cult artiste Wazmo Nariz, will no doubt be thirsting for some introductory information about this unknown giant of new music.

As you might have guessed, Stiff Records — for some the unparallelled centre of the universe, for others a small but ambitious record company in London — are responsible for unleashing the contrived mystery that is Wazmo Nariz. They picked up the world distribution rights on the single from a small American label called Fiction, will be releasing it here on September 29.

And it will chart, and it won't be fun anymore. This all happened with Devo. Remember when Devo were entertaining?

But let's not get depressed. The questions remain . . . Who is Wazmo Nariz? Where does he come from? Is he for real? Is he a Christian? Or (shudder) a MORMON?!!

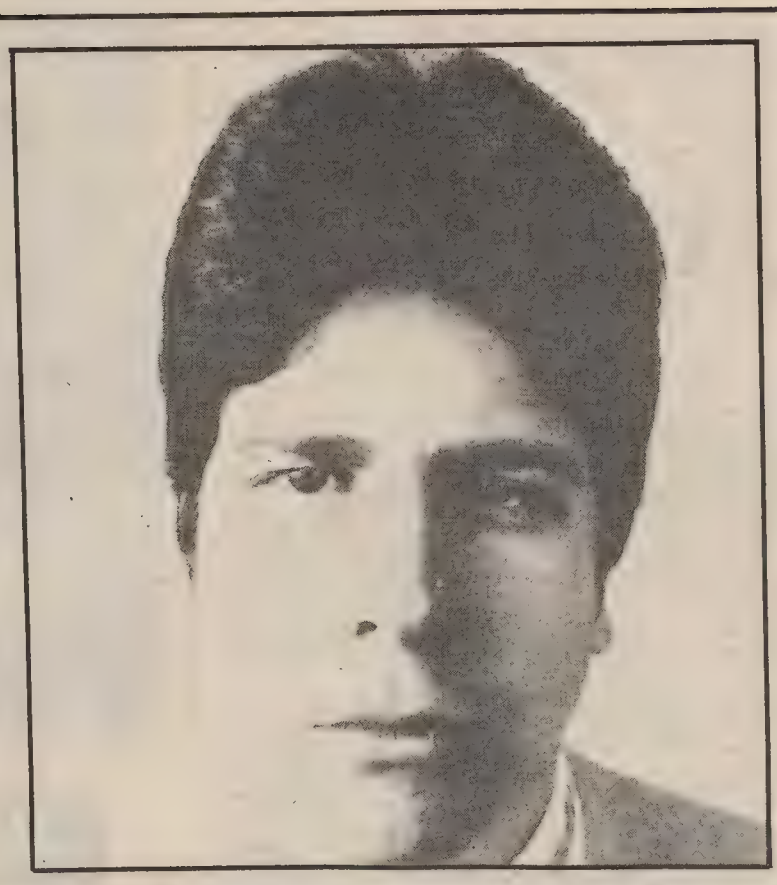
Wazmo Nariz is from Chicago, Illinois; this much is certain. Previous musical history is vague. Back in the early '70s he composed a glitter rock opera for two acoustic guitars. He then stumbled upon the talents of an obscure British folk-pop cult artist called Cat Stevens, who influenced his work up to November of last year. He even discovered Talking Heads.

"My God," he cried, "I can't believe it. This is actually creative! And it's in rock!" As he told the *Emerald City Chronicle:* "It just blew me away. It really inspired me to write this particular kind of music."

This particular kind of music is a dramatic and learned distillation of all the MODERN techniques of impact by someone who is obviously more in love with classical music than rock — and by 'classical' I don't mean Yes. His music is impossibly rhythmic, erratic, humorous, eccentric, fast and startling.

His is plastic pop with mannered mythology and testing theories to fall over with and laugh at, just like Devo's. And there's nothing wrong with that (who am I kidding?). He even formed a band: Keith deWolf on bass; Jeff Boyndon on keyboards; Jeff Hill on guitar; Bruce Zelesnik on drums and the man himself on acoustic guitar and vocals.

On the record his voice is truly unique. He cites his vocal influences as Dolly Parton, Elvis Presley, David Byrne and Cat Stevens. Throw them all together and get some idea of his vocal contortions.



He peformed some gigs in the Chicago area, described by the *Emerald City Chronicle* as "a joy. There are few more eye-catching stage antics, and certainly none more imaginative and entertaining." Playing songs such as "Touchy-Feely People", "I Want to Have Sex", "Animal Hospital", "Propinquity", "Wacker Drive" and "Dirty Pictures", Nariz reckons it is "off the wall music.

"When I wrote those songs, I really had no intention of being commercial at all. Because I knew very little about the music industry and . . . it's like Frank Zappa. He's not commercial, yet he holds a real substantial segment of the music market. That's what I would much rather do as opposed to being commercial.

"Like Patti Smith said in an interview, I have no great desire to be the starving underground artiste either. I want to make some money. I've got to live, you know?

"But as far as wanting a hit and sitting down and saying 'This is going to be a hit' — that's crazy! I never want to do that."

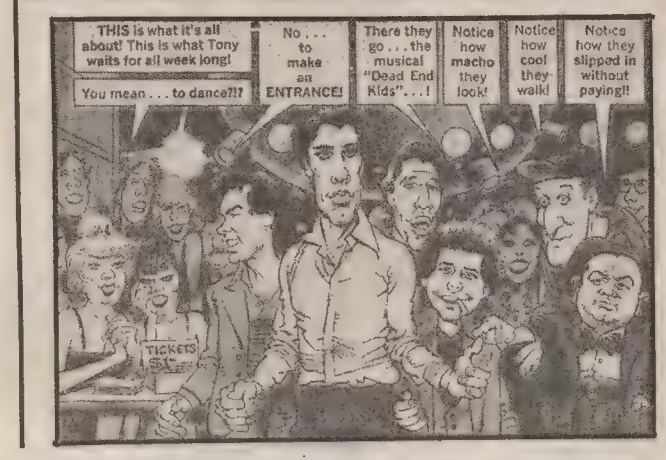
Don't you believe it. 'Wazmo Nariz' is simply a concept of manipulation with definite commercial ends, like Howard Devoto, Elvis Costello or Bryan Ferry. What the artist gets out of it all is not what you'd want to believe. 'Nariz' is an extensive comedy — and this time, be prepared for the hype. If you're ready for the hype, it ceases to be one. Current bets on who Nariz really is run at: John Lennon 2/1, Cat Stevens 4/7, Ghandi 1,000/1, Reg Presley 8/1, John Cale 4/1, Spike Milligan 16/5, Samuel Beckett 50/1, John Cage evens.

Stiff refuse to substantiate rumours that Nariz is currently working on a film production based around the story of the derivation of his name. "I was scuba diving in the Bahamas — does this sound like I made it up? — in January. I was down at, oh, 50 feet, and my oxygen valve cut off. Suddenly . . . nothing. I saw my life flash before my eyes. What have I done? Where am I going? Why is there water in my mask? I forgot to change the oil in my car. What will my mother think? She told me not to go.

"Just then, my oxygen valve clicked on again, just in the nick of time. And I thought 'Wazmo Nariz'. Why not?

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS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Restless Nights

ANNIE cues up "The World Of Great Classics." You think we're joking, don't you?

WHISTLE TESTING

WHY THE BBC MAKES YOUNG WOMEN CARRY OUT THIS HIDEOUS ANCIENT RITUAL

IN THE DAYS before Angela Rippon and the Dawn Of Enlightenment, it was virtually impossible for a girl to break into the male bastions of broadcasting.

In this area at least, women were considered the inferiors of men. Prejudice ran rampant. There were, for example, rumours that an early controller of Radio 1 used to play audition tapes of would-be lady disc-jockeys to his dinner guests to break the ice.

So it's only after a decade or more of striving that Anne Nightingale has found herself an indispensable voice over the air-waves, sitting as well as looking pretty. The cornerstone of her present success is her deservedly popular Sunday afternoon Radio 1 request programme. To that and her other regular assignments — personal appearances at colleges throughout the country, a weekly Daily Express column, and a review programme for the BBC World Service — can now be added a 39-week stint as the new presenter of *The Old Grey Whistle Test.*

"I'm on the verge of panicking," she admits. "There is a point where you have to worry you don't take too much on."

She lives in Brighton, in a large town house on one of the streets climbing steeply away from the coast. Dressed in pink slacks and matching T-shirt advertising Advertising, she's tall and frequently gets recognised about town; people are always making record requests in the supermarket and Chinese take-away.

The residence is shared with Binky (her new husband of six weeks), the two children of her first marriage, a large juke-box, and accumulating piles of records that constantly frustrate her best efforts to keep an orderly house.

I interviewed her there, on one of those perfect September days last week, the day after the screening of the first of the new *OGWT* series, and the conversation was frequently interrupted by friends in the business telephoning their congratulations.

At the beginning of this year she had been producer Mike Appleton's choice as stand-in for Bob Harris, when a late change in transmission plans.

had forced the latter to drop out. "At last the 1978 show," announced The Adverts on that occasion, and indeed her mere presence had seemed to recharge the show's batteries. When Harris, growing increasingly sensitive to criticism of his presentation, indicated his desire to assume a different role, Annie was a natural successor.

She doesn't really know yet how the programme works, or even if its budget — notoriously small in the past — has been increased to accommodate the new magazine-style format ("I didn't ask"). However, she has the right credentials for the job, especially a passionate interest in rock music which reaches its apogee in a great fondness for Ian Dury and all his works.

Also, while no-one could possibly doubt the sincerity of Harris' commitment to the music, she seems to have the right approach for an entertainment form which is, after all, taken far too seriously by far too many. In aiming for wit and humour, she will inevitably avoid Harris' stultifying reverence which regularly undermined his presentation; even in last week's programme, a band for which he was attempting to convey especial enthusiasm, The Cars, were damned by association when he described them as "this year's Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers".

Not that Annie anticipates any problems working with him. "He's very sweet — he says this is the way that he wants it."

A LONDONER by birth, Anne Nightingale started working in journalism with the *Evening Argus* in Brighton, and began contributing items for radio programmes like *Woman's Hour*, operating from a small, little-known studio in the Royal Pavilion.

"When the pirates and then Radio 1 came along, I was very keen to get involved. I seemed to find that broadcasting came easy — certainly easier than writing. But nobody wanted to know."

Instead, she obtained work in television, and was employed by Rediffusion (the company that preceded Thames) when they were doing *Ready Steady Go*. "They had another programme of requests, called, um, do you know it's gone? — oh, *That's For Me*. I was going to be a slightly-older Cathy McGowan. We had groups like The Who — it was their first television appearance — and The Yardbirds, but even so they killed it."

She also compered the Brighton Song Contest, which was a painful attempt by independent television to fashion a rival to BBC's Eurovision Song Contest. Even though the show featured acts of the stature of Manfred Mann and Marianne Faithfull (with whom Annie shared a dressing room — "we've still got one of her bras upstairs," added Binky, with some relish), it was a dismal failure.

"Then they said, 'Well, you can do this quiz, programme,' so I became a sort of Anthea Redfern.

"We all make mistakes, and that was my big one. It was called *Sing A Song Of Sixpence*. I had to add up the scores and bring the contestants on. It was really the dumb blonde bit.

"The thing was, I could never add up. Every week my knees were jelly — not from fear of television, but from fear of getting the score wrong.

"I made the mistake of thinking, oh, it's televison, and probably thought it all very glamorous.

"Nobody wanted to know after that. I'd blown my credibility."

She duly paid penance, and found a job doing the pop column for the old *Daily Sketch*. When the paper began to fold, she was the first to go. However, she was given a rock programme on Radio Brighton, with two others (one of whom was Binky). The wages were hardly tempting ("We got paid £2 a week — between us") but it was good fun. Then finally she got a break with Radio 1.

That she did was due to the intervention of Derek Taylor (former Beatles PR, and now WEA executive) and his assistant, Mavis Smith (wife of a former *NME* editor), who mentioned her name to Douglas Muggeridge who, as Radio 1 controller, was contemplating using a lady DJ.

In the event, Annie, in competition with five male DJs (one of whom was Noel Edmonds) was given a trial quota of six Sunday evening programmes. As a result she was allocated a regular spot on *What's New*, and then *Sound Of The '70s*, with Alan Black. Then, three years ago, she was offered the Sunday afternoon request show.

"I remember saying to Bernie Andrews, the producer, that it should be the best programme of all, because we had absolutely everything to choose from."

Readers will need no reminding that good programmes on Radio 1 are, like British summers that coincide with summertime, few and far between. She and Andrews have made this one of the few.

To begin with, they endeavoured to find the correct musical balance.

"Doing a request show, you learn what kind of music people like, and they aren't nearly as boxed-in as those of us in the business tend to imagine. Most listeners have surprisingly broad tastes."

They also edited the letters carefully, and focused some attention on running gags; she enjoys the desultory.

● *Next page*

BLACKMAIL THE BOZO —AGAIN!

HERE WE GO again, Blackmail fans — another below-the-belt thrust at the precious credentials of those ageing dodos — sorry, bozos — we all know and love, rock'n'roll superstars!

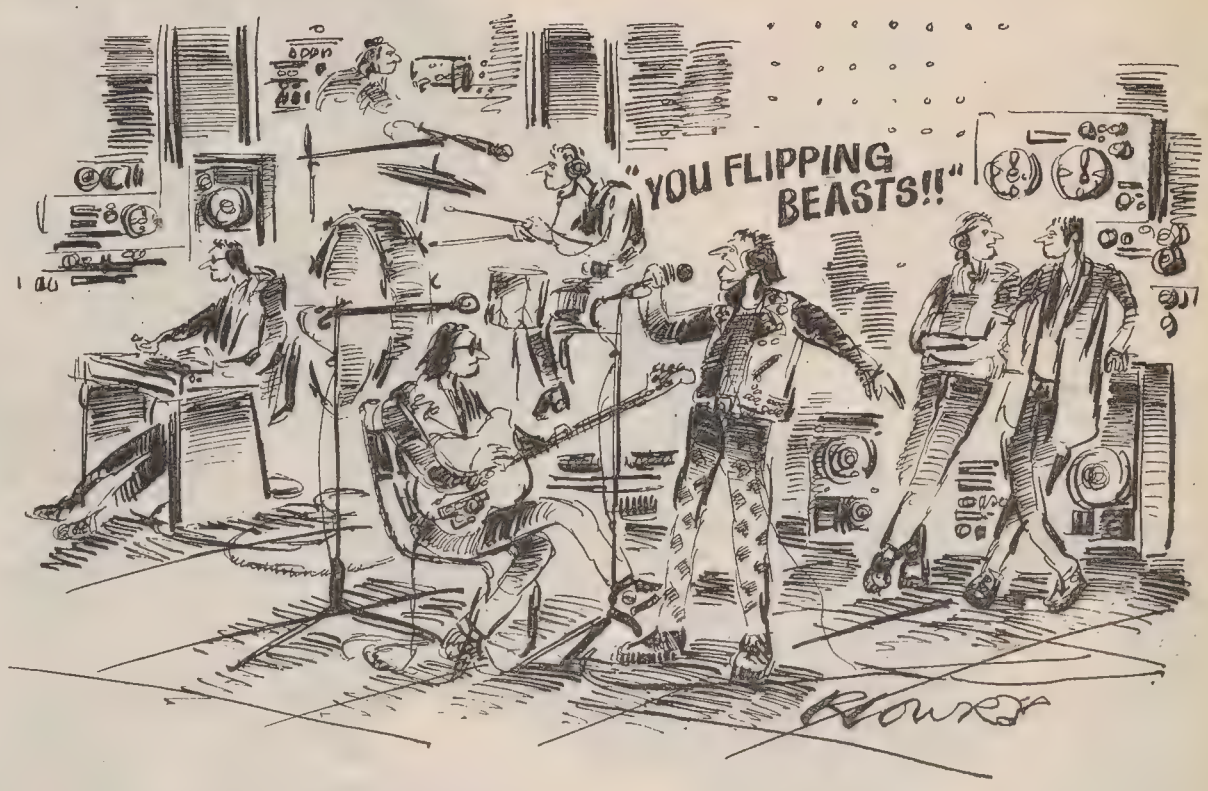
There's hardly any need to tell you which decade the embarrassing picture on the left dates from. But what we want to know is, who are they? Which latterday heavy rock stars are posturing inanely in their ranks? And does LSD cause irreparable damage to human brain cells? Think carefully now.

As before, you've got a week to cough up the answer. If you can name the superstar you get a £3.50 record token. First three correct entries score, so post 'em off to: BLACKMAIL THE BOZO No. 2, NME, 5-7 CARNABY STREET, LONDON, W1.

Of course, if the dodos, sorry, bozos in question would like to spare themselves the howls of derisive laughter that will no doubt greet our revelations, they can always donate thirty quid apiece — they're not quite as well situated as the last one, Ritchie Blackhead, so we've had to drop the ante — to the charity of our choice. And what we'll do is pay off those in the know and leave the rest of you guessing.

All correspondence — from superstars and competitors alike — must reach us by 10 am on Monday.

LOWRY



"There's all the pent-up fury and aggression of several years of excessive toilet training by a beastly nanny, a sheltered upbringing in the home counties and a minor place in an obscure public school, coming out here."

From previous page

correspondence of the International Apathy League in Southampton.

Producer Bernie Andrews deserves a paragraph or two to himself, since he's been associated with virtually every worthwhile BBC pop/rock music radio programme, right from the days of Brian Matthew's *Saturday Club*. He also worked on *Top Gear* and an excellent oldies show with Johnny Moran.

He is an inveterate consumers' champion. On the one hand, he will return light-bulbs to Oxford Street stores if he feels their output has been below par, and on the other will sometimes telephone correspondents himself, informing them when their requests will be on the air. He believes strongly in meticulous planning. To him, fading a record is sloppy programming.

"If a record can be faded, then it shouldn't be in at all," adds Annie.

She would like to develop *OGWT* along the lines of her request show. "There's no way you can define exactly how that programme's put together. What we try to do is pick out the right bits of each kind of music, and put it all together. Hopefully, *Whistle Test* will become more mixed like that."

Despite her multifarious, and sometimes bruising, encounters with the music business, she does not have a jaded ear. "I still enjoy it all. There's enough in it to make it interesting and fun and constantly stimulating."

BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

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THE RAMONES
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"Can't wait to see the size of these boys!" says small reader J. Carson of Carrickfergus.

Who's Next?

About this time last year, Elvis, Bing, Groucho and Marc (Bolan) took their final bows on earth. Last week's successive departures of Charles Boyer and Robert Shaw might augur a similar showbiz death-rate in the days ahead. Who's next?

A macabre coincidence published just before Keith Moon's death in the current issue of "In Dublin" magazine. Sent by Ed Butler of Athlone.

THRILLS

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I LIKE TO watch TV — but I come from a school where I saw some of my smartest friends get stunted and shrivel away on a diet of television and secretarial courses, so occasionally at *Closedown* I get edgy and wish I could count my braincells, before and after, just to be on the safe side.

I can't read a book, see a film or watch a TV programme that hasn't got at least two girl characters in it — not because I can identify with them, or for any kinky or romantic reason. I know it must go deeper, but the only reasons I can find are that I like seeing how other girls do their make-up, and because I find all fictional men vaguely identical, making it hard for me to follow a story.

Now that Joe Stalin's biography has finished, my favourite girl character is also the most politically appealing thing on TV. She is Elizabeth Bourne (played like a tinkling, cool piano by Sally Osborn), the eldest doctor daughter of the appalling landed gentry in **The Cedar Tree** on a Sunday afternoon (oops, this has just ended, too). As well as being a lusciously ladylike film-blonde (Celia Johnson meets Carol Lombard), all finger-waves and common sense, she is quite gloriously left-wing / wavering — she's feeling her way towards a pure, nostalgic pre-war sort of English socialism which follows its heart and logic, not money and fashion, like the anti-Zionist English left today.

A beautifully paced soap opera, *The Cedar Tree* set out in the early '30s and ended at the precise moment Chamberlain negotiated "peace" with Germany. It presented politics to a soap audience in a singularly charming and righteous way, social issues interspersed with weddings, births and deaths. It was never po-faced, it never talked down and working-class women watched it avidly. *(As did us working-class men — Ed.)*

As period parlour-drama, *The Cedar Tree* confirms all your most ridiculous suspicions as to what the leisured classes must have been like in the olden days. Set in the stately country seat of Larkfield, everyone is always drinking but blotto only once in a blue moon. They play human chess. "Mr. Henderson's here." "Put him in the study." Everyone is always getting the huff about something and forgiving and forgetting in the next scene because they're all "family", after all. Every single person in it, so long as they are over 12 and under 90, is primarily a loose end waiting to get wedlocked to a loose end of the other sex.

The writer of *The Cedar Tree* could easily have made the late '30s and all the horror that the decade implies no more than a place setting (like they did to the late '60s in the awful **Loose Change)** and it would have lost no viewers except me, but he / she didn't. Realistically, the family are shown attempting to put politics away from them, but the character of Elizabeth gracefully grabs Nazism by its neck again and again and serves it up to a placid, post-Sunday-roast audience.

The Cedar Tree was **The Forsyte Saga,** minus the heavy breathing and plus the race-class-sex war and splitting seams — the ultimate taking of politics to the populace, in a gentle, sentimental Sunday afternoon soap, moral and modern. I shall really miss it.

I ALSO MISS **Wonderwoman,** though her politics were typical American-lousy and she was a worse actress than Farrah False-Set and Cheryl Ladd stuck together. I liked Lynda Carter because she was the first Amazonian soap sex object that the Travolta Generation have been treated to — shoulders and legs and that *genuine waist* and all ... and what a genuine waste of woman *Wonderwoman* was.

Shlurrrp, booo, sob! — it's **Loose Change!** Ostensibly masses more relevant, modern and controversial than *The Cedar Tree* — actually the glibest, most reactionary portrayals of women I've seen in a long time — *Loose Change* is the TV equivalent of the new *Rolling Stone* book, *The Sixties: The Decade Remembered Now By The People Who Lived It Then.*

The main gist of the programme, blaring loud and clear and reassuring as a police car, is that political action is desirable only as a teenage phase to be weathered like homosexual crushes. The only bearable broad in it, Jenny (the plainest one, naturally; women who can hike it on their looks don't get bitter enough to worry their pretty little heads about social injustice), who started out doing anti-nuclear, anti-war and Civil Rights marches — real great, admirable, fun stuff — but matured into well-adjusted womanhood as bland and neurotic as her two pals.

I'll tell you what these girls were like — they were like Patti Smith if she'd been born pretty instead of hideous. The kind of girls who insist on having it away out of wedlock and then afterwards feel like real whores.

They look like Germaine Monteil adverts, especially when they aren't meant to be wearing make-up. They all marry typical fat ugly American capitalistic '60s radical pigs — the type of man (you must know a hundred or two) who has the screaming ab-dabs if someone so much as gives a negro a black look, yet takes it as a matter of course that his wife wants to quit work and ejaculate smelly clones of Big Daddy for the rest of her life.

The men wear their shirt collars outside their jackets, brush their hair forward and fail in their (always 'creative') careers. They hit the girls and the girls let them get away with it. Then the girls commit adultery, having meaningful relationships for one night at a time, and pretend to feel guilty about it. They smoke dope at 'therapy' sessions and confess they've been 'pretending' all along. They act artistic, get primal, smash things and get divorced.

Liberal girls ... dontcha just pity 'em?

Loose Change's sub-title is *Three Women Of The Sixties,* but Kent State, Luther King, JFK, Bobby Kennedy, Chicago and Vietnam are dealt with in a split second each — often in the form (I swear) of a newspaper headline. Someone's sordid and unsuccessful sex with a married man, however, gets half an hour — par for the course.

Loose Change annoyed and flabbergasted me, but I liked it blankly in the same way I can sit through **Charlie's Angels** without goofing off; I find it fascinating to see a script-writer take a handful of assorted girls' names, hang them on lousy actresses and then blindly endeavour to chip out what he fondly deceives himself are personalities — a dash of feminism here, a pinch of wackyness there and TV seems to think you have a new human being ready to tout. The girls of *Loose Change* were as breathing, as sympathetic and as vacantly lovable as *Charlie's Angels;* their three 'personalities' paralleled, even. Jenny was Sabrina, Kate was Chris and Tanya was Kelly — that simple, that flat, that hard; that's the state TV writing is in today.

So bereft are both channels of clues to new characters that they've dug up old '60s detective series, put new faces in old roles and shoved it back up for youth consumption. BBC have **Sexton Blake;** ITV have **The Avengers** and now **The Saint.** Unfortunately Simon Templar is now played by Ian Ogilvy, whose best-known steady TV role was as Elizabeth Bellamy's impotent-but-only-with-girls husband in *Upstairs, Downstairs.* I'm sorry, but I feel that all the acts of physical strength and valiant life-saving that this Saint takes in a day's work will always seem to me to be the actions of an anxious actor trying to prove he's not *really* a poofter.

Also revived from last decade by ITV is **The Rag Trade,** weak scripts saved by the brilliant cast of seamstresses; they also have the ace of the stupendous **Laverne And Shirley,** the funniest thing around. BBC humour, not to mention morale, has slumped to an amazingly low level — everyone good seems to have defected, giving rise to sitcoms like **Reginald Perrin** and **Don't Forget To Write** to give us a run for our licence money. In both of these disasters I have heard the wonderfully witty word "breasts" get the most massive canned laughter since Elvis died.

I see **Roots** is getting a second chance now that **Holocaust** is over. We're taking bets right now that the next attempted genocide the BBC will use as a cheap ratings-war thrill will be the slaughter of the American Indians.

I watched about 15 minutes of each episode of *Holocaust* and was hardly able to believe it. Of course it's vital that no new generation should ever be allowed to forget what happens when right-wing savagery is allowed normal democratic rights, but there are reminders which are respectful; the *Genocide* episode of **The World At War,** for instance. The documentary footage of what it was really like and the glossy holiday-brochure version shown simply to take viewers off of ITV are not remotely about the same events.

In the entertainment version, concentration camp interiors looked as clean and homely as the motels which pass for prisons in this country these days, and the inmates looked fresh off the health farm. We were also informed that the Final Solution was the brain-wave of a psychotic Nazi lawyer (who the BBC have the grace to admit is fictional) ...

After the last episode, I watched the **Tonight** programme. It was a discussion between the producer (William Brodkin, who distressingly seems to be a Jew himself), an actor and a rabbi who had survived a camp against a German and a Jewish historian. The historians were just plain ignored as the producer, the actor and the rabbi congratulated themselves, each other and the BBC. It was a sickening sight.

Five nights earlier, a Jewish woman in Lancashire had watched the first episode, taken off her wedding ring and killed herself.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS

DANGEROUS VISIONS 2

WOMEN ON TELLY

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Living In The USA

A DREADFUL HOLIDAY WITH 10cc ON A RAFT OFF BARBADOS

IN THEY COME, two at a time, autograph books in hand and eyes out like organ stops, shuffling through the smoke-filled confines of the City Hall dressing-rooms in an attempt to hound out members of 10cc.

As Eric Stewart graciously poses for another barrage of Instamatic flash bulbs, and Duncan Mackay scans the horizon for Bacardi bottles, it appears that the cog-wheels of another world tour are turning with their characteristic well-oiled routine.

That afternoon, the band could be found (and frequently were by yet more insistent autograph hunters), scattered around the expansive foyer of their Newcastle hotel.

Apart from Stewart, Graham Gouldman and Paul Burgess, their drummer since '73, their ranks are completed by second drummer Stuart Tosh, lead guitarist Ric Fenn, and the recently-added Duncan Mackay, one-time keyboard player with Cockney Rebel.

The present 10cc set only uses the singles from their early days for which Stewart and Gouldman were solely responsible, and they make it very clear that they all consider 10cc Mk 2 as a band of very different potential. At the mention of the reasons for the split-up in '76, Graham is more than non-committal, in fact he sounds heartily pissed off.

"Everyone's got their opinions as to who was right, and who was wrong. There's nothing that we haven't already said."

They elaborated a little more about about their present tour which, after Europe and the UK, takes them to the States, Poland and eventually to Australia and Japan. Did they ever feel that by playing places like Tokyo they were creating a demand that subsequently they wouldn't be able, or even want, to maintain?

"It's as close as the nearest jet flight," says Eric, "Just a day away — it's so easy. But you do get to the point where you've got more places to play than you can fit in a year, and obviously some of them have got to take second place."

Last week they demonstrated they were in the two-nights-at-Wembley league. Was that a direction that they particularly wanted to follow?

Graham immediately assumes a defensive tack.

"If it happens that way — good, but the implication has been that the bigger you get, the more bland, the more middle-of-the-road, the more *commercial* you become. But these things happen. The Beatles were world-wide great. I'm not comparing us to The Beatles in any way, but there's a very high-quality musical band that just appealed to everybody and nobody criticised *them* for it. I do detect a certain dislike of big bands.

"A band of this size, with this equipment and crew, is really expensive to keep on the road. We want to get to as many people as possible so we have to do bigger venues."

At the moment they're using a small amount of video film on stage, together with their sand-coloured carpet and palm beach back-drop. Are they going to expand into using larger visuals?

"We'd like visuals," continues Graham, "but we'd like visuals to enhance rather than take over. You can overdo it. People come away from our concerts saying it was great music rather than saying 'Weren't the lights terrific?' Our lights are just there as a background to us. They're not on a par, or ahead of us."

Ten tracks from the recent album get an airing in their two-hour set.

Graham: "It's called 'Bloody Tourists' 'cos we're bloody tourists. When we started doing the album it became apparent that a lot of the songs, quite co-incidentally, were about being away from home, either on the road or on holiday. We did so much work last year, and so much happened to us, that it was worth writing about."

"The song 'Dreadlock Holiday' came about when I was in Barbados," explains Eric. "I was on a raft with Justin Hayward in the middle of the ocean, and we were going to do this parachute sailing. There were three black guys on the raft who were very, very heavy, with Justin in particular. They wanted his silver chain and said they'd give him a dollar for it. They also said, 'If this was Jamaica, we'd cut your hand off.' It was an amazing confrontation between black and white on this 12-foot piece of wood in the middle of nowhere."

But apart from "Dreadlock Holiday" and the anti-Communist "Reds In My Bed", the album doesn't suggest much of the more substantial overtones of their earlier material. Didn't they think that the lyrics carried a lot less weight?

"Well the subject matter's different," asserts Graham. "We're not in a particularly cynical mood at the moment. If every album we did was a cynical album, I think people would get bored with that. There are so many sides to 10cc, and I don't think we've ever repeated ourselves. Every record could possibly be by a different band in a way."

And now comes the inevitable slagging of the press, whose view of "Bloody Tourists" has been predictably jaundiced. Eric Stewart reckons rock journalists have no real power — though at the same time he blames the press for "convincing the public" that 10cc were geniuses and then ditching them.

"You get in this strange situation, where you release two or three albums and the media start pushing you down as a cynical band. You release an album that isn't cynical, and they say 'What happened to the old cynicism 10cc used to have?' I mean you just can't win — it's a pile of shit.

"The only metre you've got for your success is that the box offices are full, and that your records are constantly gold records.

"We're not profound world-changers, we're musicians purely and simply. We're the dreamers, and whatever we're dreaming about at that particular time we write about."

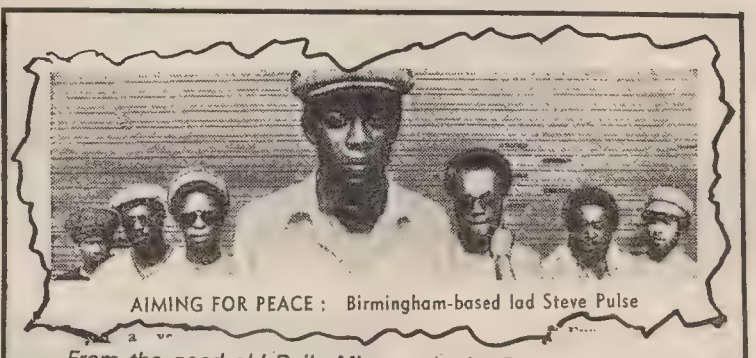
"There's no other angle you can go on," adds Graham. "We don't do anything outrageous off stage, besides having the occasional game of backgammon.

"We don't smash hotels — we redecorate them. It's one of our hobbies."

MARK ELLEN

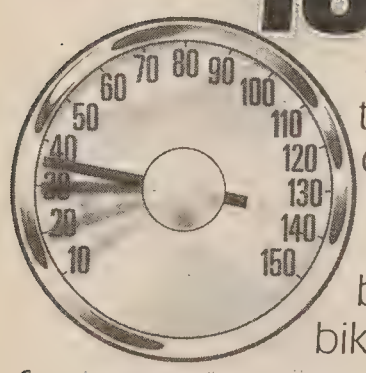
THRILLS

ERIC STEWART (left) and GRAHAM GOULDMAN — currently at No. 1 with a tale of racial confrontation. Who said the anti-racists had all the best tunes?



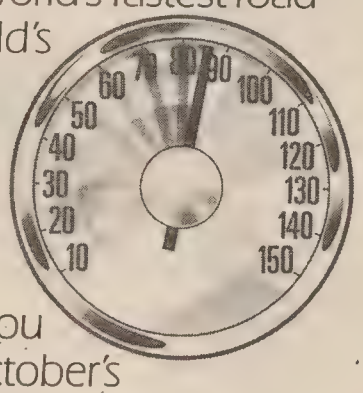
From the good old Daily Mirror, sent by Steven Pulse, Liverpool.

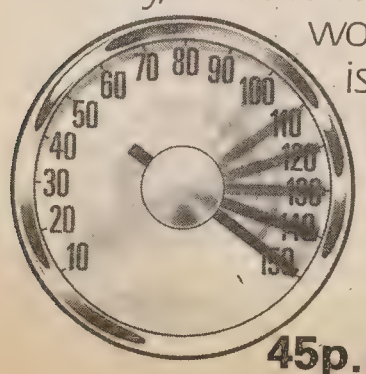
At SuperBike we felt it was time to put the clock forward.



October's SuperBike really throws the throttle wide with its own gut-knotting re-run of 'Death Race 2000.'

A battle of sheer raunch between the world's fastest road bike and the world's fastest motor car, the six cylinder Honda CBX and the Aston Martin DBS Vantage. Those are the lions. Phil Read and Derek Bell are the gladiators. There's more, too. But basically, if it doesn't do 130 mph, you won't find it in October's issue of SuperBike.





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M. JAGGER, 23, bound for Lewes Jail back in 1967. (OK, so it was pills — but Brian Jones was busted for dope that year . . .)

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

FIFTY YEARS OF DOPE BUSTS REVISITED

THE ROLL CALL of musicians who've fallen foul of the cannabis laws over the years would fill a fair-sized telephone book by now. Their very profession makes them suspect.

Similarly, if you're young or black or just look the part, you stand a fair chance of being stopped in the street and searched — just on suspicion, of course.

The cannabis laws as they stand enable the police to invade your privacy on the slenderest of excuses; and that is why the cannabis laws must become a political issue.

This week sees the 50th anniversary of Cannabis prohibition, so the curious history of why it became illegal in the first place bears repeating.

Initially, in 1923, it was the South Africans who started the ball rolling. They were concerned that the smoking of cannabis was having an adverse effect on the black labour in their mines and proposed to the League of Nations they should consider controlling the drug.

The subject was taken up again the following year by the Egyptian delegate at an international Opium Conference, who, in lurid fashion, claimed that the leading cause of insanity in his country was cannabis and proceeded to paint a picture of Manson-like figures who messed with da dope:

"The countenance of the cannabis addict becomes gloomy, his eye is wild and the expression of his face is stupid. *(I think I know that guy — Ed.).* He is silent, has no muscular power, suffers from physical ailments, heart troubles, digestive troubles etc, his intellectual faculties gradually weaken and the whole organism decays. The addict very frequently becomes . . . eventually insane."

At this point Britain had one of the most enlightened attitudes towards the cannabis plant. It was widely used in medicine (Queen Victoria being its most famous patient) and cannabis tincture was available from all good chemists.

Britain had also set up the first Government inquiry to determine the drug's effects. The 1894 Indian Hemp Drugs Commission diligently spent two years interviewing 800 witnesses and emerged with 3,000 pages of evidence which found in the drug's favour.

However, this laissez-faire attitude soon was swept under the carpet when, on September 28, 1928, the Dangerous Drugs Act became law. Britain had responded to international pressure based on flimsy, hysterical, unfounded evidence — and began a period of prohibition that has lasted for five decades.

Since then the pattern has taken on a strange dimension, with a number of large Government inquiries all finding in favour of the plant and against prohibition — and Britain responding by going in the opposite direction, increasing penalties and widening the scope of the laws.

In 1965 a new drug act came into force, The Dangerous Drugs Act, which made the penalties for cannabis the same as for heroin.

Then came the 1968 Wootton report, the first Governmental study in Britain since 1896. It concluded: "In spite of severe penalties and considerable effort of enforcement the use of cannabis in the United Kingdom does not appear to be diminishing.

"There is a body of opinion that criticises the present legislative treatment of cannabis on the grounds that it exaggerates the dangers of the drug and needlessly interferes with civil liberty."

Sullen Jim Callaghan was in power at the time as Home Secretary, and his biased stance — together with the hysterical shredding the report

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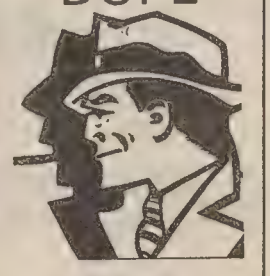
INSIDE DOPE



By DICK TRACY

This year

JOAN ARMATRADING

takes her music

TO THE LIMIT

listen..... and you can't help but follow.

TO THE LIMIT–THE NEW ALBUM

A&M RECORDS

From previous page

received at the hands of Fleet Street — very quickly dug a hole for the Wootton conclusions.

Callaghan even suggested that Baroness Wootton's Committee had been influenced by the "notorious advertisement" in *The Times* of July 24, 1967.

Under the banner stance of 'The Law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice', a whole host of notables put their names in cold print. All the Beatles were present with their freshly-minted MBE's, as were Brian Epstein, R. D. Laing, George Melly, Kenneth Tynan, David Hockney, Graham Greene, Tony Garnet, David Bailey, Tariq Ali, Tom Driberg and Brian Walden and the now-executed Michael Abdul Malik.

This was the high point of the drug lobby — an amalgam of intellectuals, radical lawyers, rock stars and media personalities, backed by solid grass roots support. But, like all fashionable issues, the pendulum turned, the lobby disintergrated.

The figures for 1976 starkly reveal the current situation. In that year, the latest for which figures are available, 89 per cent of conviction for cannabis were for simple possession. Furthermore, cannabis convictions accounted for 78 per cent of all drug convictions.

The roll call for that year reached 8,592 convictions for simple possession. Of these, 23 were given absolute discharges, 759 conditional discharges, and 6,094 fined. More important, 33 people were sent to detention centres, 30 landed borstal, 493 received suspended sentences while a further 510 went straight down.

Nothing's changed since 1967 when Keith Richard was sentenced to a year inside for allowing his premises to be used for the smoking of The Weed — except that there aren't screaming crowds outside magistrates' courts these days.

Many people consider that, since most people don't think smoking marijuana is any great shakles now, there's no need to be concerned. But they could not be further from the truth.

Old lags with records might like to know that current police procedure, in the metropolis at least, means that if you are pulled for *anything* and you have previous convictions, then you'll have dope-detecting dogs round your home. Fun it isn't.

The cannabis laws can be used against you even if you've never touched the weed. And this massive invasion of persoanl liberty that continues year after year must end. Our apathy can only maintain it.

THRILLS

BUSKERS BOW OUT AT BOW ST.

BUSINESS AT Bow Street Magistrates Court has been booming since that fateful Sunday in Rupert Street last April when street performers David Mahon and Judy Boyle were interrupted by two plainclothes policemen 30 seconds from the end of their short kiddies play "Willie The Clinklet" and booked for 'obstruction'.

In all, 16 other performers have since been arrested on two separate occasions for demonstrating in their support at Leicester Square.

On the most recent occasion (Aug. 25), 12 white-faced clowns were confronted by police upon entering the square. Nine of the 12 will appear at Wells Street Court on February 7, while three took the less time-consuming route of pleading guilty to obstruction charges at Bow and forking out the £15 fine.

What irks the performers most, they say, is that two of their number specifically took the trouble of contacting the police at Saville Row to check out demo procedures beforehand, and on receiving no indication of police opposition, went ahead — unaware that two vanloads of policemen would be waiting to whisk them off to Bow Street.

So, the rebellious spirit of these street performers has taken to the great indoors for the time being, and on alternate Fridays starting September 29 onwards, eclectic and colourful 'benefits' will be held at 13 James Street in Covent Garden from 8.00 - 12.30 featuring live music, films, junk art and other goodies. Two very successful parties have already been held, everyone is welcome, and admission is by donation. The ailing *International Times* has, of late, also taken up residence here.

Meanwhile the original catalysts for the above chain of events were due last Thursday (Sept. 21) at Bow Street. As David and Judy's case got underway only one vital thing was missing: David. A spokesperson said that David, a Muslim, had split the country a month ago to return to New Zealand after suffering a "nervous breakdown" while fasting for Ramadan and working 16 hours a day as a chef. Nevertheless, with the aid of official letters his absence was accepted by the court and Judy forged on alone, attired for the event in electric pink overalls and bow-tie.

Perhaps a more subdued approach would have made all the difference, for during the 90 or so minutes of the trial it was the two policemen's testimony against hers.

Where Judy, an English teacher, and her witness, a Mr. McCann, were positive that the crowd gathered in the five minutes of performing numbered no more than 30, one of the officers extimated the crowd to be in excess of 150.

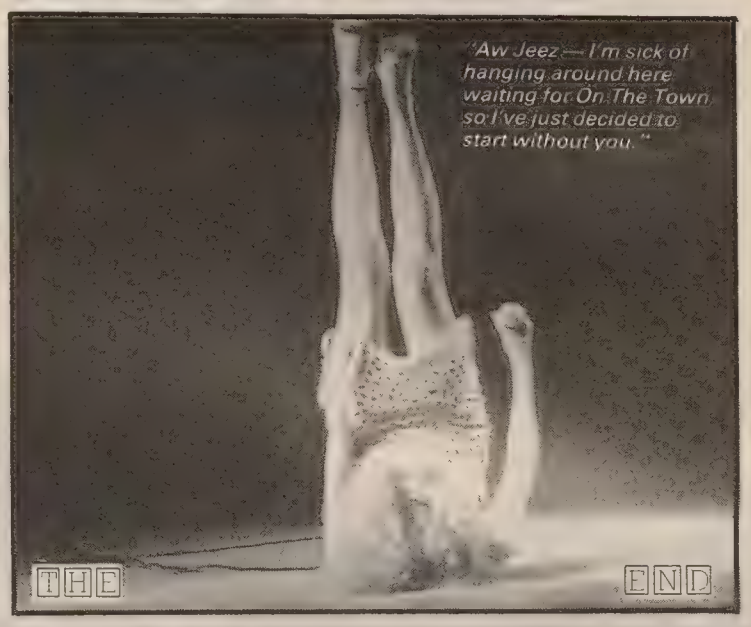
Judy's defence claimed that she and Mahon were not causing an obstruction because, as photographic evidence showed, people could and did walk through their act. Ultimately, though, the magistrate was satisfied that there had been some amount of obstruction, "without lawful authority," and while he found street performance a "normal and colourful part of the London scene" he made it clear that it must not encroach on pedestrian or drivers' rights.

Both defendants received a conditional discharge of six months.

So the fate of street performers still lies in the hands of passing policemen — that is, either laissez faire or "get in the car".

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS



BEHIND NME LINES

"IT EXISTS to convey news about rock music . . . which it does . . . within an entertaining and readable format. It has an idiosyncratic style and wicked sense of humour . . .

"What sets *NME* apart is that leafing through its pages one may happen across pieces on blood sports, drug laws, nuclear power, the *Gay News* trial, the arms race, Fuehrer Tyndall & Co. . . . the classic was a full page Stranglers review which turned into a dissertation on sexism.

"They . . . above all never lose sight of the paper's prime function, to provide accurate news about music."

And a big thank you to Tom Robinson for those flattering words in this week's *Socialist Worker,* in a feature by Tom on ANL, RAR, EMI, TRB and lots of other things with three initials. What can we say? Blush . . .

BOSTON

A special full length 12" single version of

'Don't Look Back'

from the album of the same name

6653 Epic Records

MEMBERS Nicky Tesco (left) and Jean-Marie Carroll. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

"LIVING in a bedsit! Travelling on a tube train! WORKING ALL DAY LONG!!!"

Combining the rigidity of a day job with the nightly rigours of strutting your stuff on the stages of the capital's rock clubs and pubs can be a thankless task.

If you don't believe me; go ask The Members.

By day, four-fifths of the band are busy slaving for a crust; bank clerk, factory worker, airport hand and draftsman.

Come sunset, after hot-heeling it home to their suburban semis and bedsits, and strapping on their axes in the back of a transit van; they're to be found devastating bewildered boozers and pooped pogoers in the Hopes And Anchors of this world, the Windsor Castles and Acklam Halls, and the likes of the joint we're headed for tonight, West Hampstead's Railway Hotel, a '60s blues haunt.

The stuff of which legends are made?

We can only wait and see.

For the time being, in the words of a typically wacky ad on Brian B's live page a few weeks ago, come shoplifting with Nicky Tesco and The Members. . .

The Members are a five-piece rock and roll group. Not just any old combo, mind you. It's on the cards that they could just prove themselves to be the most vital band to burst on London's slightly flagging music scene since last summer's emergence of Sham 69.

And I've got the feeling — even though The Members have yet to secure a record deal — that those day jobs could be gone quite shortly.

They come from the West Drayton and Camberley suburbs of West London. Satellite Kids based barely on the edge of town. The present line-up is the fourth since they formed last autumn.

The Members Mark 1 played their debut gig at The Roxy (where else?) almost exactly a year ago, a support slot on a midweek bill headlined by The Victims. If nothing else, it was calamitous, with singer Nicky Tesco's audience-haranging apparently meeting with a less-than-enthusiastic response. (Incidently, whatever happened to The Victims?).

Since then, guitarists have come and gone with a regularity too alarming to detail here, bringing the band to today's state, hopefully a permanent set-up.

Fronting the band is vocalist Tesco, an animated, witty founder Member. A middle-class lad through and through — university background, no less — he exudes a remarkably unaffected rootsy cool offstage.

Sharing the bulk of the songwriting duties with "Fearless" Nicky is rhythm guitarist Jean-Marie Carroll, a Clevor Trevor wide-boy of French parentage, known to the band simply as JC.

Behind Tesco's gruff vocal and JC's coarse fret-chopping, the two tallest Members, bassist Chris Payne and drummer Adrian Lillywhite, form an adroit, dextrous rhythm section.

The last Member, the band's most recent acquisition, is lead axeman Nigel Bennett. He gives them their zappy musical raunch with some of the most fluid, fluent conventional rock playing I've seen in a long time.

From their early daze at The Roxy, The Members wandered onwards to a place on Lurkers manager Nick Austin's "Streets" compilation, released to heavy critical flak on Austin's Beggar's Banquet label at the end of last year.

The Members boasted one track — their own "Fear On The Streets" — on that album, which was produced by Hot Rods manager/writer Ed Hollis.

As we sit in the modest upstairs dressing room of The Railway Hotel, prior to the band going onstage, I put it to JC that the "Streets" album, though a laudable idea culling material from a range of independent labels, ended up as a pretty unlistenable affair.

"I reckon that it's a real shame that there aren't albums like "Live At The Roxy" and "Streets" anymore ," reasons the rhythm guitarist.

"People really like stuff like that. Like we played on that compilation and got well slagged. But the other night some guy came to see us at the Rochester Castle. He'd come 20 miles and he was there well before we started.

"I asked him why he'd come and he said, 'Well, I really liked that track on the "Streets" album.'

"There's loads of people who like that stuff. . . like my girlfriend's younger brother and all his mates at school! They all really like stuff like the Roxy live albums. Now all the music's been chanelled. . ."

The Members' only other vinyl outing is "Solitary Confinement", a quirky ode to the problems of bedsitterland, built around a great riff, produced by Larry Wallis and released earlier this year on Stiff's One-Off series.

Jo says the song was written from his own experience of trying to secure a small place of his own, getting it, and then finding only disillusionment when he moved in.

"I found this place in West Hampstead in the *Evening Standard* ads. It was £12 a week. Really rough it was, with mice and everything, but I had this master plan to write a hit single out of it!

"Seriously, though, it does get very lonely in those places. I was miserable 'cos I was well pissed off with working in a bank as well during the day.

"It wasn't so much that I was lonely. . . it's just that you get too afraid to go out and visit people because you don't want to admit to yourself that you've got nothing else to do."

"It's pathetic to see that," buts in Nicky Tesco, flashing the cigarettes. "You go around to see someone in a bedsit, you ring the doorbell and they are there in seconds. It takes them a quarter of the time to get to the door than it would anyone else!"

It was a single that deserved a better reception that it got.

Tesco, in particular, is annoyed at the manner in which he feels "Solitary Confinement" was ignored by Stiff at the expense of Dave Robinson's efforts to force Akron, Ohio, onto the record buying public.

And Tesco will vouch that there are bands on the London club circuit right now that could kick seven shades of Devo album vinyl out of most of the stuff on the Akron compilation.

"Robinson could have picked up plenty of London stuff that would have blown the ass of that Akron stuff. He's just taking things back to the way there were before. . . looking towards the States for inspiration again."

FOR SEMI-struggling, up-and-coming London bands, the climate in the clubs seems to have changed noticeably over the last 12 months. Without the central focus of the Roxy and Vortex — and the ready-made audience therein — things are a lot harder now than in 1977. Only the most determined, the most angry are fit enough to surface. A good thing in some ways, but one in which a lot of the fun is missing.

"The whole thing's just turned about face," sighs Nicky exasperatedly. It's no longer possible to go and see four bands in a night for a quid, like at The Vortex."

"Suddenly everyone's a musician," he proclaims, slipping mockingly into a California drawl.

"Suddenly Derwood's in the States, mixing down the album and Stevie's goin' over to produce on an album.

"On the London circuit, punk is getting squeezed out. Places like the Marquee and Nashville are squeezing it out in favour of things like Champion, Clem Clemson's band, or Heroes, Simon Townshend's band."

A casual glance over the London date sheet in recent months would seem to bear this out..

"It's a management thing," he adds, the haughty mocking tone returning. "We played the Nashville and packed the place out, but they told us our audience was too young. They clamp down on bands like us and then book all this old stuff.

"And the Marquee. We were supposed to have five support gigs down there. We turned up for one and they just said, 'Sorry lads, you don't pull a crowd'. It was obvious to us that some other band — one with a record label behind them — had got our gig.

THE MEMBERS' live set is notable for its variety. The band generate a strong reggae feel on songs like "Love In A Lift", "Sally" and, best of all, "electricity", an instrumental opener permeated with impressive dub-like texturing.

But unlike China Street and The Specials, a very promising multi-racial outfit from Coventry, The Members are not exclusively reggae.

"It's an interesting sound," explains Nicky Tesco. "But we're trying to do things in our own style. We're not getting up and singing about Jah Love."

JC takes it further.

"It's like the way soul music came in and really influenced white music in the early '60s. Then that was followed by blues and the same thing happened. It's only natural that reggae should as well.

"Like my rhythm guitar playing is definitely reggae-based with the cross-cut rhythms. It gets people moving in a different way than if you just blast them with a wall of sound.

American Soul is also admired. A cover of Norman Whitfield's "I Wanna Get Next To You" (sung by Rose Royce in *Carwash)* is an occasional encore, JC's hero is Otis and the flip of the "Confinement" single, "Rat Up A Drainpipe", owes a lot to slinky disco "soul".

"In Camberley all there is to go to is the discos. The kids only go there for the sex. The discos are just a sexual roundabout," proffers JC, eyes beaming.

The last time I saw The Members, their dressing room was packed with pretty girls. "Groupies?" I ponder innocently wondering whether the band had been visiting any of their local discos the previous night.

"Nah. . .girlfriends!"

P.S. This speculation also applies to factory workers, airport workers and draftsmen. THE MEMBERS, a group of young gentlemen to whom the problem is of some interest, talk to ADRIAN THRILLS.

THE GRATEFUL FIRST PYRAMID

The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test heads East

MAX BELL (hieroglyphs)
& ADRIAN BOOT (pictograms)

hitch a ride.

"There were no sets. Sometimes we'd get up and play for ten minutes and all freak out and split. We'd just do it however it would happen. It wasn't a gig, it was the Acid Tests where anything was OK. Thousands of people, man, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a roomful of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out, beautiful magic." — Jerry Garcia, quoted in *Garage Sale* — Ken Kesey, Viking/Compass 1973.

"You're asking me whether the Grateful Dead still represents the ideals of the '60 s but we're trying to uphold something else. Not so much idealism, more a delicate state of anarchy: anarchy in the USA, I guess, and now anarchy in Egypt. Coming here is a dream we've had for a long time — and the Pranksters are here too, which is great. This is the Grateful Dead's annual pyramid prank. It's great, I love it." — Jerry Garcia talking to Max Bell on the Sound and Light set, El - Giza, September 16, 1978 — a total eclipse of the full moon.

CAIRO AIRPORT at four in the morning. Nowhere to sleep. Searching in a fogged stupour for some resident not afflicted by the terminal amnesia which affects the Egyptian. Gullibly the newcomer is attempting to locate the State officer who will whisk him to that all expenses paid hotel.

Our government friend welches on the meeting. Of course.

Nothing works in Cairo except the mosquitoes, and they're on overtime.

An apparently friendly tour guide comes between the newcomer and his wallet, despatching him to the Sheridan and assorted Nile hostelries where the laughing countenance of the night desk clerk lets him know he's been burned before the sun has even had time to clean its teeth.

Finally a cupboard masquerading as a room kisses off the budget, but at least it has a TV and a shower that doesn't work. Acclimatising is fun. Accept the redundancy of the modern world and sit back with a slug of I.W. Harper. Too tired to slumber, you marvel at the thrumming air conditioner; clouds of dirty smoke billow into the ceiling and fall as condensation.

THE CHARM of Cairo and the Egyptian mentality can wear thinner than the hide on that bag of bones — buffalo — calmly trundling buckets to infinity on some Archimedean contraption while Africa's largest city (10 million souls — and a sewage system designed for three million) drags itself kicking and screaming into the 20th Century.

It's a city where the Occident and the Orient meet in a high-noon culture shock shoot-out. The reporter and his quart of I.W. Harper acknowledge defeat and let nature take its course.

The Egyptian manages fine without deadline and time piece. He is adept at blustering, hussling the ingenue out of the airport and into the 90 mph night. Baksheesh effendi is the password, so keep hold of your money boy . . . here we go.

Expecting to beat the Arab on his own patch is akin to jumping off the fifth ring of Dante's inferno without a parachute.

Cairo was founded for modern purposes by the Fatimids in 1000 AD, though as Herodotus so dryly remarked: "Egypt is the gift of the Nile." Attracted to that gift, the Greek and Roman governors arrived on a human time scale of round about last week. They couldn't handle the locals either, and Bedouin insurrections forced the poor bastards a hundred miles north to the sea and safety of Alexandria where the more acceptable sport of Coptic baiting beckoned.

Egypt probably hasn't changed much in the 5,000 years since Aha and Unas ran up a few burial mastabas at Saqqara and collected their long distance information in Memphis. Today the city is a cauldron of sound, heat and smell. It fixes its all-seeing Ujat Eye on the tourist, whose only guaranteed amulet can be found at Thomas Cook's downtown office. Neither the brochure nor the driver will show you round the ghettoes where the losers, the ones who can't get their hassling together, lie like the untouchables in heavy medieval discomfort. Sewage taints the air, human decomposition comes fast in his heat, and gags the innocent nose.

You leave the driver in a state of panic and enter an off-route bazaar. The alien European at the roots of life in Egypt is not pressurised for his piastres. The natives are gentle and their "welcome to our country" is no longer the signal for a mass shell-out of lubricant. Now you can walk at peace and drink with the owner of the juice bar, perhaps sharing a hookah or puffing lazily on the hubbly-bubbly.

Smoking hasheesh is no crime here. Apart from being a communist, nothing much is criminal for the visitor. No *Midnight Express* beckons, so squatting in the dirt the bedouin splits his stash from the Lebanon or cuts up the Chandu for the water pipe. Opiates from the East take his mind off tomorrow. "The hubbly good, yes? Now you forget." Indeed you do.

STROLLING BACK across six lanes of hell-bent traffic, carrion dog-packs and produce-humping donkeys, you enter the Saracen City of the Dead.

Here you are a genuine oddity. American tourists don't bother to find the real Egypt, and the tourist office is glad.

The burial custom of the Dynastic kings was to construct pyramids in preparation for the journey to the underworld, and Edgar Cayce, John Michell, Kurt Mendelssohn *et al* will fill you in there. But the ordinary peasant saved for a simpler tomb (still does) — a plot in the City of the Dead, Qalan Street. Dark pyres billow over the monumental empitness while the Citadel of Salah el Din glistens another eastern promise high in the Mokattam Hills and the industrial estates of Africa's fastest exploding metropolis answer them back in the language of Gulf and Western at Khan el Khalili.

Yet the idea of a modern Egypt seems a hopeless anachronism. Cairo's communication network works off emotion, not electricity, and Anwar Sadat finds a million people waiting to see him back safely after Camp David. The saviour of the Middle East still governs a country bedevilled by chauvinism, press censorship and heavy-handed political propaganda.

AWAY FROM the mosques and mosquitoes, an expectant crowd of familiar type is gathering in the coffee shop, bar and lobby of the Mena House Hotel, Oberoi.

The Mena, an idyllic and ornate watering hole for the rich, is not the real Egypt. The entrance is guarded against unwelcome visitors by men with Armalites. Now you remember that Egypt has been in some state of war with Israel for 30 years.

Usually the Mena is an oasis for upmarket tourists. Now it houses the Grateful Dead and their entourage, and it can hardly believe its eyes.

Everywhere long-haired Californians in cut-offs and 100 per cent cotton Kelley Mouse day-glo T-shirts spend money like mango juice. Some of them have adopted the native unisex djellabas, a long-robed garment like a nightdress. The women top this off with jangling head dresses and ethnic turquoise scarabs.

The reporter strolls past them and notices a larger figure with a massive beard and homely bunches of greying black hair either side of his face. It is Jerry Garcia, the boss man.

A girl brings him coffee oblivious to the fact that the man she is serving has launched a thousand trips. The Captain reads Philip Jose Farmer's *The Dark Design*. The reporter approaches him with caution and an open hand. Garcia peers up from behind a pair of shadow shades, his face wreathed in smiles.

Trepidation ceases. We are on the case.

I NEVER believed that I'd find myself sitting on a stone wall next to Ken Kesey while the Grateful Dead did their inimitable thing to a backdrop of Cheop's Great Pyramid and Khepren's Sphinx. Three days back in England, the experience still didn't connect.

The last surviving wonder of the ancient world, reeking with the symbolism and wisdom of man's proudest architectural feat (financed in part by Cheops sending his daughter out whoring), it seemed the most perfectly bizarre place to witness the resurgence of an American wonder. The Kem of Isis, Osiris, Re and Amen welcomes the Dead.

The Grateful Dead have the advantage of inhabiting the chaos that is Cairo's life blood. To many they are the ultimate in rock and roll indulgence, an anachronism that is hopelessly outdated, incapable of relating their marathon musical performances to modern economy. If they are tolerated at all, it's for something they once represented to a generation of people who got old before the Dead did.

So the reporter arrives suitably armed with a list of devil's advocate questions that intend to explore the survival of the beast.

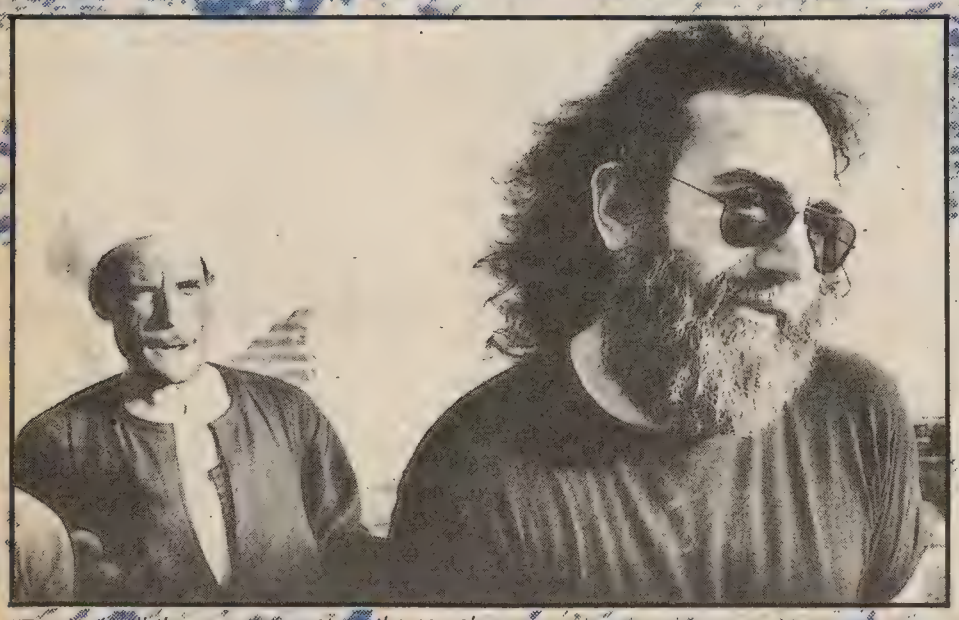
But hold on, let's play fair with the reader here. The reporter is not inclined to side with the Grateful Dead's detractors. His objectivity is shot. In view of the enormity of this adventure, he prefers to emphasize the selfless beauty of the Grateful Dead's ultimate prank thus far in their 14-year career.

The finances behind coming to Egypt will leave the band more broke than usual. 500,000 dollars' worth of advances against potential royalties have been sunk into this venture. Any profits go to Mrs Anwar Sadat's Faith and Hope Society for the rehabilitation of the handicapped and the Department of Antiquities, itself responsible for the restoration and maintenance of Nubian culture.

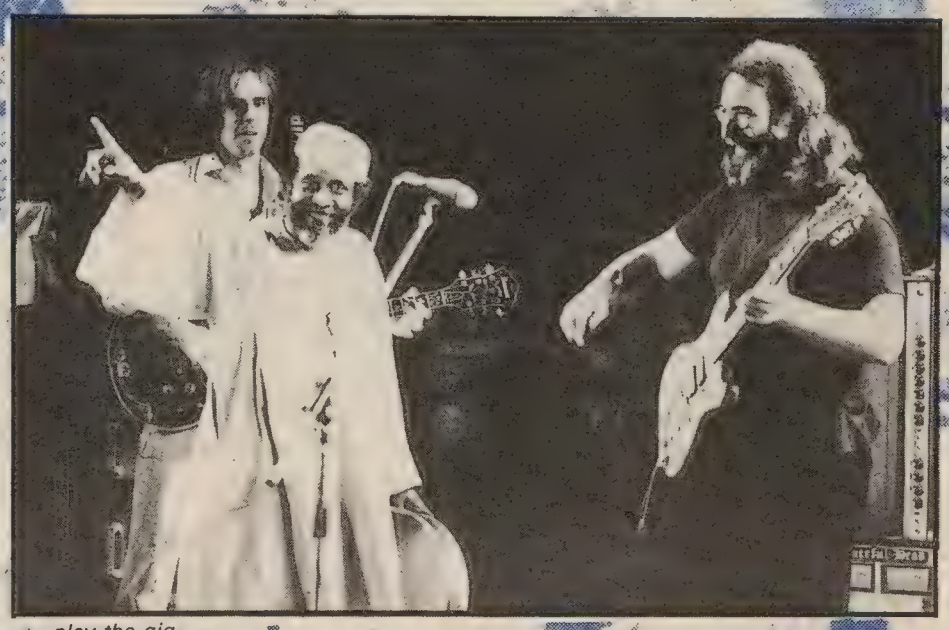
The project was not accomplished by magic. It stemmed from a photographic mission by the Dead's manager Richard Loren, who was determined to find appropriate venues for the apogee of his charges. The visit was finally blessed by the Egyptian Ministry of Culture and assisted by the efforts of a middle-aged couple, Joseph and Lois Malone of Middle East Research Associates Inc., Washington DC. It was their vision and knowledge of two worlds which made the passage through government work. Later advice was freely given by Jonathan Wallace, editor of the *Middle East Economic Digest* in London and an acquaintance of both Robert Hunter, the Dead lyricist, and the group's English co-manager Alan Trist.

When Trist, Loren and bassist Phil Lesh came to Egypt last March they were delighted to find that it was possible to stage the event in front of the Pyramids on the stone apron of the Giza Son et Lumiere theatre. The news of an imminent total eclipse of the moon made the visit more vital than ever to the corporate ideal.

In the event, the whole encounter went off without any sizeable hitch — except one. The Grateful Dead were scheduled to return via London, where their English fans would see them play for the first time in four years since the ill-received Alexandra Palace stint. Tickets had sold out in



"Touring's all the same you get on the camel. . .



. . . play the gig.

DEAD'S ANNUAL PRANK

four days — but doubts lingered. Could the band fulfill a promise they'd broken before in 1976 when they were to headline over Santana and the New Riders at Wembley Stadium?

Typically, they could not.

Harvey Goldsmith, the promoter, must have cursed the Pharoah when he heard the news by telex. Firstly, his plan to get The Who on the road had met with tragic results the previous week. Now he had to break the bad news of the Dead's second cancellation on him in as many years.

The news stunned this reporter too. After all, it necessarily qualified the impact of describing the Dead in full flight when there would be no supporting proof, no chance for the thousands unable to trek over to Egypt to see the band for themselves.

It is difficult to estimate the damage the Dead have done to their reputation by pulling out. The timing and the errors of judgement on recording the new album, "Shakedown Street", were badly handled from the start. Had more notice been given of these concerts, many more fans would have joined the pyramid prank. The Rainbow tickets should never have been sold if there was any doubt about their being honoured.

THE CONCERTS were attended by some thousand people a night, at least three hundred of them were American fans who'd taken a charter from San Francisco.

Interest in the project was sufficient to guarantee the presence of CBS and NBC film crews. Even *Rolling Stone* had their man on the spot — and they haven't taken so much as a rain check on the Dead for years. Credibility for the venture ran high in England too. Those who for reasons of their own have decried the Grateful Dead's recent significance without so much as a cursory listen to the recorded evidence (I'll stand by "Wake Of The Flood", "Mars Hotel" and "Blues for Allah" as '70s masterpieces come what may) were agog at this trip.

Give 'em their due, the old bozo hippies had pulled some class with this one, and there were plenty of modern men in their late twenties and over who had clearlight flashbacks all their own, they packed me off to Cairo with a twinkle in the eye and the sound of cowbells gurgling somewhere in their subconscious.

But your scribe is not a Dead Head. He is 22 years old — certainly not a leftover from 1967, but rather a '70s initiate. A first time viewer.

IT WAS SOME surprise for him to see Ken Kesey in Egypt, but it should have been obvious. Tom Wolfe chronicled the Acid Tests for posterity in his bible for the '60s, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, back in the days when Haight and LSD-25 were too *outre* to incur the wrath of the law.

Back then Kesey and the Dead were weaving their messages in perfect synch. Though Wolfe's book is compulsory reading for anyone who wants to find out what happened to American youth when it discovered the psychedelic experience, for the people who packed away their kaftans the period is a hazy memory, perhaps an aberration that cannot be repeated.

Yet the Pranksters continue to function on Chuck Kesey's creamerie. There are practising pranksters in Eugene, Oregon, and Springfield and Pleasant Hill. Ken Kesey is currently engaged on his new work, *The Trial Of Neal Cassady*, being a farce constructed around the Prankster supreme. He is also finally editing down the miles of film and tape that accompanied the Acid Tests. The Last Whole Earth Catalogue will finally make sense.

So really the surprise bonus of seeing Kesey ceased to be unbelievable. And there's Mountain Girl and George Walker and Mike Hagen and the *Realist* editor of yore, Paul Krassner, and Zonker with his bedouin outfit pushing a metal detector round the Sphinx and doing OK. If Babbs and Sandy and Boise and Gretchen Fetchen were here we'd have a quorum, although for Kesey the real shadow over the event is still the absence of Cassady. "He's here in spirit, I know it. Cassady would go nuts here."

Garcia and the band are phased too because the Pranksters are here to offer immoral support. On Friday I finally head up to the guitarist's room, and interviewing begins.

GARCIA'S ROOM is on the top floor of the Mena House overlooking the Great Pyramid reflecting in his glasses.

We're looking at the Pyramid of Cheops, at the summit (the peak was made of precious metal and no longer remains) where a tiny figure can be seen shinning up the spike. This is George Walker, one of the maddest Pranksters. He seems to slip, but rights his balance without risking the 481 foot fall. Garcia, looking through a telephoto lens, yells: "He's done it! The brave fucker's got the Grateful Dead flag up there!"

The 'Laughing Jap', skull and flash, blows from the top for all to see.

Bob Weir walks in. "He's gonna try and throw a frisbee off but he won't do it. People have tried to clear the Pyramid with a golf ball but you can't, the wind just blows it straight back."

A procession flows through Garcia's room. Phil Lesh takes a peek at Walker and returns to the bar. In the entire five days we were there, Lesh could be found as a permanant fixture on a bar stool, him and his girl Debra Kashmir and liberal quantities of Egyptian Estella beer. He drank so much that you figured he was changing his name to Lush.

Attention diverts back to work. Garcia is happy to rap, and answers all questions carefully and succinctly. He is eminently affable, and somehow far heavier than any other rock and roll performer the reporter has encountered.

The half stump of his right-hand middle finger is at a piece with the man's extraordinary character. The famous faded dark blue 'Dead' T-shirt is still his principal wardrobe — that and a pair of tatty old Levis.

The rest is Garcia, massive, solid, reassuring, powerful. He commands respect without trying.

Garcia, like Weir, is attempting to force a new tack for the band. Despite the Egyptian fantasy — or because of it — the Dead have to get practical.

"We simply couldn't afford to leave Egypt, fly back to California, finish the album and come straight to London. We want to go out and promote the new album as soon as possible. We've never co-ordinated that before... never. This way we can cement our relationship with Arista."

Mickey Hart, however, put it slightly differently when he told me that "Arista might just as well be selling fish. They're another record company — there have been more before 'em and there'll be more to come."

But back to Garcia. "We feel bad about postponing too," he pleads. "Honest to God, I ain't bullshittin' yuh, we love London. We'll aim for the spring."

He gazes over to the window where Mountain Girl is stoking the ambers. "Sure it'll harm our reputation — we continually harm it. It's a bit late to be thinking about building a career. We've fucked up before."

Any suggestion that the Dead are one of those bands who lie around in the Californian sun counting royalties is greeted with wholescale hilarity. "Fuck, no! That's a total misconception. Bullshit, we don't have servants or lots of cars, we don't accumulate money or invest it in apartments or any of that crap. Some years lots of money goes through, but we don't keep a lot ..." Mountain Girl intervenes: "They've lost several fortunes."

THESE DAYS The Grateful Dead work to full capacity.

Their touring schedule is at least as heavy as it's ever been, while Weir and Garcia have their own separate tour bands. Garcia expresses a liking for The Ramones and has no prejudice against American new wave save the label.

"Sociologically punk rock is different in the States. At its biggest, Long Island, the New York scene, it is produced by the cultureless middle class. Musically it's just rock and roll to me, either good or bad. Sometimes you can be all out of tune and the singer's screaming wild and it can still be good.

"Labels are exploitative, they don't even help the public. I object to us being labelled purely a psychedelic band."

The Egypt visit is seen as a source of new inspiration to the Dead, though lyricist Robert Hunter is conspicuous by his absence. Rumour has it that he disapproved of the expense involved.

"Hunter ... that rat ... he was too stingy to buy a ticket, he convinced himself it wouldn't be important. But he translated the transitional piece we do with Hamzad (Hamzad el Din, a Nubian oud player of local renown and Californian residence who is opening the concerts)."

The Dead are overdue for a landmark album. Their most recent releases, "Steal Your Face", "Terrapin Station" and the collection, "What A Long Strange Trip It's Been" all prove to be far from indicative of the live power the band still wield, and were controversially received by the group members.

"On 'Terrapin' Olsen went hog wild," says Garcia. "He had this less-is-more approach to producing, all that clean, uncluttered crap — and then he comes back with a gezillion fuckin' strings and counterpart you can't hear! It made me mad. He and Paul Buckmaster (orchestral arranger for the title suite) had an erroneous rhythmic sense, they changed it from a dotted shuffle to a marching four time ... it shoulda been a loose shuffle, they screwed up the feel." Garcia sighs behind a smoky veil.

Still, there are further sections of "Terrapin Station" yet to come. Garcia sees the work as an overview: "A theme covering our real past and our fictitious past, gathering loose ends."

Final titles have not been agreed for the "Shakedown Street" album, but it's certain that Garcia is pinning a lot of hopes on its success.

"We chose Lowell George because we wanted someone who understood band mechanics. Really it's better work without a producer at times. I'm not happy with all the basic tracks on this — but I'm never completely happy ...

"I think it's a modest album, like 'American Beauty', simple in design."

One of the album's highpoints, "Fire On The Mountain", is a song which reflects the large amount of live work they have already given it, particularly in its long-time reggae pacing. "We are influenced by reggae of course — we're influenced by anything. We aren't so much inspired by the syncopated bass or the foot on four or the backwards drumming, it's the richness reggae gives vocal phrasing for an instrumentalist."

"Fire" is a Micky Hart and Robert Hunter number which the drummer has been fooling with for five years. "Shakedown Street" also includes another familiar song in "All New Minglewood Blues" (*aka* "Born In The Desert"), which Weir has expanded somewhat without losing its old mania.

The band showcased some new material over the three nights at Giza, including a stupendous version of the title cut — heavy duty disco-Dead; it came in on the back of a monster slice of funk spontaneity, recalling that the

Continues over page

... everybody and his brother try to get in the dressing room ..."

From previous page

band have been messing on an instrumental version of The Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive" (honestly).

BOB WEIR'S hand on the record is revealed by a composition shared with Hart, tentatively entitled "France", and a Weir-Barlow tune with a hard rock bias that reflects Weir's claim that he's been listening to a lot of pop music on the radio recently."

Weir has begun to assert himself fully on stage, and of all the band is the least enamoured of laidback presentation. There is something of the image maker in Weir's attitude — he is more conscious of tightening the Dead's *laissez faire* democracy than Garcia, who is content to let things happen, go with the flow. Asked why the group have suffered so many organisational and economic disasters thus far in their career, he claims that: "We look for it. Each one of us is the legendary soft touch."

Yet Weir is far from naive. His recent solo album, "Heaven Help The Fool", a calculated break with Dead traditions in sound and concept that snubs the irritating tendency certain Dead fans have of taking offence at Weir's supposed anti-dope stance, furthered his image as the straight man. His leaving the late Kingfish (not counting the abominable version that is currently on the road) also led many hitherto staunch devotees to wonder if all was well in Bobby Ace's head.

"Kingfish needed drastic rearrangement to survive," he insists. "It was hard to force that truth on them. They were friends. Dave Torbert was kinda difficult to work with at times." (Torbert had the same view of Weir, but he was far more vitriolic when I spoke with him last year.) " 'Heaven Help The Fool' was a self-serving move to pursue a solo commitment for personal fulfilment. The truth is that I have a number of colours on my palette and if I don't kick myself out of the nest nobody will do it for me. I need to fly by myself and the band needs me to do that.

Before I was being sheltered by the Dead. The development became inbred — it was in danger of staying too close to the same format.

I put it to Weir that this was precisely why so many reviewers pounced on the band, accusing them of being a '60s anachronism playing protracted and unnecessary solos and generally failing to conform to the ingredients which the majority of rock writers expect in their entertainment (for instance, see the tirade penned by Lester Bangs in *NME* some 18 months back.

"I also read reviews to the contrary," Weir replies. "We are a real good band on a good night. There's been a different reflection in the last couple of years. I don't toss off criticism if it's well taken, I ponder it for a while.

"Technically we are open to criticism, the way we construct shows and engineer presentation. Slowly, organically, we are altering. The solos aren't as long as they were, there's a mutually succinct approach and we get a bigger variety of songs down.

"We do play for a long time, but rather than visit three great nebulous regions in the second set we'll visit a lot more."

Weir is adamant that he doesn't altogether go for "space music", as he puts it: "unless the feel is there. The Giants Stadium gig last week in New York was a case in point. We played for six hours and I think Garcia slept through it, it was too early for him."

Not everyone in the Dead gets on with Lowell George as producer. Mickey Hart, says Weir, prefers to be left to his own devices: "George produces us with a feather touch. Mickey is strong-willed and inflexible, so he lets him alone. And Garcia can do it on his own pretty much. With a 24-hour schedule, Garcia often ends up working alone too."

THE LEGENDARY Grateful Dead family is very much in evidence. Considering the length of the group's career, that's a testament to their on-the-bus spirit.

But none of the '60s groups survive in their original format and the Dead are no exception. The forgotten rock and roll death of the great Pigpen gives their death's head aspect a grizzly substance.

Weir will admit that the band are not always bosom pals.

"There are age-old impasses which we ignore. These people are the closest things to brothers I have, although at times I can't imagine how we've made it from day to day. Having got this far, the intimacy we have should keep us going."

Bob Weir has quit before, twice in the late '60s. He says he still has the option, and the ugly rumours that have always surrounded the band (particularly prior to the release of "Mars Hotel") generally point their finger at Weir — the straight guy.

"It could be seen that way. I'm not heavy into dope, though I smoke more now than I have done in the past. I got all I can handle in my life and my music.

"Any drugs used over a period of time interfere with my ability to create."

Weir's constant "red hot buddy" in Egypt is David Freiberg, the Jefferson Starship bassist.

Freiberg and Weir reek of physical fitness, going off on regular jaunts through the dunes, despite a Cairo heatwave and temperatures of 115 degrees. If Freiberg was once heard to describe Weir as wet, you wouldn't know it now. He tells me that the Starship are together again and close to recording, but he's here "for the the occasion, like everyone else". Freiberg's opinion of the Dead is one of utter respect.

The image of Weir as bland is just one aspect of the critical massacring The Grateful Dead have been immersed in. When rock writers aren't lambasting them for being hippies — the old convenient pigeon hole — they're vomiting because the band had the temerity to make a live triple set and several doubles. These writers are also adept as knocking the rock establishment for its lazy lifestyle and the Dead are high on the list for that dose of vitriol also.

Obviously the points are incompatible. If the Dead were really cloistered in Marin County with terminal nasal ski-poles, then how come they've made more albums, individually and collectively, than any other '60s or '70s, aggregation? As the majority of those have been released in the last eight years, they can hardly be singled out as victims of the modern complacent malaise.

The Dead are highly critical of their own artefacts. Weir won't subscribe to their status as "a way of life. We hit peaks because we're good, it isn't extra-musical. We do have a sense of adventure which pays off sometimes, like this. Musical formulas are always the same — we were punks on our first album, we changed. I can listen to any well executed music — mostly R&B but I like Petty and some Patti Smith."

THE STREAMLINING Weir speaks of is evident over these concerts. Sets build around an opening 90 minutes, a lengthy break, and a final set determined by mood.

By Dead standards the gigs are special. Barely repeating a single number, they produce close on fifty songs, skeletons from the closet, tools from the chest and future materials.

Hart tells me that Pete Townshend came up to them last year when the Who shared the bill and gave Garcia his hand: "I've got to give it to you guys, you played five hours two nights running and didn't repeat a song. We've been playing the same set for six years."

Hart likes The Who a lot. They were a sister band to the Dead for a long time when Bill Graham booked them as virtual unknowns into the long closed Fillmore West. "Keith Moon was one drummer I had to get up for when we played together, 'cos I knew he'd blow me off if I didn't. He gave it all he had — a monster, a powerhouse . . . a credit to our little drumming society.

Mickey Hart's own performances are beyond criticism. With Bill Kreutzmann drumming on one hand owing to a riding fall the day before leaving, Hart bears the brunt of the beat, and is the orchestrator behind the Dead's percussive extravaganza, a section of the show which makes Cage and Stockhausen sound like telephone engineers.

ON SATURDAY the eclipse weighs the air down with apprehension. A strong lunar wind lifts the sand in waves, sending it scudding into the skin. In the hills, bedouins form eerie caravanserais, their chilling wails almost a match for the craziness on stage. The armed soldiers attempting to keep out wall-hoppers cannot cope with the vibration and retire to the perimeter.

Prior to the 9.06 total eclipse my camera refuses to work. A taped interview with Garcia between 6.00 pm and 7.00 pm doesn't record. At the entrance to the Sphinx an uneasy rifled guard keeps out the unwary who are mad enough to mess with the curse. Walking around it is enough for me. Implacable and inscrutable, it possesses an aura of monolithic proportions.

Garcia, a voracious reader and self-educated man of 36 (high school drop-out and San Mateo Jnr's prize pupil), had thoughts of his own on the subject. "The Mariner space probe showed that there was evidence of pyramid-shaped objects on Mars . . ."

We're back of the stage, early evening. Absolute quiet except for the squeaking of overhead bats and distant tribal chants. Garcia picks at his Doug Irwin custom, pulls the filter off a Winston and lets it burn to the fingertips barely smoked.

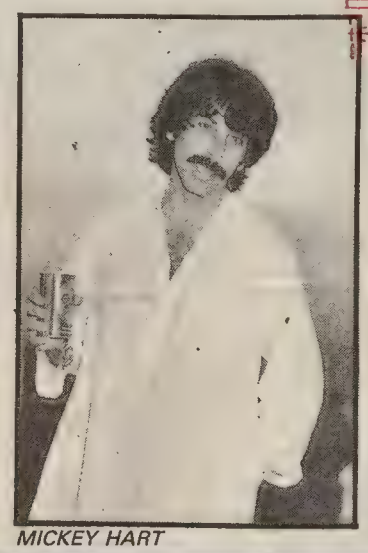
"Just being here in the open, collecting sensory information, is better than constructing theories to suit a hypothesis. I don't subscribe to the conventional pyramid power, but I'd like to know who we are and why we're here.

"I don't care how I find out. A lot of '60s people got high, dropped out or turned out some disciplined PhD's trying to account for the psychedelic experience."

He tells me of an influential book on the subject by the brothers McKenna, *The Invisible Landscape: Mind Hallucinations and the I-Ching;* it's to do with the properties of ultra violet psilocybin located in the Amazon delta.

Continues page 50

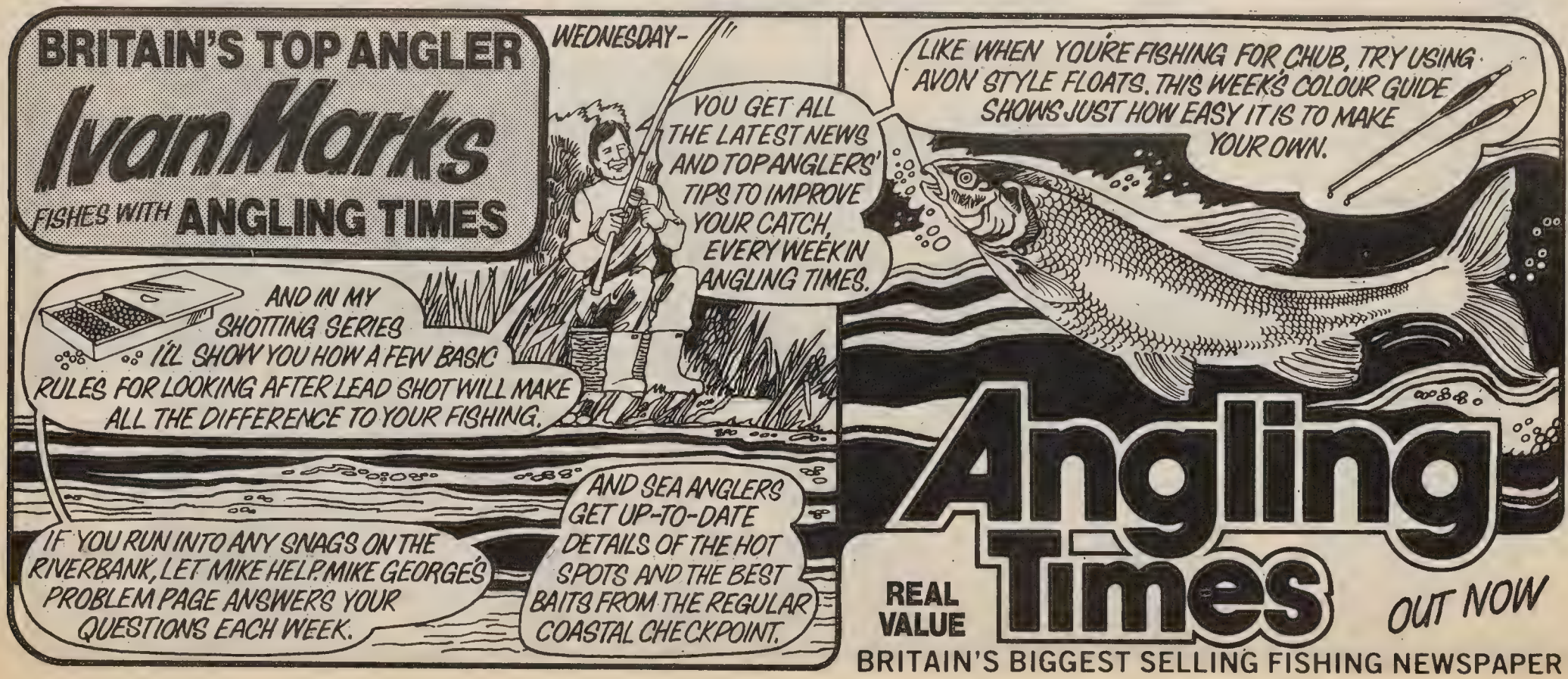
JERRY GARCIA



MICKEY HART

KEN KESEY

BOB WEIR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3 SHEFFIELD, Limit
4 HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall
5 NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
6 MIDDLESBOROUGH, Rock Garden
7 HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic
9 PLYMOUTH, Woods
10 PENZANCE, Garden
11 EXETER, Routes
12 BARNSTABLE, Chequers
13 BATH, University
14 WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
15 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
16 SWANSEA, Circles
17 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
18 READING, Bones
20 GLASGOW, Queen Margaret Union
21 STIRLING, University
22 DUNDEE, Samanthas
23 DONCASTER, Outlook
24 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
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FARREN

Is there life after Dingwalls?

By SALEWICZ

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

DESPITE the silk shawl wrapped about its neck to prevent its head falling off, there is a dignity, a pride, even a sense of allknowingness, about the stuffed ant-eater as, from its corner in the room, it maintains an unceasing vigil on the British Relay Colour 26-incher.

Just like Mickey might've planned it, *Crossroads* is showing.

We sit, Mickey and I, on the cushions on the floor, smoking and drinking tea.

Mickey isn't drinking anything stronger than tea at the moment (though that's not to say he won't have changed his mind in an hour or so).

Drinking makes Mickey go and do strange things.

Like make albums with interesting titles like "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money".

This is why I'm sitting on Mickey's floor right now.

Mick Farren cut "Vampires" in the early spring of this year at Pathway Studios in North London. He was, he says, "pretty ill" at the time.

He was pretty ill from too much booze.

Mickey likes the odd tipple. A couple of months before he'd cut the album, I sat in the very same room on a different cushion in Mickey's top floor flat just off the W10 end of Ladbroke Grove, and watched him get interviewed about punk by a U.S. film crew. During the course of the interview, as well as consuming many other things, Mickey drank a whole bottle of Chivas Regal malt whisky.

Why does Mick Farren drink so much?

"Because I'm paranoid and insecure."

Mick talks about the album. "Most of the songs were written during a period of, like . . ." he hesitates, "pretty serious alcoholism both on the part of Larry Wallis (producer, guitarist, and co-songwriter) and myself. It just seemed to come out of all that, really. We were tapering off and drying out to such an extent that when we got outside the studio we cried 'No whisky!' . . .

"We did actually lapse a little as the days went on, but we *were* working 18 hours a day.

"So making the album was almost a drying out process."

AS READERS of this paper, it's unlikely that you pop kids can have missed out on the news that Baron Farren of Ladbroke was once an ardent word arranger within these pages. "The Titanic Sails At Dawn", the Nashville epics, The Doors, lots of stuff about watching TV . . . Don't miss the coming retrospective of his finest features at the ICA.

In addition to being a mere scriber in a pop paper, though, Farren's name has been turning up all over the place for the last twelve years: former editor of *IT*, science fiction novelist, Yippee activist and, ulp, leader of the British White Panthers — even his very own Old Bailey obscenity trial when *Nasty Tales* got busted.

Plus — and here lies the heavy new wave credibility — in the late '60s Mickey used to have his very own rock band, The Social Deviants, one of the most anarchic combos ever to grace a stage.

One morning shortly after last Christmas, an executive voice from Logo Records woke Mickey up. The executive voice told Mickey that Logo had acquired the rights to the Deviants' material, and that they were intending to re-release some of it.

"Don't do that!" begged Mickey from underneath the bed-clothes. "Let me come round and talk to you about this."

Mickey met the man from Logo. Like so many other episodes of Mickey's life, the pair "got talking and had a few gins." By the end of the gins Mickey appears to have managed to blag himself a somewhat frugal record deal.

Instrumental in scoring the Logo deal, of course, was the Farren EP Stiff put out at the end of last year.

"We played it to them and said, 'This is what we're into doing — only over and above it'.

"Because in some respects the EP was a look back at the past: it had Paul Rudolph on it and we done one old Deviants tune on it" — "Let's Loot The Supermarket (Again, Like We Did Last Summer)" — "and a couple of the other songs were very much about what had gone down previously."

In its turn the EP had been sired somewhat by Mickey's sudden realisation that not only was he not scorned by the new wave, but he was actually treated with a measure of respect. "You get people like Mick Jones telling you when you're both drunk how he used to go and see the Deviants at the Roundhouse when he was 14 or something. I hope it doesn't make me sound like Lord Sutch saying, 'Oh, we were doing all that stuff nine years ago' — but it's sort of true.

"I mean, no one understood what we were doing in the '60s. There were two sets of people — Iggy and The MC5 — who were the only people who came anywhere close to it. We used to really freak out people who were on acid. This wall of noise would come howling out and everyone'd jump about and scream: 'Enough!' "

IT IS NOT merely the mixture of five star brandy, cheap cigar stubs and throat virus cultures in which Mickey soaks his vocal chords when he takes them out at night that accounts for his wounded bear recorded growl. In common with other great un-singers like Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa, Mickey nicks his vocal licks from Mr Howlin' Wolf.

Not only his vocal licks, in fact, but even his guitar lines. Mickey is delighted with the Hubert Sumlin licks Wilko Johnson put down on "People Call You Crazy" on "Vampires".

Just like Keef did when Ron Wood was cutting his first solo LP, Wilko dropped by one day to parody himself on the "I Wanna Drink" cut and stayed to play lots more.

"Unfortunately," says Mick, "a general lack of time and money and organisation did tend to mean that Wilko'd be putting down a guitar part after the harp part had already gone down — which can mean that it sounds a bit odd.

"Though hopefully that's the sort of thing that can be recitified next time we do something together."

Yes indeed. Provided Logo maintain their support — and at the moment "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money" is selling a thousand copies a week, so there seems to be no reason why they shouldn't — Mickey will be returning to the studio shortly.

"What I'd really like to do is continue recording with Larry Wallis and myself and a few other people. Larry's album's got to be done at some time. He can't afford to stay in bed and watch TV much longer.

"Then I'd like to get much more of a Brill Building situation. I've never previously come anywhere near having a parent attitude from a record company where they'd just let me exploit my daft ideas. For example, after I'd seen *Star Wars* last year I wanted to do a Darth Vader record with this peculiar voice on it. To do it almost as a disco record with lots of weird electronics on it.

"You see, there's an awfully big pool of talent about and a lot of people that don't really gell into standing bands. I mean, *I* don't want to be in a band. It's just a question of following through everything you've learnt."

Current Farren follow-ups to what he's learnt include selected live dates with The Good Guys (who feature an approximation of the musicians who played on "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money"), a novel entitled *The Feelies* that's being published this month, plus a futuristic private eye novel he's in the process of putting down on paper.

He freely admits to having been influenced by the greater sense of artistic freedom that the advent of the new wave permitted.

"I mean, it's like Don Letts. Now I've got no great desire to make movies at the moment but now . . ."

. . . Now it seems possible to . . .

"Right! But there still is — though it seems a lot less than it was a while ago — a lot of petty hostility shown if you want to step outside your avowed profession: 'Oh, you can't do that, man. You're a writer!'

"Bollocks I can't! Just watch me!

" 'Ere! Which way's this going?"

In the corner the ant-eater sits in silence, practising the Zen art of nodding in agreement without moving its head.

PATRICK JUVET

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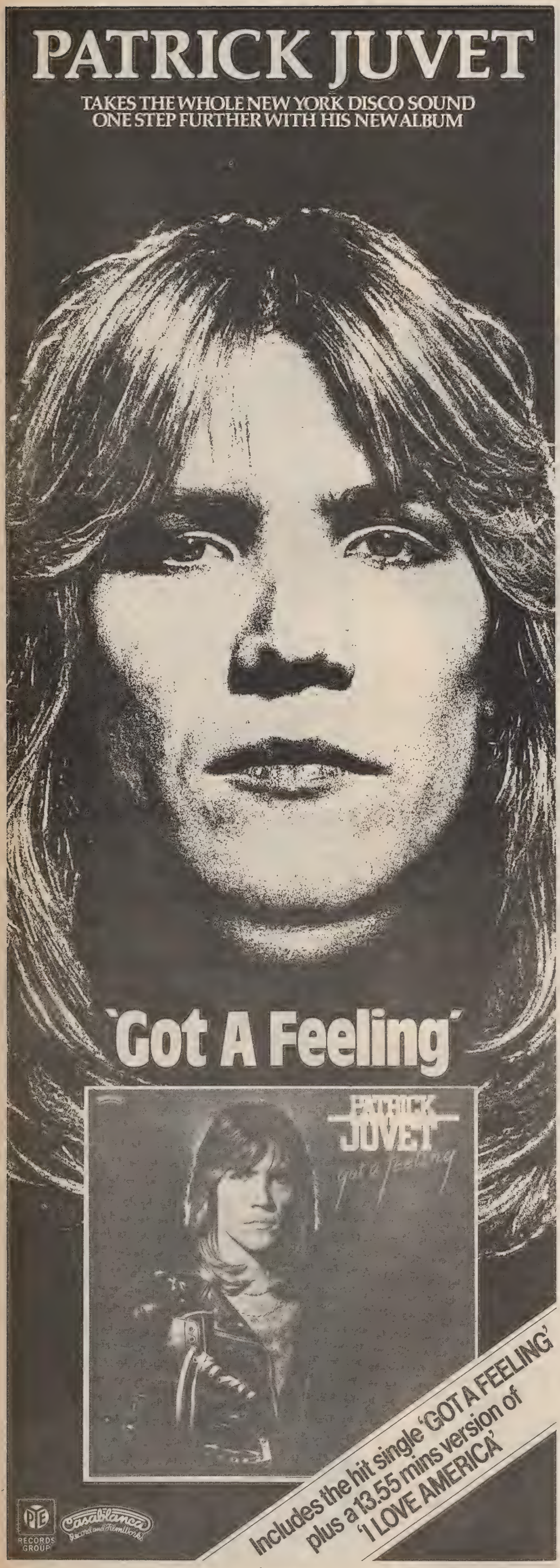

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: Sylvester: Dance (Disco Heat) — (Fantasy Import). The Beach Boys made great, carefree records in the '60s. In the '70s rock once again finds itself too important for such things (unless they're esoteric or deleted or part of an in-joke), and so Disco gets better and better.

Mention a passion for Disco in rock company and people will think you're trying to be hip, wacky or worst of all, Moderne, simply because it's inconceivable to rock'n'roll's snottly little clique mentality that something might actually be going on . . . out there.

Disco couldn't care less who the bass player used to be with or what the papers say. It either sounds good or it don't, and the hits just keep coming.

"Dance (Disco Heat)", along with "Night Fever", "Shame", "White Man In Hammersmith" and "Mighty Real", lodges firmly amongst the best singles released this year. But Sylvester, the old drag and bone merchant himself, has little to do with this searing blitz of rhythm. As on "Mighty Real", drummer Randy Merritt, sweating blood for the cause, proves the true star of the day, closely rivalled by the magnificent Two Tons Of Fun duo who handle what vocals there are.

There's no analysis, cats. The record doesn't claim to have anything to say. It's just eight minutes twenty of absolute energy, pace and fun, stopping and starting over and over so as to crank the excitement to ludicrous limits. When the warbling speaker-to-speaker synthesizer bubbles in halfway through it is one of the year's sharpest peaks).

This 12-inch tears the album mix to shreds, will reduce dance floors to heaps of charred lino, and if Fantasy don't release it here soon they shall be razed to the ground! Hallelujah!

And also . . .

BONEY M: Rasputin (Atlantic). Just when I thought Boney M were to be the first major hitsters to leave me cold since The Osmonds, out comes this diamond:

"Ra Ra Rasputin, Love of the Russian Queen/There was a cat that really was Gone!/Ra Ra Rasputin, Russia's greatest Love Machine/It was a shame how he carried on!"

What? I should say so! Now had 10cc had the fortune to make such a disc in their healthier days, everyone would have fallen over themselves in praise of their wit, skill and all round sharpness. But I can see those po faced dullards at rival publications writing about how Disco will murder us in our beds or admitting to loving it in a 'futuristic' way while pondering the modern significance of the drum sound.

Mass production? Mindless Consumerism? Modern World? My Arse? This is purely and simply a good record that can be yours for 85 pence. Strong, crisp and joyful, it cracks away like a coachman's whip, impossible to better. (Perhaps, though, it could have had a drum break wherein we could all chant, 'You put your Rasputin, your Rasputout, in out, in out, shake it all about . . .)

Ha Ha Halcyon Days!!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THINGS (Lower Than The Basic Wage).
DEEP PURPLE: New Live And Rare, Vol 2 (Purple).
RAINBOW: L A Connection (Polydor)
WHITESNAKE: Lie Down (EMI International)

Real mindlessness . . . thick as a docker's sandwich. The dirge that is "New (Ha) Live And Rare, Vol 2" is an appalling mixture of hard riffing against stolid churning backgrounds and singer who screams and groans like the *NME* office when the expenses are late.

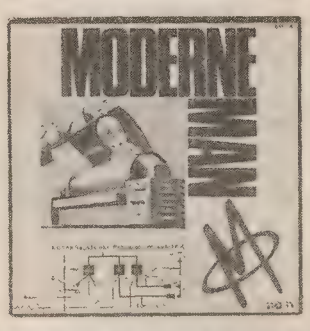
Do people really think that all of a sudden these tapes have been unearthed from a long-lost wing in EMI House and released after it was discovered how good they were? More likely nobody thought them worth releasing till the group were between albums and, well, ha, a buck's a buck.

Whitesnake come on with the old "because I quite like you I'll do you a favour" type arrogant crap that scuttles from concert hall to concert hall where boys can cheer it on and feed its poison.

Much-loved Rainbow still create an atmosphere like a suicide attempt in Lenin's tomb. "L. A. Connection" plods on red vinyl to show you that although the sleeve says "Long Live Rock'n'Roll", rock is in fact bleeding all over your turntable.

Heavy metal is a loser's music that throws up the most obnoxious 'stars'. Be on your guard. Perhaps vigilante groups are the only answer . . .

If you think we're gonna get letters about this section, here's . . .



BOB DYLAN: Is Your Love In Vain (CBS)
ERIC CLAPTON: Promises (RSO)
DAVID GATES: Never Let Her Go (Elektra)

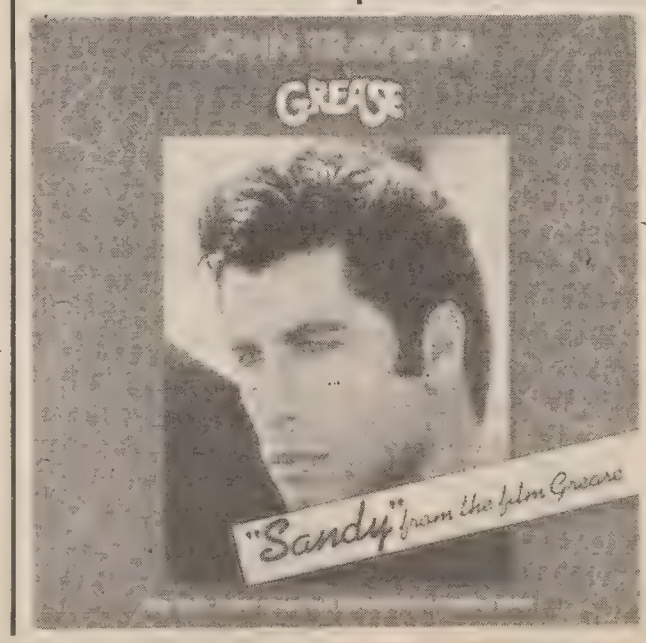
I think it's marvellous that, at his age, Mr Dylan can still find it in him to make records. OK, so these days they may be rather pathetic, but that's not the point — we should encourage this sort of effort in our gentlefolk rather than send them to do menial jobs in those homes. This latest waxing is quite obviously influenced quite heavily by the winner's march at the end of beauty contests (hear the opening minute for concrete proof).

Meanwhile Eric Clapton is getting very shoddy treatment indeed from the RSO label (made famous by the Bee Gees). "Promises" can do nothing but humiliate this grand old gentlemen still further. All concerned should be ashamed (although they probably think themselves quite clever) for forcing Eric into signing these contracts) which must be baffling to the old Powellite. This latest offering is more acoustic shuffling, with Eric having difficulty in mouthing the lyric, but I dare say it'll sell well in his native Rochdale which, I understand, he has recently visited.

Mr Gates, however, is an altogether more sinister case. Unlike his neighbours in this section he has never known true glory, and has a history of public outrage ("Guitar Man" "Make It With You" etc). Some people campaign for his release from Spandau Recording Studios where he has been since justice caught up with him on the release of his 'first solo album'. But this latest outburst is proof the authorities are right. Force yourself to hear it once. Lest we forget . . .

A 12 INCH A 12 INCH! MY KINGDOM FOR A 12 INCH!

SWEET THUNDER: Everybody's Singing Love Songs (Fantasy — import)
MUNICH MACHINE



SYLVESTER

White Shade Of Pale (Oasis)
MUSIQUE : Summer Love (CBS)
MICK JACKSON: Blame It On The Boogie (Atlantic)
EVOLUTION: Summer In The City (EMI)

Three outa five ain't bad. Although led to expect great things because of a no-holds-barred review in *Black Music*, Sweet Thunder's platter has won me over since I first met with it. Without being essential (although the best in this section) it falls between funk and disco in a way nearer to the preferences of rock listeners without being po faced (which is usually how rock audiences like 'black' music).

An Earth, Wind and Fire-type workout, I still find it a little joyless to be a truly serious single.

The Munich Machine are delightful, but it's a pity they didn't have a more substantial song to muck around with than the dreadful old Procul Harum standard. But of course they do improve on it, and there is a glorious break which allows just the double bubble electronics to bounce around like a bus full of fat men. Should have Gary Brooker spinning in his grave.

"Blame It On The Boogie" commits the indecency of being an "OK" record with a nod to Stevie Wonder, but really it's just the outrageous number of great singles around which makes it seem a little grey I suppose. Michael Jackson of The Jackson Five has a version out too (hence the chuminess with which this edition's artist presents himself), and that take is probably better than this. However, the man in the shop only had a seven-inch copy and, I mean, would you give a starving dog a rubber bone?

Evolution deserve to suffer for their inhuman BBC brass section renditioning of the Lovin' Spoonfuls' "Summer In The City". It's worse than the hot dogs in Oxford Street. And Musique are wetter than a runner's armpit with their Biddu-type arrangements.

Make that two and a half outa five.

I JAH MAN: Heavy Load (Island). Haven't I heard this somewhere before? I don't actually dislike reggae, its just the blind acceptance of the thing by hordes of crud that makes me suspect 90 per cent of it. I dunno, it all seems a little dreary after "Train Tour Of Rainbow City". Mr Jah Man croons along quite happily and I'm sure it all makes sense when they rub the 'herb' on their chests or whatever the procedure is.

HIGH AS AN ELEPHANT'S EYE SECTION

REAL THING: Raining Through My Sunshine (Pye)
CARRIE LUCAS: Street Corner Symphony (RCA)
JOE THOMAS: Plato's Retreat (TK)

Although the Real Thing single isn't that new and e'en now climbing the charts, it's just I don't remember seeing a review of it in *NME* and I think we should recommend it while we can. The kind of single the boys wait for before daring to pop the terpsichorean terms to the girls. Lush and warm, another great single from our own Real Thing. Snap one up and name the kid after me.

Now I always feel that strings have to be exceptional to work on anything in areas outside classical, but when they fit as well as they do on both Carrie Lucas' and Joe Thomas' efforts it is rewarding.

When I saw the label on "Street Corner Smyphony" the whole thing nearly frisbee'd its way onto the railway lines. "Including 'Stand By Me', 'My Girl', 'Licking Stick', 'DUKE OF EARL'!! . . ." is part of the text. D.O.E. being one of my favourite-evers, I waited for the worst. But what a grand piece this is. Swirling and punchy, the backing and lead vocals cruise and swoop, harmonising on a disc deserving even the 85 pence of Gene Chandler himself. Sharp stuff.

A little lighter runs "Pluto's Retreat". It's no more than candy floss, but you've got to be a sour old shit to get worked up the wrong way by it.

Completing the trio of Dream Disc Dancers is Phil Hurt's "Giving It Back" — and it may well be the capper. The vocal's so good, layered and echoey it makes 10cc's "I'm Not In Love" seem positively garage bandish. Kicking just above mid-tempo it reeks of excellence and puts most other assembled singles here firmly in the trash can.

Four out of four!

THE BOYFRIENDS: Don't Ask Me To Explain (United Artists)
BRINSLEY SCHWARZ: Love, Peace and Understanding (United Artists)
FISCHER Z: Wax Dolls (United Artists)
THE EDGE: Macho Man (Albion)
CHELSEA: Urban Kids (Step Forward)

Though The Boyfriends start off OK the track is soon lost in its own averageness — and isn't helped one jot by lyrics and harmonies as wholesome and clean as the lounges in Salt Lake City.

From 1974, Brinsley Schwarz can embarrass any of today's power-poppers with the worthy "(What's So Funny About) P, L & U". A thick sound without being cluttered, this may well be the best 'rock' single on show this week — which goes to prove something, coming as it does from a time when rock'n'roll wasn't.

In 1978, Fischer Z should take a close look at their vocalist, who goes a long way towards ruining a promising intro and taking the track too close to a parody of Talking Heads to let it have a decent shout. Sags out of sight on the third playing, though, annoyingly, that beginning still sounds strong.

I thought The Edge might be doing a version of the Village People gem from earlier this year, when in fact their "Macho Man" is self-penned and very similar to The Stranglers' sound — so similar in fact that his just has to be a dig. However, but the words are not clear enough in attack. Again there's no real reason to recommend, no real reason to put it down. (This column's least ambiguous insult!)

Then there's Chelsea, to whom nobody wants to go. After two years of playing the dives Chelsea are still no nearer cracking it then they ever were, and this single has all the invention and attack of an "I'm Bob, He's Dickie" show, despite the curious effort made on the artwork. The handout that came with it has the band making big things out of the fact that they've stayed with an independent label. It's not made clear exactly who else has offered them deals.

M: Modern Man (Do It)
FOUR TOPS: I Can't Help Myself (Motown)

The members of M bought Bowie's "Low" and had their heads turned around and around. The cover has the obligatory random sets of numbers all over it along with a shot of an escalator, which we are supposed to see in a weird kind of futuristic light because it's the modern world. All I can see is a photo of an escalator and all I hear is a pretentious single.

"Modern Man is obsolete/Modern Man repeat, repeat."

Oh wow, man, y'know like the universe is expanding and still The Four Tops single from 1965 shows 'M' there's more than one way to expose an eggplant. Moderne like a tene bobe note.

Fun-the real modern world.

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Sandy (RSO). Another lift from *Grease* and another hit. Travolta is a fair actor who's made some good singles and hardly deserves the stick shown him by people who ought to know better. This, though — a '50s type ballad — only works in the film and is way out of context as a single. The B side, "Can't Let You Go", is from his upcoming solo album and is ominous in its lacklustre attempt at the awful David Soul's ground. You better shape up, cos they need a man!

PUSSYCAT: Wet Day In September (Sonet). Remember Mississippi? Forget it.

Enough of this pap! The Mothership Connection Is Here!

THE BRIDES OF FRANKENSTEIN: Disco To Go (Atlantic) (Import). Collins and Clinton unveil their latest laboratory creation with a single treading as lightly as frogman boots on rice paper. Better than any track from either Parliament or Bootsy's last outings, the gals chant, punch and scratch holes through the heaviest of funk rhythms. Domestic Atlantic have no plans to release this over here as yet, and with import singles just pence dearer than regular, forget about that copy of "The Biggest Blow (with Interview! Only three quarters of a million pounds)" and buy all the singles recommended here. It's guaranteed that, at your next party, touts will be flogging tickets outside.

WHATEVER HAPPEN

"B-U-S," SCOLDED the man high up in the 52nd Street tower block where CBS New York have their offices. "B-U-S . . . let's just all try to remember that, shall we, hmmm?"

Huh?

"B-U-S," he patiently explained. *"B-U-S!"*

"Catch the bus?" queried Mick Jones plaintively. "You want us to catch the bus? Is that it?"

The young executive sighed with exasperation: no grasp of fundamental Harvard vernacular, these illiterate Limeys. "B-U-S! *BUSINESS!* You are over here for *BUSINESS!* Tony, you are here to interview David and The Clash are here to finish the album. All of you are here for B-U-S! You *can't* all go to see David tonight! It's not *B-U-S!*"

"Whoooaaa," retorted Joe Strummer. "More like fucking kindergarten."

"I work for CBS!"

"Don't brag about it," jeered Jones.

They said that it's B-U-S, we didn't want it on the lay-hey-bel. The Clash didn't have any work they could do on the album that night, anyhow. They were setting up another mix and that takes about 12 hours (especially as producer Sandy Pearlman has difficulty in reaching the top half of the mixing desk without his ladder.

James kept the limo running (I'm so bored with the IRT) and The Clash bunked-out of the Record Plant studio with a defiant whooop of freedom. Okay, so tomorrow we'd all get our detention forms from The Beak but tonight wasn't going to be B-U-S; tonight was E-X-D-O-L-L-S.

Yeah, it's just like a sodding pilgrimage to Lourdes, same as it was on the first date of the "Anarchy In The UK" tour in late '76: backstage at Leeds Polytechnic or in the bar of the Dragonara Hotel, all these members of The Clash, The Sex Pistols and The Damned staring in strict molten awe at Johnny Thunders and Jerry Nolan of The Heartbreakers because they were (gulp) EX-MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK DOLLS!!

And I wasn't sneering, because I felt exactly the same way . . .

"Marvelling at The Marvellettes . . ."

Ah, those scumsurfing New York Dolls . . . unrepentant poseurs decked out in tasteless tacky plastic 'n' satin 'n' leather glam-boom glitz, "who were wearing safety-pins when they were still in diapers", the shambolic, incompetent, unintentional vanguard of everything that was to follow, main-lining raw, narcissistic, enthusiastic grit into the staid, flabby anachronism that rock 'n' roll (ha, ha) had become when they first raised their ugly, rancid, pouting painted faces in the early '70s.

Those dumb, endearing Dolls . . . Sylvain Sylvain and Johnny Thunders on guitars, the former a corkscrewed marionette with its strings sadistically snipped and blocked-up on Dodos, the latter a junk-sick, transvestite Eddie Cochran, taking time out at regular intervals during the set to modestly heave up his guts behind the amps.

A rhythm section of drummer Jerry Nolan (who had replaced original member Billy Murcia after too many pills with too much booze resulted in an OD in a bathtub that left him deader than his rubber duck) and that absinth-makes-the-haystack-blonder bassist Arthur Harold Kane, both of them quite relentlessly incessant (when they weren't in hospital undergoing detoxification treatment for heroin addition and alcoholism respectively, that is).

And out front, David Johnson, a real trouper . . . even when the others couldn't walk, he'd be cajoling the media men with, "Hey, you guys, hey! *Don't worry,* I got hot exclusives for *all* you guys!"; Johansen, baiting the audience with mordantly caustic compliments, howling Michelin-mouthed like a contemptuous 42nd Street meat-rack member parodying a sightless, black blues-singer with a name like Blind Boy Lemon . . .

. . . Johansen, claiming all his inspiration from Peter Noone though any bimbo could tell he was an infinitely better Mick Jagger impersonator than The Rolling Stones vocalist . . . Johansen, bragging that as a minor he had starred in such triple-X rated celluloid art as *Studs On Main Street* and *Bike Boys Go Ape* . . . irritating the other Dolls with what they saw as prima donna tendencies and he viewed as leadership . . . choosing two totally unsuitable producers for the band's brace of longplayers: Todd Rundgren for "New York Dolls" and Shadow Morton on "Too Much, Too Soon" (ain't it the truth?).

David Johansen . . . held responsible for the disintegration of the Dolls in 1975 when what really broke 'em in tiny pieces was drugs and booze and drugs and ego and drugs and stupidity and drugs.

Still, there was a lot of mileage to be got out of being an ex-Doll. Johnny Thunders was suss enough to see it on that Anarchy tour and The Heartbreakers promptly switched their home base to London.

In New York, because of their track-mark record, no record company would touch 'em with a 12 foot needle. Over here they scored a six figure recording contract in no time at all. And though the band blew it badly and the living legends proved themselves to be no more than an immensely likeable if frequently pathetic geezer (Thunders) and a superb drummer for an old man (Nolan), they still had a lot to be grateful for; if it hadn't been for their Dolls credentials they'd have been just more diseased faces hanging around Piccadilly Circus.

WE'RE WATCHING the twinkling Manhattan night-time skyline receding into the distance through the fascinating push-button window of a multi-billion dollar corporation's limousine as we hit the freeway that takes us to a small club called My Father's Place out on Long Island while tight-lipped supremo of the long lens Leica Joe Stevens points out the illuminated Statue Of Liberty and we gawp like the tourists we are.

"This is great, innit?" beams Mick Jones. "Just like going to see The Heartbreakers for the first time!"

Even tonight, if they could see us now, that little gang of ours, they'd realise that the legacy of The New York Dolls is as cherished as it ever was and that, by default, all hopes are riding on David Johansen.

Backstage at My Father's Place, Johansen, his band The Staten Island Boys and Sylvain Sylvain are huddled around a portable television watching the Leon Spinks-Ali fight. While us aliens from across the Atlantic have got ourselves all psyched up for The Second Coming in Long Island, our colonial cousins' consternation is reserved for The Third Coming being shown live from New Orleans via the cathode ray tube.

"Everybody's worried about Mohammed," agonises Johansen in his guttural, throaty, croaking voice; a hoarse, sandpapered larynx that sounds as Caucasian as a black-eyed-peas-burger. He peers through his glasses at the screen. "Everybody's so worried about Mohammed . . . ah, I hope he can do it. If he wins the title for the third time, he'll retire."

He won't retire if he wins it back.

"He's got to! If he wins it back again, he's *got* to retire!"

Nah, he'll keep fighting. You should know that.

Johansen pushes his glasses up his nose and stares at the screen intently. Sylvain Sylvain begins to prepare himself for the show. His band The Criminals (managed by *NME's* Big Apple correspondent Dan Oppenheimer) appear to have gone into abeyance as Syl has become a permanent fixture on stage with Johansen and The Staten Island Boys, playing guitar and keyboards and singing back-up vocals just like the Dolls days.

"Nah, The Criminals ain't really folded," smiles the amiable Syl. "Maybe I'll be able to do this and keep The Criminals going, too! Say, I really like your parachute boots." He prods gingerly at the air-cushioned soles of my DM's. "They look heavy but I'll bet they're real light."

The Criminals were probably the most underrated band to come out of the CBGB/Max's circuit over the last year and their solitary single, "The Kids Are Back", documented the demise and renaissance of the Dolls-house with both invigorating panache and poignant affection.

"You know we went for a ride/We won't be back for a while/And there was BILLY an' JOHNNY an' DAVIE an' JERRY/an' ARTHUR was a kid that I once knew. . ."

A touching little vignette in the light of the fate of the individual Dolls.

Billy Murcia long-time worm-meat. Arthur Kane struggling on with his earsore merchants Corpse Grinder after the band he formed post-Dolls, Killer Kane, threw out their mentor when they decided the bottle had got the better of him. Jerry Nolan penniless though optimistic about the fortune of his new band, The Idols, that he got together with guitarists Steve Dior (his girlfriend's brother), Barry Jones (27 year old ex-co-manager of the Covent Garden Roxy with Andy Czezowski) and Keith Paul on bass (the Heartbreakers' ex-sound man who made the cover of the *Sunday Mirror*

With Syl Sylvain

"Europeans have a lot more sense about certain kinds of music ..."

seven months ago when he happened to be shacked up with Angie Bowie in David's Swiss cottage the same time as she tried to kill herself).

As for Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, well, I ran into Walter Lure and Billy Rath down CBGB's one night watching the Canadian all-female band The B-Girls and asked them if the fact The Heartbreakers were performing regularly at Max's Kansas City meant the band were more alive than dead.

"Nah, we're just playing together until Johnny goes back to England for that one-off date at the Lyceum next month to promote his album, 'So Alone'," leered Walter Lure.

So it's just money for sweets, huh? Who you using for a drummer these days?

"Anybody we can, man," chuckled Billy.

But John's coming back to New York after that show, ain't he?

"Yeah, he wants The Heartbreakers to reform when he gets back but we don't wanna," frowned Billy.

"He's too unreliable," sighed Walter.

It's no surpirse to see Sylvain back with Johansen. Syl has always been unusually (for a Doll) loyal to the band's front man, struggling on with a lack lustre incarnation of The New York Dolls after Nolan and Thunders went over the wall to form The Heartbreakers in the summer of '75 with Richard Hell.

Syl only formed The Criminals when David went into retirement and was prepared to throw in his lot with Johansen once more after the latter decided to get off his ass and landed a contract and manager in the shape of Steve Paul, who takes care of The Winter Albinos, Rick "Cap Gun" Derringer and, more importantly owns Blue Sky Records, a subsidiary of CBS.

Syl co-wrote half of Johansen's album with him, the best half — "Funky But Chic", "Girls", "Cool Metro" and "Frenchette" (great titles).

Johansen's sly, sharp, ironically humorous lyrics always needed the succinct melodic sensibility of a Just Like Eddie rocker devoid of bullshit musical pretensions to be fully realised.

It didn't work out with Johnny in the Dolls because Thunders couldn't take not being the focal point.

"I had enough of supporting a front man when I was in the Dolls," Johnny spat after kicking Richard Hell out of The Heartbreakers after the latter's megalomania started to drip all over the stage. And Sick Dick didn't even appreciate the nihilism inherent in Thunders' action! Ungrateful git.

Johansen's solo now it's *his* show-of-the-record but with trusty side-kick Tonto Sylvain by his side he's got (to use the ball-park colloquialism) all bases covered.

"Yeah, it's Davie's show, all right," grins the ever affable Syl. "I just like to think I'm an important part of it, is all. . ."

IT GETS near time for curtains up, and Johansen and his crew reluctantly leave Ali's corner to tart themselves up for the packed auditorium.

The Staten Island Boys are Frankie LaRocka, Tommy Trask, Johnny Rao, and Buz Verno, all from David's neighbourhood (they met him on the Staten Island ferry and said they wanted to play with him). They're raven-haired, swarthy, gaunt chaps sporting leather strides, well-tailored jackets and other punky-but-chic duds.

"We're all Guineas," one of them tells me, indicating that their roots, like their suits, are New York Italiano.

Syl's from Egypt, real name Sylvain Mizraki, born in Cairo some 25 years back of Jewish parents. His banker father moved the family to Paris when the Arabs began acting like vicious assholes, later emigrating to America in the '60's, first living in Brooklyn and later settling in Queens.

"I can't wait for autumn!" booms the ebullient Johansen, steadily working himself up to paroxysms of frenzy for the footlights. "I'm going to throw all my clothes away! Gonna get a brand new buncha clothes!" He pulls on a pair of pink strides, white shoes and eyes my black shirt/pink tie thoughtfully. He pulls a black shirt and white tie out of his cupboard.

"Say, Tony, wanna trade ties for a length of set, huh? We can't get ties like that in the States."

Sure . . . okay, David, it's been well over three years since the Dolls died — what took you so long, huh? Did you wanna play your hand last?

He settles himself in an easy chair and ruminates deeply. He's certainly the only one of the Dolls who ever had a inkling of the awesome might of Power Press; Thunders would always be prepared to gabble the night away but if you had arranged to meet him at seven o'clock in The Ship in Wardour Street for an interview with subsequent feature, you knew before you got your first solitary round in that be wouldn't turn up and the piece would never be written. There's no way Johnny Thunders could get up in time for a rendezvous at seven o'clock in the evening.

Ah, John, I did me best for ya. . .

"That I played my hand last was just coincidental," says Johansen. "I just did it when I was ready to do it and it didn't have anything to do with . . . the progress of the game."

You kept the Dolls going after Nolan and Thunders split, didn't you? Why didn't you make a clean break then?

"Ah, that's been built up . . . yeah, I had a group with Syl call *The Dollettes* . . . we used to go down to New Orleans a lot, Canada, the Mid-West, Michigan and Ohio, just a lot of kinda industrial cities that we used to play . . . I didn't wanna make an album, we just did that for three, four days a week and then spent some time at home digging ourselves.

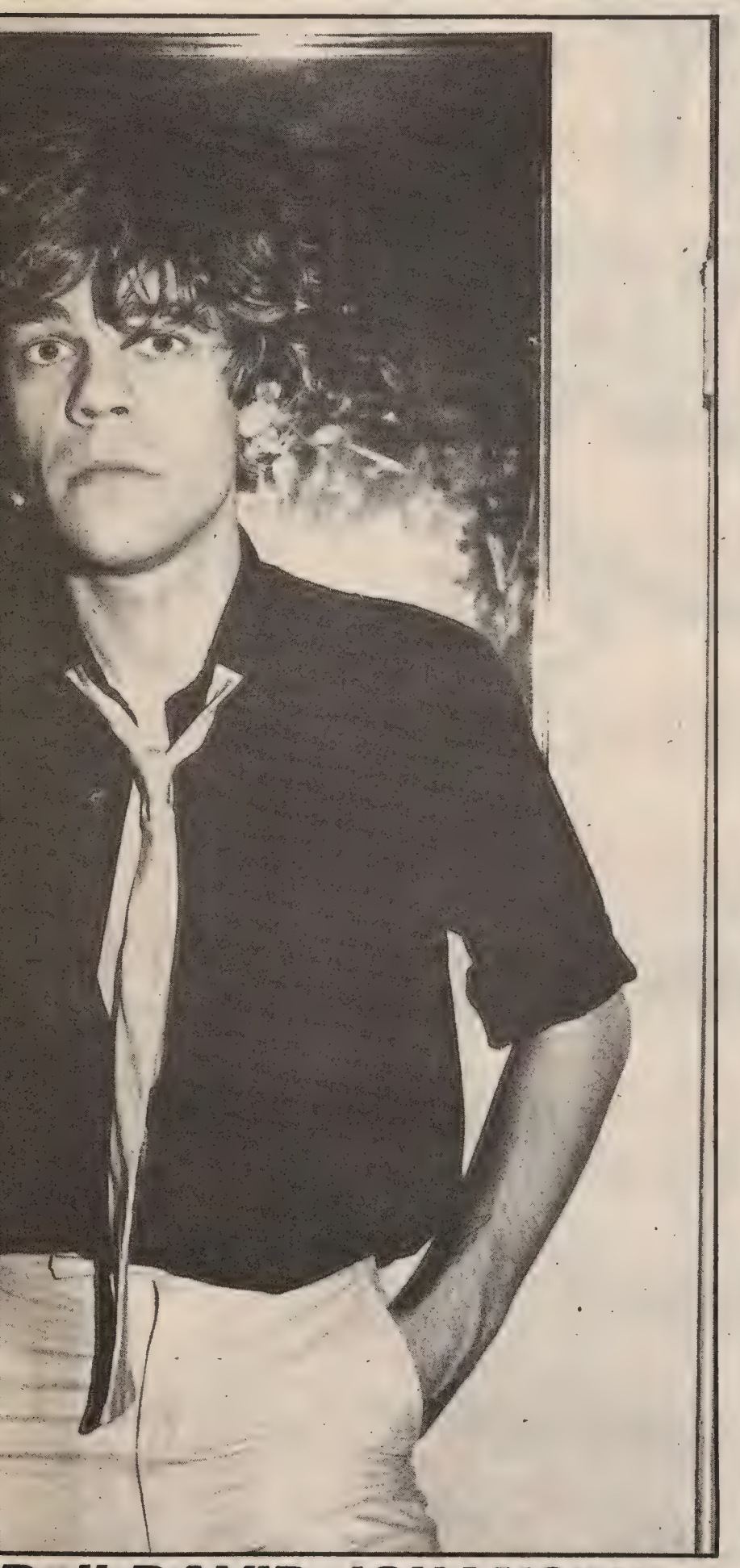
"I didn't want to make an album because when you do that it's like terminal touring, you're really committed to it."

Well, you did that for long ehough with the Dolls.

"Exactly. And I was sick of it. We just toured for four years and when you come home none of your friends recognise you, they think you're so obnoxious . . . they think you're so weird and foul-mouthed after coming off the road, they just don't wanna spend time with you . . . So I just wanted to get out of it for a while, relax a little, think about myself

Ex New York
is tracked to
by TONY PAR
and gains an
JOE STEVENS

ED TO DAVIE DOLL?



Doll DAVID JOHANSEN
his Long Island lair
SONS, who loses his tie
interview.
takes the pictures.

instead of just being like a . . . *machine.*"

Actually, the reason that David Johansen quit the world of showbiz is probably the same reason that he got back into it. Her name is Cyrinda Fox, a blonde girl from Texas who strongly resembles David himself. She starred in Warhol's movie *Bad* as one of The Bad Sisters who, in return for pin money, killed husbands, murdered retarded babies, flooded shops, y'know, just good, wholesome oddjobs around the household.

Cyrinda Fox and David Johansen started living together at the start of the decade and they were married early this year, during the last days of his retirement. They only lasted six weeks after that.

One hates to name-drop (especially in this instance) but one heard about the split from Debbie Harry. "Hey, have you heard the latest gossip from New York?" the Blondette bubbled at your humble hero *(NME, 4/2/78).* "David Johansen and his wife have split up! They only just got married! She ripped up all of David's clothes and ran off with Steven Tyler of Aerosmith! I think David's a great guy, but *her* . . ."

Joe Stevens sees it somewhat differently. "They were the nicest couple in New York City. Everybody was really shocked and sad when they split up."

It's clear from talking to Johansen that, far from being the Artist's Mistress type of lady common throughout the music industry and interminably subservient to the career of her geezer, Cyrinda Fox was perhaps *the* most influential individual in his life.

It transpires from Johansen's conversation that most of the imaginative shock-tactics deployed by The New York Dolls were *not* the creations of Malcom McLaren, Marty Thau, David Johansen, Johnny Thunders or any other Dolls. They were all down to Cyrinda Fox.

The rampant Communist symbolism in the last days of the Dolls, for example. Malcolm McLaren told Nick Kent in 1976 (when Malcy had ceased to manage the Dolls and had been manager of The Sex Pistols for about a year): "It took the Dolls to turn my head around . . . I must say that as far as I'm concerned they were *the* group, the single most important rock band.

"I was trying to set a whole new image for the Dolls with that Communist trip, just something strong enough to kill off all references to the old Dolls image. . ."

"Nah, Malcom didn't invent that, it was all Cyrinda's idea," remembers Johansen. "She was really into the Red motif. We had Chairman Mao posters hanging around the pad, and she showed me what great productions the Communists create and suggested we apply it to the Dolls. We had the hammer and sickle flag up behind us on stage — Cyrinda made it — and wore all red."

So Cyrinda was the avatar and Malcom was, don't tell me, THE TAYLOR. "Yeah," smiles David, a little sadly. "McLaren made our red plastic pants. . ."

The same month that Cyrinda left the roost — February, 1978 — Johansen went into The Record Plant and began work on his album. His wife, the major motivation factor in his life, was gone and all he had was his music.

The legend on the back sleeve of Johansen's record reads LET'S JUST DANCE, a line from the beautiful "Frenchette", by far the best thing the man's ever done. . .

"You call that loving French but it's just Frenchette/I've been to France so let's just dance/I get all the love I need in a luncheonette/In just one glance, so let's just dance/I can't get the kind of love that I want or I need, so let's just dance/You come on like it's all natural, darling, when you know it's really only naturalette/It's just like all your leathers, darling, they don't scare me, I know it's really only leatherette/I can't get the kind of love that I want or that I need/So let's just dance and I'll forget. . ."

"Y'know, Europeans have got a lot more sense about certain kinds a music than Americans," he free-associates. "New York is all right, 'Frisco is all right, LA is . . . pretty good . . . there's little towns in every State that have got sumpn going for them, but as for the States as a uh, *cohesive conglomerate*, they're into pap, mostly.

"It's like American cheese or American cars, y'know, the real public stuff . . . most Europeans, y'know, if you went to France and told 'em you like *Aerosmith*, they'd tell ya you're *stoopid* . . . y'know?"

Yeah.

"It's the way the music machine works in America," he shrugs, standing up. "I have a lot of theories about it," he smirks "but I don't wanna sound vile." He saunters out of the dressing room and onto the stage.

JOHANSEN LEAPS into the atmosphere with a split-legged pogoesque-propulsion that makes Modest Bob Geldof look like Chief Ironside and Syl and The Staten Island Boys rip into irresistibly exhilarating "Cool Metro", garbled lyrics just outa reach, subliminal reality teasers, something about riding on a subway train, Tokyo, in the rain, don't you know? Drive me half-insane, never be the same . . . chanted hookline chorus, *"KOOOL MET-TER-ROH!! KOOOL MET-TER-ROH!!"*

Frankie LaRocka is elevated at the back of the stage behind his drum kit, perched on a highriser; Buz Verno on bass and Tommy Trask, Johnny Rao and Sylvain Sylvain on guitars are in a line across the stage, their good humour and energised enthusiasm totally contagious and thus preventing the gourds-churning nausea induced by cornball axe-hero ass-holes (*you* know who they are).

That The Staten Island Boys have more technical proficiency in their little pinkies, bub, than the Dolls had in their entire lifespan is undeniable. But on record their performance seems expert but colourless, faultless but faceless, and you're left yearning for the shambolic chaos of the scumsurfers themselves.

It's not like that on stage. There you realise it's no nostalgia show, *it's right now.* David Johansen solo in late '78 . . . and The Staten Island Boys augmented by Syl are the perfect foil

The reason Johansen quit showbiz is probably the same reason he got back into it — her name is Cyrinda Fox.

to allow Johansen to histrionically ham it up out front.

"I'd like to thank Compatible Bookings Of Long Island for this lovely programme here tonight," smarms Johansen with a reference to the one-armed guitarist (his right hand came out of his shoulder with nothing in between) who had been the main attraction of the support group.

"And they were still no good", said Mick Jones tersely.

Johansen and his crew do all the album; the exuberant "Girls", the Tom Wolfe barbs of "Funky But Chic", the self-mocking "I'm A Lover" and "Not That Much": *("She's in love with you Daddy but not that much/She's not prepared to share her love as such/Oh, it's all right/Let's have a fight/There's nothing on the TV tonight/So it's all right."*

"Donna", spared the peg-flogging, baby-stealing Gypo fiddle of Scarlet Rivera that ruins the LP cut, is strongly redolent of "Lonely Planet Boy" on the first Dolls album, while "Pain In My Heart" and "Lonely Tenement" are pretty much standard white trash rock 'n' roll, both written by Johansen alone. The former's overall mediocrity is only emphasized by the memorable hook when it at last catches fire, and on the second David's tongue is not stuck firmly enough in his cheek or anywhere else to lift the song above turgid melodrama.

He writes his best songs with Syl and I can't believe he doesn't know it.

Predictably, "Frenchette" is the highlight of the show, and if the rest of the set is good-time rock 'n' roll entertainment at its finest then Johansen's showing on this simple, moving, gut-level classic convinces you that he's no longer an icon. He's a major talent.

Sentimental, bitter, realistic, choked, wise . . . if he says it's not about Cyrinda Fox he's a liar. If he thinks it doesn't crystallize everything he's been through in the last year and express his new attitude to life, love, rock 'n' roll and related topics better than any other words or music in the world could, then he's kidding himself.

It's only on "Frenchette" that the proceedings get so emotive, the rest of the time it's *Let's Just Dance.* This is probably a wise choice; if he tried to build a career on re-writing Frenchette he'd almost certainly be a nap bet for suicide (the self-immolation kind, not the band, sucker). A handful of Dolls Greatest Misses, the greats in question being "Personality Crisis", "Babylon" and (applause) "Looking For A Kiss".

"When ah say ah'm in luhf, yew best believe I'm in luhf-L-U-F!!"

He also has a perfect grasp of the Indispensable Pulp Aesthetic, and his choice of golden oldies to cover during the show is beyond reproach — Sandie Shaw's "Boy Don't Come", The Four Tops "Reach Out And I'll Be There", Bonnie Tyler's "It's A Heartache" for the final encore, a ridiculous "Love Child" ("By The Super Supremes", he deadpans) and — best of all — The Foundations' "Build Me Up Buttercup".

"Whaaa do ya build me up, BUTTERCUP?/Justa lemme dowwwn/An' mess me aroun'/AND THEN!!"

WOULDN'T HAVE thought you'd have heard that song, I remark conversationally back in the dressing room as I watch David and the boys dehydrate.

"Ah, that was a big hit over here," he gasps. "That's a beach party song. They seem to like that one wherever they got a beach. . ."

What do ya think of the verbal pistol-whipping Johnny Rotten gave you in that pony track off the "Bollocks" album, "New York"? Any idea why he got that hysterical and felt he had to do that?

Johansen cracks up with laughter. "Ha, ha. Somebody *told* me about this song the other day. I heard about this song."

You ain't actually heard it?

"I might have heard it in a bar or sumpn, but if I did I didn't notice it. . ."

Hey, you're coming to Britain next month, gimme one of your hot exclusives — what are your impressions of the UK?

"The thing that blew our minds when the Dolls went to England was that they had a class system in what appeared to be a civilised country. It really flipped us out, not that we could articulate it at the time, so we were acting really offensive on radio shows and shit . . . not that we single-handedly thought we could break the class system or anything but just, by our good example, show people that it wasn't necessary to live under such humility.

"Our big line in England was DON'T CALL ME GUVNOR!! I AIN'T YER FUCKIN' GUVNOR!!"

He laughs. "We wanted to show working-class kids who were into the Dolls that if they came through with enough talent they could grab the money and the power and cut right through that class-system bullshit."

Yeah, well, here I am, David, you can call me Grasshopper . . .

Say, Johansen, that was a kind of muted performance from you out there tonight, wasn't it? You didn't insult the audience once . . . you getting mellow in your old age, huh?

He shakes his head. "No, no, not at all . . . I just ain't as pissed off at 'em". He lapses into a troubled silence. "I don't know what to say to ya, kid," he blurts finally. "When the Dolls were together that was like my part in the . . . in the PRODUCTION."

Suddenly the grin spreads right across his face. "I did it *GOOD* though, didn't I?" he shoots at me with playful malice.

I find myself laughing with him but don't bother to reply. We both know the answer. Instead, I kept his white tie and let him have my pink one that I got from Plaza. They can't buy ones like that in America.

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ALBUMS

DAVID BOWIE
Stage (RCA)

HOW COULD he even *hope* to follow "'Heroes"'? How could we *ever* forget "Peter And The Wolf"?

I don't intend to talk about Bowie as a singer / songwriter because that's been done to death by those older and more impressionable than I and, anyhow, there's no new songs here for me to slander.

Instead I want to argue that David Bowie mattered to the '70s in the way James Dean and John Kennedy did to the '50s and '60s — not as a talent (James Dean was a bad, hammy actor and Kennedy was a corrupt, sloppy politician, but that didn't have anything to do with the way they *looked*) but as a beacon, a giant, vital lifebuoy: some symbol that helped a few less teenagers than usual start thinking middle-aged the moment they hit 20.

Kennedy on a political level and Dean and Bowie in a solipsistic way appealed to a sizeable group of very untypical youth of above average intelligence who were grossly miscast in life and altogether sick of their allotted lot. The catch is, once you've got your kids over their rough patch, and they're growing up for better or worse, you're pathetically spare. There's nothing so useless as an outgrown catalyst.

Kennedy spoke of change and advancement for the WORLD. Bowie told his black sheep to make over (glitter for eyebrows and plum lipstick essential, fingernail tatoos optional) and advance THEMSELVES, see THEMSELVES as the New Age — and sod the piddling little PLANET. He made you really fret for a bit of the fame cake, that's how he was useful, that he helped more than a few of the kids who were teenagers in the early '70s not to get trampled down.

A lot of them went into hairdressing — that's not a joke or a cheap condemnation, it's just the only possible, traditional, creative outlet that 99% of working-class teenagers ever get a glimpse of.

The only ones among the new generation of artistes who have successfully remodelled and UTILIZED what they saw in their idol are, predictably, girls: Poly Styrene, Siouxsie Banshee, The Runaways and, massively, Kate Bush. By really catching that awful mawkish Joni Mitchell streak that ran through Bowie's easy listening efforts, and putting it to work on Bowie's weird fifth form sex poetry, that Kate girl has fashioned herself into a gold-mine. I can't stand her songs, but what with the markets she covers and how young, pretty, personable and privileged she is, she'll be bigger than Bowie by 1980.

Recorded live on Bowie's 1978 tour, this double album has been put out just to use up the rest of his RCA contract. It's not Shangri-La, time standing still, is it, Toto? It's that toothless old hag that David Bowie said was rockanroll. It's that old piece of burnt meat that Devo talked about being cooked all over again. It's that toothless old piece of meat David Bowie proving that, just like his good friends Lou and Iggy, all he's good for is hanging out with other has-beens.

Side One; "Hang Onto Yourself" sounds like a punk tribute/rebuke *a la* Eater's "15". "Ziggy Stardust", "Soul Love", "Five Years" (*"My brain hurts a lot"* — just like a Gumbie off Monty Python) and "Star" (a good song, horribly folded, spindled and mutilated) all sound like Foreigner doing a Bowie medley. The lyrics, great and helpful in 1973, are now indisputably ancient gibberish, as archaic as Bob Dylan's surrealist verbiage.

Side Two; "Station To Station" songs off his best and most honest, histrionic album (the creep), the one he should have given up after. The terrible boy backing singers make some great songs — "Station To Station", "TVC15" and "Fame" off "Young Americans" — sound like the burblings of a bunch of butch buddies at a football outing. He rushes through this side like he has a hot line laid out in the dressing-room and can't wait to get back to it.

Side Three; "Warszawa", that great little toe-tapper of an opening number, is greeted with half-hearted whistles and limp screams. Let's see you up out your seats and boogying to "Art Decade" and "Sense Of Doubt", chickies — all those wild, wacky, family favourites we have loved. "Speed Of Life" has lost its sparse charm and David actually *sings* on "Breaking Glass". Hysteria in the audience! Really, the way they applaud him throughout this wretched side is just like the way Jonathan Richman, a grown man, crawled round the Odeon stage on all fours singing "I'm A Little Dinosaur" and got 28 encores or something. Jonathan Richman must dislike his fans almost as much as David Bowie does.

Side Four; "Heroes" is slow and watery, "What In The World" is done tailor-made for Bob Marley to stick on his next bland black album product — a really good song, this, ruined. "Blackout" gets the best performance of all four sides — with a bit of speed, but unhurried. "Beauty And The Beast" closes — the only interesting thing about this song is that it's where Abba's "Summer Night City" single comes from. David should huddle up to Bjorn and Benny sometime — they might be able to give him a hand with his hit-making.

Possibly buyers? Cherie Currie.

I get all the post-glam depression I need off side two of "Japan" and in an inspiring kind of way. I get no kick out of watching a mentally dead man's life flounce across the stage. This album don't even make you want the old days back, just grateful that it was all over so fast. For the feel of the early '70s, only more modern, humane, humourous and ambitious — music to help you on with what you thought you were going to do to the smug old world in 1974 — hear "Girls", "Pain In My Heart" and "Funky But Chic" off David Johansen's new album, or just play your early Roxy Music records.

Those Bowie fans who have learned their lesson well and gone on ahead will have no use for this; those who were forced for economic reasons to dump their Diamond Dog-Day dreams will still scream and salivate for Bowie and wake up every morning wishing it was still 1973 and they were still only 14 with all their blank screens before them. This, however, is one straw they'd do best not to clutch at.

David Bowie, you belong in *Vogue*. You are about as relevant and useful to young people today.

Julie Burchill

Bowie sees The Blimp *Pic: IMAGINE*

BUZZCOCKS
Love Bites (United Artists)

"WHY US?" Pete Shelley ponders Buzzcocks' popularity in the latest *Zigzag*. "It's either that we *are* something or that we've got the ability to con people into thinking that we are. If somebody made a definitive study of the Buzzcocks they'd find that nobody, even the people who buy the records, knows exactly what's there. It's just their own interpretation."

Buzzcocks have never been an easy band to define. Shelley: new age romantic, the Peter Pan of rock, a punk Smokey Robinson . . . It's all critical hogwash, journalists projecting their own fancies onto a blank canvas outlined by an attractive image — diffident, Mancunian, self-styled ambi-sexual — with no hard commitments to rub people's ideologies up the wrong way.

But now there is a change in the air. Unfortunately, Buzzcocks made this album in a rush and it's not very good; I just hope that they aren't now going to be subjected to the squalid sort of attacks that the likes of Blondie and Patti Smith have received at the first signs of human weakness.

The cruel truth is that Buzzcocks have never been all that good. John Maher is an infuriating drummer — most of this album is virtually unlistenable, it's so overburdened with ungainly drum rolls and half-cocked time-keeping; Pete Shelley is no vocal virtuoso; his compositional sense often betrays him — a result no doubt of inexperience; and the guitarist's penchant for ambitious spacey lead guitar lines strikes a weird imbalance with the bulldozing rhythm section.

Buzzcocks' prime strength has always been their irresistible hooklines — just read the titles and you hear the choruses; "Boredom", "Breakdown", "Orgasm Addict", "What Do I Get", "Fast Cars", "Get On Our Own", "Love Battery" . . .

This has been backed up by their 'experimental' mystique (though closer investigation shows that most of their unconventional gambits have actually worked *against* their music); by Shelley's success in turning his kind of eight-year-old's whine into an appealing effete aggression; by their attention to detail (such as the snippets of "Boredom" on "Another Music In A Different Kitchen"); and by an equal attention to continuity in their packaging and presentation (though this last may also now begin to work against them — partly because good packaging only goes down well with the critics as long as you're unsuccessful).

Like "Another Music", "Love Bites" is mainly an album of love songs. Also like "Another Music", it has a good-to-excellent first side and a predominantly turgid flip.

Pete Shelley *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

But Does It Hurt?

Basically, it's a gamble which didn't pay off. They cut it just six months after completing the first set, and consequently it's full of half-developed songs, good ideas which go nowhere.

To take the second side first. "Walking Distance" — an Indian drone instrumental by bassist Steve Garvey makes an interesting filler onstage but means nothing on wax. "Love Is Lies" — an acoustic-based ditty by Steve Diggle, insubstantial enough to be a Cliff Richard release. "Late For The Train" — another instrumental, shades of Emerson, Lake & Palmer, ugly and boring. "ESP" — a ponderous riff out of Shelley's archives which palls after a few plays.

The one bright spot is "Nothing Left", the only mainstream Buzzcocks number: lost love, tired, vitriolic vocals, hammering riff, scrawny lead break — good rock'n'roll, despite a totally pointless middle section where they drain out all the energy.

The first side can only get better. "Real World" is a competent enough opener. "Operators Manual" — 3/4 time, always dodgy — is a humdrum song weighted down with silly slow bits. "Nostalgia" boasts an Only Ones minor chord vibe; you'd have to listen to it for a year to get the words, but the awkward chorus line *"Nostalgia for an age yet to come"* doesn't help — still, it's got good driving chords.

"Just Lust" revives Shelley's apparent concern with the conflicts between sex and love — and it also revives Buzzcocks' performance. Despite occasional stumbles courtesy of Maher's weird drumming, it rides through on a strong melody — catch it on the B-side of the single.

The only other songs up to the standard of their previous best are "Sixteen Again" — a cleverly relentless tune — and "Ever Fallen In Love", which has all the attributes of a pop classic; twice as much energy as the rest of the album put together, ringing guitar lines, beautiful minor chords driving the sort of chorus you simply can't resist singing for sheer exhilaration of piecing the diff t fragments of the line together.

If you've got 80p in your pocket, go and buy the single, this instant.

But as for "Love Bites" let's hope that for Buzz cocks it's once bitten twice shy.

Phil McNeill

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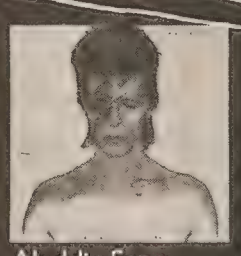
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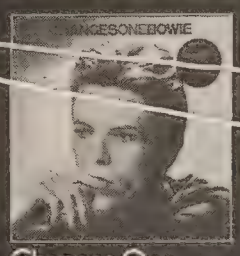

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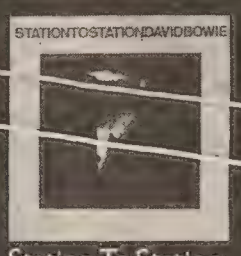

Station To Station

Low

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Are you sure Billie Holliday sung it this way? *Pic: DAVID HALL*

The Lady Sings Her Blues

JOAN ARMATRADING
To The Limit (A&M)

WHAT IS it about Joan Armatrading that brings forth The Apathetic Appreciation Society in their droves? Critical accolades are now reduced to slight, half-hearted appraisals of her 'command' of the lyric or the 'funkiness' of her music. Soulful rock or soulful soul — surely it's deeper than that?

She is remarkable in the sense that she effortlessly crosses the board from so-called FM-radio music, attracts a mild interest from those unwilling to become too involved with her often disillusion-saturated songs and yet also maintains a deep, deep appreciation from her fans.

For this her fifth album, Joan has either decided or felt that she wants to rock, really move, really move. She thinks she's succeeded — thank God she hasn't, not completely. Of all her past work it's the songs in which she isn't merely trying to encapsulate certain emotional episodes (those she claims she has observed but not experienced) in order to make them seem real that work the best. Apart from "Wishing", all the songs here are more love poems, strange songs coming from someone who denies all specific involvement. Interesting.

Personally I don't place too much importance on the source of her inspiration. Whether or not "Love And Affection", "Show some Emotion" and "Save Me" were autobiographical, we can still presume she's a born onlooker and assimilator of emotional drama. And the *Bunty* and *Beano* comics on the sleeve? Teenage romantic fantasies and child fun — perhaps they keep her sane.

Initially, as usual, nothing makes *too* much of an impression. Then the actual form of the songs begins to take firm shape and you can decide between Joan Armatrading as easy listening, local radio music and catchy background / foreground pop or Joan Armatrading as heart stirrer, stealer of soul banks and life support system supreme.

The only musicians remaining from the last album are bassist Dave Markee, the omnipresent root of that *full* sound, and drummer Henry Spinetti, kitsman on two songs on "Show Some Emotion". Recorded after the high of the Blackbushe festival and using the same band, laid down almost live with very few overdubs, the songs have a very basic feel yet maintain the perfectionist standards set by her past work. The ever sympathetic Glyn Johns takes the production credits once again.

The whole of the first side has a flowing consistency. "Barefoot And Pregnant", "Your Letter", "Am I Blue For You", "You Rope You Tie Me" and "Baby I" make for a flawless side. The two tracks that don't impress so easily are "Bottom To The Top" and "Taking My Baby Uptown"; they open the second side.

The former's "D'yer Mak'er" reggae eventually sheds that absurd comparison and gratifyingly takes on a new aspect. The latter is a deceptively shallow song about crowds mocking a couple in the street. There and elsewhere, musical credit where credit is due should go to guitarist Phillip Palmer, pianist Red Young and saxist and flautist Quitman Dennis.

As any appreciator of Ms Armatrading's music knows full well, the best songs only raise their heads above the totality when the album becomes increasingly familiar. If there are any hit singles here, I neither know nor care which or what they will be. The current "The Flight Of The Wild Geese / No Way Out" single tracks are not included.

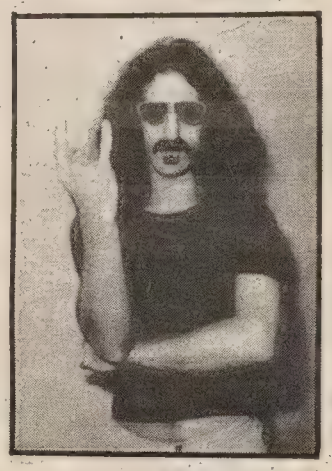
This is simply another excellent Armatrading album with which to while away the coming winter nights. It's a lifelong investment for admirers and a perfect starting point for those hitherto put off by the lady's overtly romantic yet detached approach.

To the limit, from the bottom to the top. It's not *that* bad a feeling.

John Gray

FRANK ZAPPA
Studio Tan (Discreet)

Pic: CHESTER SIMPSON



Aunt Meat?

"STUDIO TAN" drops into the industry's autumn orgy unheralded. It's Frank Zappa's studio 'orchestra' album, and one of a harvest Warner Bros. had collected but apparently did not want to release to the general record consuming public. No doubt they feared outbreaks of mass hysteria comparable to those provoked by that certain kind of movie which operates through the dubious manipulation of the under-developed nostalgia and sexual insecurity of wholesome teenage folk. *(He means* **Grease** *— Ed.)*

But "Studio Tan" is relatively 'straightforward.' Zappa is not a manipulative arranger or conductor in the accepted sense of using the orchestra as an instrument to play the audience. Rather, it is his manipulation of whatever technique — or whatever technique in trend and in situ — which distinguishes and which fools.

Even at this late stage, even after psychedelia, people misinterpret and misuse Zappa's interpretation and use of contemporary themes and attitudes. It is still a question of the context in which we place things, the modern composer's role being to aggravate this meditation. ("Zoot Allures," for instance, was a portrait of the 'average man' listening to "Zoot Allures", and "Apostrophe" one of the great misunderstood albums of our time).

Here the texture and dimension — parodies of repression, parodies of techniques to achieve same — are intertwined and cross-referenced until one imitates the other and background is foreground, until attack is lull — and joke is judgment.

Side one of "Studio Tan" is "Greggery Peccary," a modern urban opera for prepared orchestra, cartoon character and little red Volkswagen. It uses equal inheritances from Weill / Brecht, Charles Mingus and Robert Stigwood. It embraces "all the usual themes."

The bouncy two minute disco-cert "Let Me Take You To The Beach" is similarly concerned with the state of stasis in American (and by implication British) culture: this is emphasised through the use of some 'neat' former vocabulary and textures (nostalgic parody of parodied nostalgia).

"Revised Music For Guitar and Low Budget Orchestra" is self-explanatory, and there's no tangible division between it and "Redunzl." This is familiarly impersonal and intimate: clinging, tonal guitar, gliding, solid and smooth like a harp, all underscored by woodwind, tinged with lush, hesitant piano and cheeky percussion.

In the structures we find the archetypal restatement blooming into an accomplished total design — as opposed to merely cursory revision. There are almost casual hints of the newer jazz — orchestral fusions (Anthony Braxton to the fore). Very self-indulgent? So they say.

These are repossessions and deftly engineered dry echoes of older and other work. It still bounces. It could be an anonymous soundtrack (there are no credits) for a Stigwood production of "Uncle Meat." It's a package, a fun and games machine.

It's still working. I'm still suspicious. "Guess" is the word!!!

Ian Penman

the SM!RKS

"Always had that je ne sais quoi!"

THE TOUR

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Friday 29th September **SHEFFIELD** Polytechnic
Saturday 30th September **WARWICK** University
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Wednesday 4th October **LONDON** Marquee
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SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE 9
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TAUNTON ODEON 11
PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE 13
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31 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

NOVEMBER
3 CANTERBURY ODEON
4 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
6 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION
8 BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
9 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
12 MANCHESTER APOLLO

Hearts

on tour with "Subway Sect"

What Is This Thing Called Linda?

LINDA RONSTADT
Living In The USA
(Asylum)

LINDA RONSTADT — oh my God, she's so *hunky*. Those long, bronzed legs, that Ms Piggy face, those capable fingers — is it any wonder that this pneumatic sufferer from terminal cuteness has won the heart of America?

With her, any good American boy could imagine an evening of purest bliss. As the surf crashes onto Malibu beach, he could pick up his burnished Martin guitar and strum as she sings, maybe adding a subdued vocal harmony (just like the unfortunate Waddy Wachtel — last seen propping up Bryan Ferry, in fact — does on this album) until that magical moment when she reaches for him as if he was Governor of California, and the stars blink in over the beach and . . .

WAKE UP!!!! THERE'S BEEN A SLAUGHTER HERE!!!

It starts the moment your stylus touches down on track one side one of this latest platinum statistic and this astonishingly weedy guitar stumbles through patented Chuck Berry Intro 7b. The song is Chuckleberry's "Back In The USA", the lead guitarist is Dan Dugamore and his playing would certainly get him bottled off the stage of the Nashville for sheer lack of niagaras.

Now look, gang. Not wishing to come on like a boring old sociologist voyeur from Coventry University, it remains necessary to point out that "Back In The USA" is one of the most ferociously double-edged critiques of the US known to mankind. This was subtly but tellingly pointed up in the Berry version and slammed home with 50,000 watts of emphasis by the MC5. When toothsome Linda wraps her epiglottis round it, it's just another paean to peachiness.

The torture doesn't stop. Rogers and Hammerstein get the skin-cream treatment when Mike Mainieri (Brian Case will be very very angry with you, Mike) adds his vibes to "When I Grow Too Old To Dream" and Linda belts it out like Streisand without the Hebraic ego-hunger that makes her compelling even when she's repulsive. Wham! "Just One Look" (last seen courtesy of The Hollies) gets one of those insipid planters-punch numbers that LA sessionmen turn out when the producer (in this case the endlessly culpable Peter Asher) presses the "reggae" button on their chest consoles. The word came down and the word was "awful". Next!

Well, the next creative person smothered by Linda's attentions is none other than well-known bespectacled person of medium height Elvis Costello. With sincerity dripping from every pore, Linda sings "Alison" and demonstrates that her aim is well on the shaky side. It is to E.C.'s credit that the listener has not developed a total blind hatred of the song itself after Ronstadt gets through siphoning out every last globule of meaning or intensity from it.

"Alison" is one of those songs so totally personal that one has to be either a titan or a complacent, insensitive oafette to even *think* about covering it. Alas, no titan she. Even the thrilling alto sax of David Sanborn seems embarrassed.

The final turkey on the first side is a song by someone called Souther entitled "White Rhythm And Blues". *"All I need is black roses, white rhythm and blues"* it goes and song and performance alike are so dry that you could turn it upside down and still not stain your tablecloth.

On side two, there is a dangerous moment on the intro of L. Ronstadt's version of El Feat's "All That You Dream" when it seems that the band are in peril of playing with a modicum of intensity, but — whew! as soon as Linda gets to singin' all is safe again. Besides, these days Ronstadt and Feat deserve each other.

We'll skip over the rest.

"Living In The USA" has all the vitality of and power of a smacked-out ant, and considering it is produced by people who have somehow gained (among certain deluded souls) a reputation for sensitivity, it is remarkable only for the complete lack of sensitivity with which this inflatable dolly deep-throats the songs her business advisers tell her will be hip to record this year.

When the San Andreas fault wakes up and gets down to business, I'll be perfectly happy to give Randy Newman and the Berserkley gang 24 hours to get clear, but NO-ONE else.

Charles Shaar Murray

JETHRO TULL
Live — Burstin Out
(Chrysalis)

IN THE mirror I look like an insect, but Ian Anderson looks like God and this naturally causes me the greater discomfort.

I feel that Ian Anderson is an enigma, but an unworthy one. A loudhailer and 2000cc of William Blake, Anderson is an intellectual refugee from a holiday camp. Whose bum will he pinch next?

In a greater or lesser person, Anderson's demented squeakings might well be interpreted as some form of vision. Who said "myopic"? I can't stand surreptitious unconscious giggling. Leave the womb.

Jethro Tull have always been more articulate than their Heavy Metal peers, always more gritty than their English Fantasy peers. Anderson continually eschews whimsy for cynicism. Or does his cynicism get in the way of his whimsy? Why does he wear a cod-piece?

He wears a cod-piece to emphasise his role. He is a Modern Minstrel. This is a dichotomy, but a rather stale one, like Anderson's God-figure, Aqualung.

But Anderson's repression gets in the way of his religion. Think back: God as the common Man ("Aqualung", "Locomotive Breath"?), God as omnipresent in the beauty of nature ("Songs From The Wood"?), God as the entertainer, that archetypal Tull fool/prophet ("Minstrel In The Gallery"?), someone who is either in possession of forbidden knowledge or in the latter stages of syphillitic decline . . .

Think back, and "Live — Bursting Out" is but a resumee of the confusion. Anderson not taking himself seriously, but Anderson swearing; hating rock critics, women, and his audience with equal vehemence.

But is this THE REAL ANDERSON or is this obnoxious persona (repressed impotent English aristocrat) simply a mask? To his followers Anderson is God, Bogie Man, Clown, or even someone who strums his willie a lot and hates the Modern World (whilst continuing to be as big and objectionable a part of it as hamburgers and sex shops). I think he's laughing more at us then we are at him.

And on the cover the Modern Minstrel stands under a gigantic inflated hot air balloon.

Kafkaesque. *(Exactly — A beetle).*

Ian Penman

THE SCRATCH BAND
The Scratch Band (Big Sound Records Import)

ROGER C. REALE & RUE MORGUE
Radio Active (Big Sound Records Import)

A WEEK ago I'd never heard of the Scratch Band, Roger C. Reale or Big Sound Records, but if there's any justice in the world they'll be famous before much longer.

"Radio Active" has traces of John Fogerty, Dave Edmunds and good-time rock'n'roll filtered through a dynamic version of homegrown punk. There's a 90 second blast through Chuck Berry's "Dear Dad", a surging, densely-textured version of The Troggs' "I Can't Control Myself" plus eight originals which prove Reale is no slouch as a songwriter. He has a hard, grainy voice, plays monstrous bass, and receives solid support from drummer Hilly Michaels and the frantic guitar of G. E. Smith, from the Scratch Band. A little more variety, and Rue Morgue will be deadly.

The Scratch Band themselves are better still, their diversity astonishing. A compact, versatile five-piece, they muster two fine singers and two excellent lead guitarists. "When You Dance" opens the BP (Big Play — a six-track mini-LP, clocking in at around 25 minutes) with a slow, deliciously insidious slide into that spirited bluesy rock the Stones used to play when they had heart.

"Don't Go No Further", a Willie Dixon tune, is treated with a rhythmic vigour reminiscent of Pere Ubu, and features a startling harp solo. "The Last Song", modern rock'n'roll, borrows the descending guitar riff from "Holidays In The Sun" and belts along with almost as much power.

Side two has an intelligent protest song, a Lou Reed spoof that outclasses the real thing, and a devastating interpretation of Dusty Springfield's "I Only Want To Be With You" — plain piano and bass behind Christine Ohlman's nervy, breathy vocals that replace the poppy submissiveness of the original with a desperate edge of obsession.

Big Sound Records is a small, independent New York company run by rock writer Jon Tiven. A recent distribution deal with Decca means that most of their catalogue, hopefully including the above records, will shortly be available in the UK.

Graham Lock

FRANKIE VALLI
Is The Word
(Warner Brothers)

THE FIRST Frankie Valli album I've ever listened to, and I expected a far higher standard of vocalese than Mr Valli seems capable of delivering these days. What ever happened to those wondrous pop standards of the '60s — 180,000 copies of "Sherry" are reputed to have gone over the counter in one day Stateside — each and every one of them graced by the famous crystalline falsetto. Four Season fans beware.

The first single to be taken from the album, not unnaturally, is "Grease", theme song from the film of the same name. Anybody who has heard it will have formulated their own opinions; it was of course written by a Bee Gee. In fact the whole album was co-produced by one Barry Gibb, in itself a giveaway.

There will undoubtedly be many more singles culled from this album, and one of them will be "Over Me", a medium-paced dance floor contender with oodles more grit than "Grease", and on which Frankie actually manages to break cover and sing a bit.

As for the rest of the material, I suppose it could be best described as cocktail muzak.

John Hamblett

GARY BURTON
Times Square (ECM)

THIS MUSIC builds nicely in empty moments. It's glassy, abstract and antique— a mobile, melodic construction to recline in. A good vibes record by a good vibes player and his group.

Two Keith Jarrett compositions, eight pieces altogether, and it's *slightly* sublime.

It doesn't do to differentiate between numbers or players, it's not really called for. This is ECM, it exists, what can I say? Worth 28 million 'fusion' records, but worth your five quid?

Only because it's autumn.

Ian Penman

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ROBIN WILLIAMSON & HIS MERRY BAND
American Stonehenge (Criminal Records)

I'VE STILL kept a few Incredible String Band albums like "The 5,000 Spirits Or The Layers Of The Onion" and "The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter" because every now and then (mainly *then*), I pull them out and indulge in their mystical, folk inspired music.

That unique, often stormy combination of Mike Heron's and Robin Williamson's songs was, at one time, a most interesting sound. But a lot of their fanatical fans left the fold when they signed to Island and left the old Elektra acoustic days behind. They may have gained a younger following for their electric incarnation, but they never matched the earlier, multi-instrumentalist duo period.

I've always felt a far stronger affiliation for Heron's work than Williamson's, a state of affairs that hasn't been changed by the latter's "Myrrh" solo album, nor by this. Judging by his extensive sleeve notes here, I'd say Robin's as sincere as ever in his attempts to compose a contemporary folk/traditional music. On this occasion he's decided to concentrate on the creation of a modern Celtic form, as opposed to re-interpreting the same old hand-me-down songs.

The fact that he's thinking in ye olde terms is in itself the sole reason why this record sounds like a pale imitation of the real thing, and is consequently a total failure. "Her Scattered Gold", one of two instrumentals, actually sounds like laid-back Chieftains, if that's possible, and features the most pathetically weak bodhran playing ever committed to vinyl.

The quaint, pure image Williamson purveys on the sleeve and in his writing is totally unconvincing. Perfect perhaps for those who can't face up to modern society. If you want to bury your head in the gold leaves of autumn (see sleeve), longing for the good old days, then this is the record for you. But beware, the price you pay for an instant time warp is very high; this music provokes restless sleep.

John Gray

CAMEL
Breathless (Decca)

I ALWAYS look forward to a new release from the UK Camel, that sturdiest, most resilient and adequate of creatures. In these days of fluctuating tomfoolery and adolescent aggression, it is nice to be able to rely upon a group who'll deliver the goods, come rain or safety pin.

And if "Breathless" isn't exactly a whole new different ball game — well, it's all the better for it. Some of us still respect the exactitudes and amplitudes which once made boredom something one could certainly plot a graph of — not to mention Chinese food.

Well, this is just like 1973 all over again. Deidre is well up on Tolkien again after an unfortunate mishap with a concrete poet, whereas I'm really rather pro-Positivism at the mo, and "Breathless" is just what we both want, understand, and can relate adequately to as it fizzles away in this glass of Alka Seltzer we call home.

The sound quality throughout is marvellous; Andrew Latimer plays guitar, Andy Ward the drums, Richard Sinclair the bass, Peter Bardens the keyboards, and even Mel Collins is here on flute and saxes.

The magically sealed rift between the omnipresent futuristic yearning and the archetypal Camel harking, barking and hiking back to the countryside is especially pleasing: we still have to all keep a firm hold on our roots, eh?

This is what you call progressive music.

Ian Penman

DOWNLINERS SECT
The Rock Sect's In (Charly)

THE DOWNLINERS Sect were a '60s punk R&B group who, despite reforming recently, look like going down as one of the many likeable obscurities in rock history.

"The Rock Sect's In" was their third album, a rock'n'roll revival record first released in 1966, and now revived again courtesy of Charly, who've also reissued their two earlier LPs. The second of which was (they claim) the first C&W album ever made by a British group, and described by the *NME* of the day as "sensational".

Sorry I can't say the same about his one, lads — will "quite good" do instead? It reminds me slightly of the Beatles album with Tony Sheridan — the same brash, abrasive rock-cum-pop which makes up in panache what it lacks in polish, and which gives this record some credence as an ancestor of contemporary punk.

Overall, though, it does sound dated and a little ordinary in these exciting modern times. As indeed it must have done in 1966 compared to the likes of "Blonde On Blonde", "Revolver" and "Aftermath".

Which may be the price of being 12 years ahead of your time, but is more likely the folly of trying to sound several years behind it.

Graham Lock

A prehistoric person rooting for their roots *Triceratops courtesy of The British Museum*

Back In Dem Dinosaur Swamps

THE SAINTS
Prehistoric Sounds (Harvest)

THE THIRD album from the Australian quartet, and the decisive one. It shows a third shift in sound, so that the difference between this and "(I'm) Stranded", the amusing single that made their reputation way back in 1977, is considerable. You wouldn't know it was the same group.

Those ignorant but for the group inevitably beneficial comparisons with The Ramones — although Quo, of course, would've been truer and bluer— are now even more ludicrous. More absurd comparisons would be with The Doors (joyless and defiant, but no organ), the Stooges ('wild' and claustrophobic, but no Iggy) and even Edgar Winter's White Trash (R&B rooted, with blended brass). This is faithful progressive rock. Genuine turn of the decade heavy and doomy rock, authentic as in the pretentious and spiritually subversive qualities of the MC5.

In fact as this album conclusively proves, The Saints were a naturally old fashioned cut-off rock group who idolised American politico rock from afar, and who found themselves unwittingly (and unfortunately) hooked into an undiscriminating and all-devouring British punkrockscene 'cos they were fast and angry and had short hair. This underlines just how reactionary and old hat that old new sound really was. And how dumb we must all have been. Suckers for a rampant guitar sound.

The sound of the record is sluggish, dark, clinging and literally heavy.

Chris Bailey's voice could be used for the Iggy Pop character if they ever got round to doing an Iggy cartoon serial, or it could passably imitate Jager for a MFP Stones hits package — or Bailey could have plastic surgery and join the American ghoul circus as Jim Morrison. Who said The Saints would never take themselves seriously?

The album is an attempt to systematically build a coherent statement of disillusionment and despair at modern life through a series of image-clogged vignettes. The impression is one of petty pessimism: an intuitive realisation of futility on a par with Grand Funk Railroad. Check the restless opening cut "Swing For The Crime", which is dispassionately concerned with the criminally psychotic and the reasons, actions and treatment of same. Next is "All Times Through Paradise", which continues the feeling of 'terror'. Rock music for 1984, they imply.

The two non-originals they tackle are Otis Redding's "Security" and Aretha Franklin's "Save Me", both significantly rooty-tooty standards, meant to say a lot. As is the resignation of "The Church Of Indifference", the cynicism of "The Prison" and the sneering irony of "Everything's Fine".

Oh deary dear. Angry young men. Feel the power of their revolution.

"Prehistoric Sounds" is moody and mediocre. You'll probably love it, but then I lost faith in you a LONG time ago.

Paul Morley

IMPORTS

ONCE, RECORD companies used to decry the whole import scene, claiming that it creamed off a lot of their sales.

Now they're even importing discs themselves, for various reasons, and recently A&M have joined the party in an effort to ascertain whether the British release of certain discs could be a viable operation or not. Which is why they've brought in a limited number of copies of **"The Randle Chowining Band"**, **"Peter C. Johnson"** and **Gino Vanelli's** "Brother To Brother" and sold them to dealers in and around the London area at a price compatible with normal issues. Vanelli you know about, a Canadian signing, he's had albums released over here since 1973. The name Randle Chowning may be reasonably familiar too, for he's the guy who's been swapping guitar, mandolin and harp licks with John Dillon in the Ozark Mountain Daredevils.

But it's the unknown Peter C. Johnson who grabs my bet in the "album most likely to succeed" stakes. A vocal chameleon — he manages to sound like Dylan, Al Stewart, Rod McKuen and Jerry Lewis along the way — his songs are easy to get to grips with, often contain neat lyrical flashes and have such happy help-outs as Bonnie Raitt, David Batteau, Andy Pratt, Freebo and Nils Lofgren to boost the surround sound. Not a thousand miles removed from a hit single is Johnson's totally irreverent version of "Catch A Falling Star" the old Perry Como hit. "Records are like life" someone yells at the conclusion of the track, thus giving a free plug to Andy Pratt's debut LP. Certainly both life and records are unpredictable — and "Peter C. Johnson" more than most.

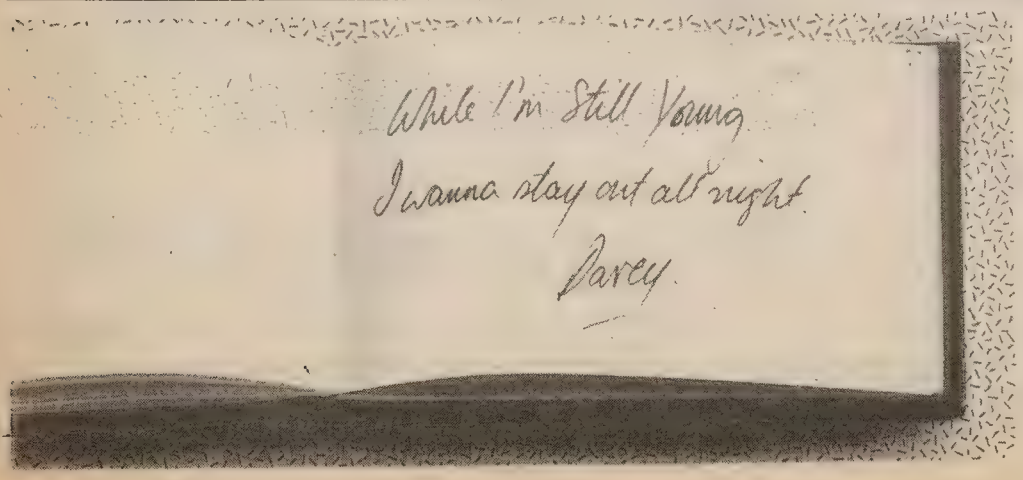
I can't keep up with the various permutations there are on the **Stones'** "Miss You" single. Following the initial big pink, which became an import job within a few days of British release, I've since seen a US 12" pressing in a different sleeve and black vinyl, retailing at £2.75, plus a Euro-job in red which retails at £3.75. I'm assured there are other versions around but rapidly I'm losing all interest in the subject as I become progressively colour-blind.

This situation is not helped by the arrival of the French pressing of **The Tyla Gang's** "Moonproof" (Berserkley) which is in cold-custard yellow and which I would ignore except for the fact that this version contains a workout on Rufus Thomas' "Walkin' the Dog" that is not to be found on the made-in-the-UK issue.

Reader C. White of Buckinghamshire will no-doubt be delighted to hear that **Funkadelic's** "One Nation Under A Groove" (Warners) is now with us, while my own personal bit of good news is that Flyover have at last received supplies of the **Millie Jackson** "Live In Tokyo" (Polydor) set — though I'm still not certain how to dig up the £9.50 required for this particular goody.

Meanwhile, I'm indulging in reading various sleeves so that I don't have to outlay on comics. This occupation has been helped considerably by the info on the back of the US version of **Blue Oyster Cult's** "Some Enchanted Evening", which reveals that two of the cuts were done live at New Castle (sic) City Hall. Next week, The BeeGees live in South Hampton.

Fred Dellar



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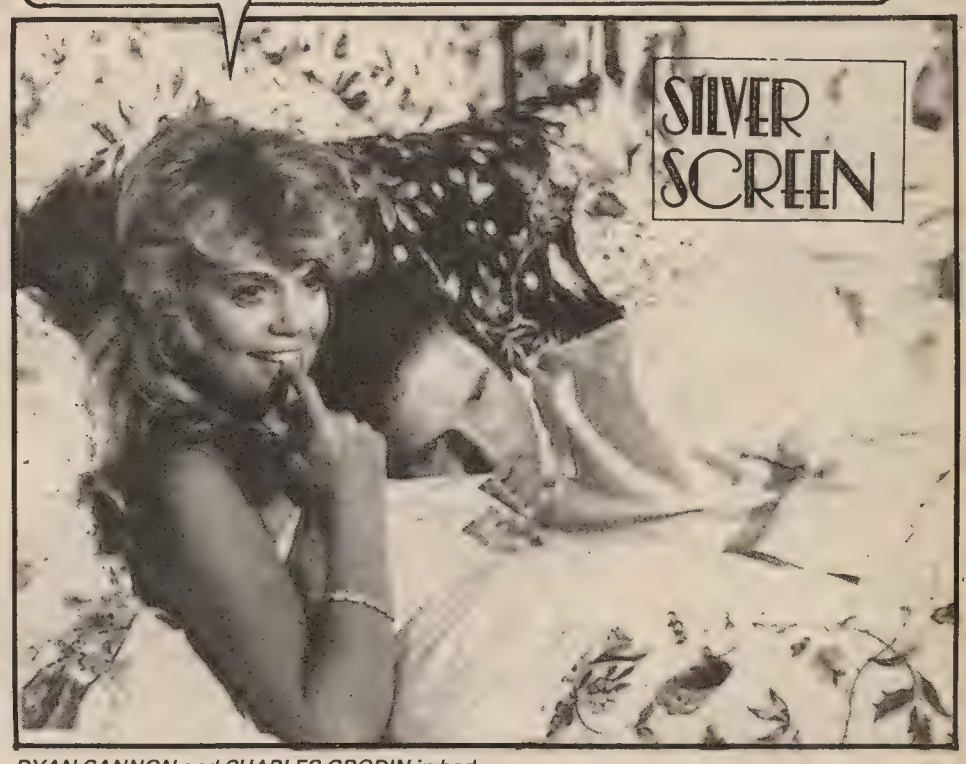
Gee — I'm not Julie Christie and you're not Warren Beatty . . . so what the pickled pumpkin are we doing in —



DYAN CANNON and CHARLES GRODIN in bed.

Heaven Can Wait

Directed by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry
Starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie
(CIC)

WELL, IT MAY be true that The Devil has all the good tunes — plus a tight lock on Movieland's current casting — but old God, like the 7th Cavalry, can still get it up and garner 'em in. I left *Heaven Can Wait* with a lump in the throat, contrition on the wig, and a deep misgiving that my emotional development had failed to rise above the loss of a boyhood teddy.

A remake of that squashy warhorse *Here Comes Mr. Jordan,* the movie is amiable and ambling in all departments, most of which — production, direction, script and starring — are down to Warren Beatty. The plot, faerie enough to set the flats flapping, is deeply unfashionable, vastly enjoyable and raking in great

"The wisecracks come thick and fast" *IAN CHRISTIE, DAILY EXPRESS*

"Altogether a hilarious experience"
MARGARET FORWOOD, THE SUN

"It's very, very funny"
MARGARET HINXMAN, DAILY MAIL

"A gorgeously enjoyable cast"
KENNETH BAILY, SUNDAY PEOPLE

Who dunnit?

Peter Falk

Ann-Margret	Abe Vigoda	Fernando Lamas
Sid Caesar	Nicol Williamson	Phil Silvers
James Coco	Eileen Brennan	Paul Williams
Louise Fletcher	Stockard Channing	
Madeline Kahn	Dom DeLuise	
Marsha Mason	John Houseman	

This time it's **Neil Simon** who's really dunnit.

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ABE VIGODA • PAUL WILLIAMS • NICOL WILLIAMSON
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cabbage in the States.

Beatty plays a pro-footballer who, prematurely whisked off to a heavenly halfway station before his road accident, refuses to accept that his ass is grass, and demands reincarnation. James Mason, silky as the celestial ferryman, outfits the client from recent stock, and Beatty returns as a company tycoon seen off by his adulterous wife (Dyan Cannon) in his previous earthsuit.

Obsessed with getting this new body back into shape for the football final, Beatty's tousled, dumb-bell sincerity sits ill in a household of formal dinners, flat-raising rituals and teeming butlers.

"Do I play polo?" asks Beatty 2 as he is valeted into jodhpurs and crop; "Not really, sir."

Gradually, the falsity of his previous tenant begins to exercise the athlete, and with the appearance of Julie Christie as an accusing ecologist, reform links arms with love.

Throwing his rascally enterprises into reverse, he wins her heart, and thanks to Jack Warden's coaching and a lawnful of butlers in shorts, he successfully tries out for his old team — only to be murdered by Miss Cannon again. It's all clocks out for the finale: will he get a new body in time to win the game, will Miss Christie love it, and will Miss Cannon get her com-uppance?

Impossible really to single anyone out, except that master of clumping caginess, Jack Warden, our decade's William Demarest. Everybody's OK, nothing special — and yet, quite upstream and against the odds, I had the mouchoire out for the finale.

Brian Case

"Aw, come on Case — it ain't that bad!" MATTHAU takes a powder in HOUSE CALLS

House Calls

Directed by Howard Zieff
Starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson
(CIC)

WALTER MATTHAU, the screeen personification of trailing shoelaces, trails also the stereotype critical response: amiable. The victim of so much broken elastic, slap-shoe walk, that nose, those eyes and a stance that seems to swag down from a clothes-peg located somewhere in back of the collar just has to be amiable. He's a great cartoon figure, and I wish he wasn't so lazy.

In fact, I wish the entire premise behind *House Calls* wasn't so lazy. Hollywood's daily bread has always been the retread rather than the trail-blazer, but this crock of cannibalism struck me as contemptuously conceived.

Take the flipper cap and shorts from *The Odd Couple,* stir in The Great Lover joke from *The Secret Life Of An American Wife,* use a pinch from *The Hospital,* and ginger up the old *Pillow Talk* formula with a skit on the Hays Code and what you've got is yesterday's leavings as the plat du jour, and a solid profit.

Matthau plays the chirpily bereaved surgeon dissipating his middle years on waterbeds and Boz Scaggs concerts. Enter Glenda Jackson, supine with a broken jaw but clearly no pushover, and the plot is set for a gladiatorial contest that had my thumb pressed to the cinema carpet. I only wish I was drawing royalties on the final scene, that old kiss 'n' make-up in the traffic and the loveable old camera trackback.

Everybody's talent is squandered. Art Carney, so good in *The Late Show,* settles for a caricature, and Glenda Jackson's clipped beadiness will not add a gloss to her Oscar.

Director Zieff seems to have either forgotten what he knew about movies when he made *Slither,* or settled for a Brownie with a Cub in the cutting room; no pace, no pith, no punch.

Veteran screenwriters, Max Shulman and Julius Epstein, could hardly avoid getting some cadences right, but never the wit.

Brian Case

BOGART and BACALL in the Pirelli classic EL GROSSO SNORO

SCREEN DREAM

GREAT news for **Dashiell Hammett** fans (and that should mean *you)* — not only has *The Dain Curse* been made into a reportedly excellent TV movie (starring **James Coburn),** but also *Hammett,* based on **Joe Gore's** book about the Man's early years in San Francisco, is to be helmed by Kraut wunderkind **Wim Wenders** (replacing limey **Nicolas Roeg).** Finance coming from tubby Yank **F. F. Coppola's** altruistic Zoetrope company . . .

The **Bogart** Boom continues with a 'Bogie' biopic and frontrunners in the casting stakes are **John Cassavettes** as The Hero and **Lauren Hutton** as Lauren Bacall. Also in production is *The Man With Bogart's Face,* the story of a guy who has his face surgically re-arranged so he looks like guess who . . .

One-man publicity machine and lunkhead polemicist **Sylvester Stallone** claiming to be the fittest man in Hollywood. "People will be shocked when they see him in his next film," says trainer **Dr. Franco Columbu.** "He lifts weights for 90 minutes at a time and doesn't even want to rest between sets." 'Sly' has been pumping so much iron for the sequel to *Rocky,* and is also working on *Paradise Alley* . . .

Meanwhile, genuine superstar **Clint Eastwood's** new movie will be out for Xmas, a comedy called *Every Which Way But Loose,* co-starring lovely **Sondra Locke** and an orang utan. *(Oh dear. — Ed.).* Next month, the Big Clint starts his next flick, *Escape From Alcatraz (If anyone can do it, he can. — Ed.)* in which he teams up with hardened action director **Don Siegel** for the fifth time . . .

Mr. Eastwood, incidentally, a bit miffed after recently subletting his 400-acre Carmel Valley spread to two men. These guys, in turn, had sublet to some marijuana growers, who got busted in a million dollar haul . . .

For the first time since **Tod Browning's** notorious 1932 classic *Freaks,* Hollywood is approaching a similar theme with *Freaks: Myths And Images Of The Secret Self,* a semi-documentary based on **Leslie Fiedler's** bestseller . . .

Dick Tracy

"Tough cheddar, Walter, old boy — Mr Case appeared to take quite a shine to me." BEATTY makes a point in HEAVEN CAN WAIT

TALKING HEADS

New Single

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FOUND A JOB

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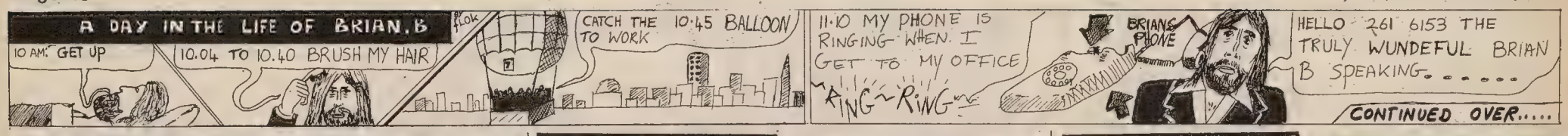
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BRIAN.B
10 AM: GET UP
10.04 TO 10.40 BRUSH MY HAIR
CATCH THE 10.45 BALLOON TO WORK
11.10 MY PHONE IS RINGING WHEN I GET TO MY OFFICE
RING~RING
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Plus Fame & Joe Lung

Wed 4th Oct (Adm 1.00)
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Plus support and DJ Ian Fleming

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Thursday October 5th — free
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Saturday September 30th
8.30 pm — 2 am
TOURISTS
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NORTH LONDON POLYTECHNIC
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Friday, Sept. 29th at 8 pm
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
+ Rio Grande
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Wednesday, October 4th
ROCKABILLY with
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+ Punk with
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+ D.J. Jerry Floyd
Doors open 7.45 pm

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+ JOE JACKSON
Tuesday October 3rd — 75p
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+ SKIDS

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+ The Members
Tuesday October 3rd — 50p
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+ SUPPORT

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2 Portsmouth, Polytechnic
3 Plymouth, Metro
4 Cardiff, Top Rank
5 LONDON, QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
6 Derby, Derby Lonsdale College
7 Birmingham, Barbarella's
9 To be announced
10 Manchester Polytechnic
11 Sheffield Polytechnic
12 LONDON MARQUEE

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INTERVIEW

at the ELECTRIC BALLROOM
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th

LANDSCAPE — AN ONGOING SITUATION
SEPT Thurs 28: Galashiels College of Textiles
Fri 29: Glasgow College of Art
Sat 30: Calton Studios, Edinburgh (recording for Radio Forth)
OCT Mon 2: University Arts Lecture Theatre, Old Aberdeen.
Tues 3: Cinders Disco, 15 Benalder St., Glasgow
Wed 4: Chester Arts Centre, Market Sq., Chester
Thurs 5: Trent Poly, Nottingham
Wed 11: Music Machine, London
Sat 14: Chester College
Wed 18: Sheffield Poly
Fri 20: City of London Poly
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TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
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+ The Vie

Thursday, September 28th — £1.50
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Canis Major

Friday, September 29th — £2
JENNY DARREN
+ Electric Tunes

Saturday, September 30th — £2
PHIL MAY AND THE FALLEN ANGELS
+ Cuckoo

Monday, October 2nd — £1
IMMIGRANT
+ Magnets
Free Admission for one with this ad before 10.30.

Tuesday, October 3rd — £1
From France . . .
THOSE FOUR
+ Sucker
Free Admission for one with this ad before 10.30.

Thursday, October 5th — £1.50
WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ Support

Wednesday, October 4th — £1
MARSEILLES
+ United
Free Admission for one with this ad before 10.30.

Monday, October 16th
THE PIRATES
Advance tickets £2 from box office

Monday, October 30th
SLADE
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

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WED 4
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THURS 5
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½ PRICE BOOZE BEFORE 10PM. YES PLEASE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: HERTZ
BATLEY Crumpets: MARSHALL HAIN
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE CRUSADERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Princeville Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRADFORD Thornton Club: BANDANNA
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BRIGHTON Dome: BRAND X
BRISTOL Granary: JENNY DARREN BAND
BRISTOL Polytechnic: YACHTS
BURNTWOOD Troubador: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: NAUGHTY LUMPS
CARDIFF University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
CARSHALTON Public Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CHELMSFORD Odeon: DR FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
COVENTRY Tiffany's: JAB JAB
COVENTRY Wyken Pippen: RENO
CROYDEN Fairfield Hall: THE DUBLINERS
EDINBURGH Odeon: TOM ROBINSON BAND
GALASHIELS College of Textiles: LANDSCAPE
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: XTC
GLOUCESTER 400 Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
GOLDTHORPE Thurnscoe Hotel: THE SNEAKERS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: OCEAN BOULEVARD
HARTLEPOOL Gatsby's: ZHAIN
HELSTON Culdrose RNAB: RASCAL
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KEIGHLEY Working Mens Club: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS Fan Club: 999
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS/PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: COUP DE GRACE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON Furnitue College: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: APOSTROPHE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: MICKEY JUPP/ RACHEL SWEET
LONDON Marquee Club: GILLAN
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: SUCKER
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ASWAD
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK/RED RINSE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH The Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHAZAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
LOUGHBOROUGH University: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE STRANGLERS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: RADIO STARS
MANCHESTER Pips: NEON HEARTS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: TRIBESMAN/ EXODUS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE ADVERTS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE RAMONES
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME El Syd's: THE ACCELERATORS
NEWPORT Tiffany's: JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAPREGION
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
PURLEY Tiffany's: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
SCUNTHORPE Berkley Hotel: LIMELIGHT
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE LATE SHOW
SHEFFIELD University: RICHARD DIGANCE
SOUTHAMPTON Salon: THE DRIFTERS
STIRLING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
SWANSEA Circles Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
SWANSEA Nutz Club: 29th & DEARBORN
WATFORD Bailey's: SLADE (for three days)
WHITCHURCH Fighting Cocks: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS

Friday

AYLESBURY Friars: STEEL PULSE
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: JALN BAND
BATH University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
BELFAST Pound Club: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MARSHALL HAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Coach & Horses: SIDEWINDER
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROSE ROYCE
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: 29th & DEARBORN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLANDFORD Corn Exchange: THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PETER BOND
BRIDLINGTON SPA Pavilion: THE STRANGLERS
BRIGHTON Dome: THE SHADOWS
BRISTOL Yate Centre: ULTRAVOX / NW10
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: BANDANNA
BURTON 76 Club: YACHTS
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: THE DRIFTERS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: DR FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
COLCHESTER Technical College: WARREN HARRY
COVENTRY Tiffany's: JAB-JAB
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: ROCK ISLAND LINE
DARLINGTON Bowes Cellar: R.B.Q.
DARTINGTON College of Art: FISH CO.
DERBY Bell Hotel: STRANGE DAYS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TOM ROBINSON BAND

PETER HAYCOCK of Climax Blues Band

ANDY PARTRIDGE of XTC

Autumn tour mania nears peak

ANOTHER frantic week on the tour circuit, with a big batch of new tours getting under way, and we've picked out nine for special mention:

● MARSHALL HAIN start their first-ever British outing, following their recent chart success. With their specially-formed touring band, you can catch them at Batley (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday) and Cardiff (Monday).

● XTC begin a lengthy trek on Thursday, when they open in Glasgow. Then it's over to Ulster to play Belfast on Friday, prior to playing a string of gigs in Eire. The bulk of their British dates start in a week's time.

● ROSE ROYCE, who've been in the big league of top singles recording artists for two years, undertake a major concert series. They're headlining at Birmingham (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

● CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR haven't been around as long as Rose Royce, but they've already made a chart impact, and are hugely popular in the discos. Their debut U.K. tour opens at Glasgow (Friday), Carlisle (Saturday), Nottingham (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Sunderland (Tuesday).

● THE FOUR TOPS are perennial visitors to these shores, and their traditional autumn tour starts this weekend with a couple of cabaret engagements. They're at Stoke (Friday and Saturday) and Watford (all next week).

KIT HAIN (Marshall Hain)

BARBARA DICKSON

● STEEL PULSE, arguably the most successful of British-based reggae bands, are playing their most important tour to date — though they only have two gigs during the coming week, and they're at Aylesbury (Friday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

● BARBARA DICKSON and her all-star backing band will be touring around the country throughout October, kicking off in Southend (Sunday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

● CLIMAX BLUES BAND set out one of their all-too-rare British sorties, with the bonus of the Dave Lewis Band as support. Initial gigs are in London (Saturday), Cleethorpes (Monday), Hull (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday).

● WIRE have lined up a massive itinerary, running through to early November. Dates include Newcastle (Friday), Doncaster (Saturday), Leeds (Tuesday) and York (Wednesday).

● Four special London concerts on Sunday are worthy of note . . . THE KINKS are playing a one-off at Hammersmith Odeon; KOKOMO have re-formed for a solitary date at Chalk Farm Roundhouse; THE ONLY ONES play the biggest gig of their career so far, when they headline at the Strand Lyceum; and DAVID BROMBERG is at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

● Another one-off to bring to your attention is by JOHN McLAUGHLIN, who is at the London Rainbow on Tuesday — and back to electric rock.

GLASGOW College of Art: LANDSCAPE
GLASGOW Plaza Ballroom: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
GLEN ROTHES Rothes Arms: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
HATFIELD The Forum: THE DUBLINERS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
HERTFORD College: AFTER THE FIRE
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: MOTORHEAD
HONITON Community College: THE FANS
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: ALWOODLEY JETS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KIRKCALDY Dutch Mill: ZHAIN
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: LIMELIGHT
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LICHFIELD Civic Hall: PARADOX
LINCOLN Technical College: 999
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE CRUSADERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE EDGE
LIVERPOOLPolytechnic: THE MOVIES
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: UK SUBS / THE TICKETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LONDON CHELSEA College: HI-FI
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: FRED WEDLOCK / MIKE ABSALOM
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS / THE VYE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: RAISED ON ROBBERY
LONDON Marquee Club: GILLAN
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON North Polytechnic: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON N15 Club Noreik: BROWN SUGAR
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON University Union: CRAWLER
LONDON WELLING St Michael's Community Centre: MIGHTY SHADES / TRIARCHY
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: TERESA D'ABREU BAND / PEARLY SPENCER / CRASS
LUTON The Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE RAMONES
MANCHESTER The Factory: CHELSEA / THE FALL
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
NEWCASTLE University: WIRE / THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Village Club: CADO BELLE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: EATER
OLDHAM Civic Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
OXFORD New Theatre: MIKE HARDING
PECKHAM Walmer Castle: SCRATCH
PLYMOUTH Metro: CRAWLER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: SORE THROAT
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: AFTER THE FIRE
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: DAVE EDMUNDS ROCKPILE
SLOUGH Community Centre: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
SOLIHULL Library Theatre: RENO
SOUTHAMPTON Old Mill: EYES
STIRLING University: THE ADVERTS
STOKE Alsager College: MUSCLES
STOKE Jollees: THE FOUR TOPS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: THE ACCELERATORS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: FABULOUS POODLES
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: PETE SHAKESPEARE
WALSALL West Midlands College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: PRESSURE SHOCKS
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: WARM JETS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: REGGAE REGULAR
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: JOHNNY COPPIN
YORK Revolution: NEON HEARTS

Saturday

ABERYSTWYTH University: THE MOVIES
BICESTER Nowhere Club: THE ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: YACHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: JAKE THACKRAY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE RAMONES
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLANDFORD Railway Inn: THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: THE SNEAKERS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRADFORD University: 29th & DEARBORN / SUPERCHARGE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS / 90° INCLUSIVE
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: TANZ DER YOUTH
BRISTOL Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
BURTON Stapenhill Labour Club: NIGHT CREEPER
BURTON The Rollaston: PARADOX
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: THE DRIFTERS
CARLISLE Cosmo Club: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
CORBY Nags Head: GAFFA
CORK Arcadia Ballroom: XTC
COVENTRY Theatre: DR FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE SMIRKS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MARSHALL HAIN
DERBY Lonsdale College: PRESSURE SHOCKS
DERBY Market Place (afternoon) and **DONCASTER** Granby Road Club (evening): STRANGE DAYS
DONCASTER Bircotes Leisure Centre: WIRE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club:SORE THROAT
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE CRUSADERS
EDINBURGH Calton Studios: LANDSCAPE
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE ADVERTS
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: THE END
FISHGUARD Frenchmans Motel: RASCALS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
HATFIELD Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
HEBDEN BRIDGE Calder College: GIANTKILLER
HITCHIN College of Education: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: THE McCALMANS
LARGS The Lagoon: ZHAIN
LEEDS All Saints Trinity College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BANDANNA
LEEDS Horsforth College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LEEDS Staging Post: SPIDER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI & DA BOYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: 999
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: T.L.C.
LONDON BLACKHEATH Kidbrooke House: LEON ROSSELSON / TRAITORS GATE
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE TOURISTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PHIL MAY & THE FALLEN ANGELS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHARLTON Maryon Park (2-10 pm) THE CONVENT NUNS / THIS HEAT / FERAL GLAZE / THE INFANTS / THE MONITORS / JIMMY LINDSAY REGGAE BAND ETC. (The All-Greenwich Multiracial Carnival)
LONDON CHELSEA College: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: THE ONLY ONES / THE MEMBERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON E.17 Markham Lane Youth Club: BLACK SLATE / THE NIGHT / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON FULHAM The Swan: COUP DE GRACE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TRANS-AM
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE NEWS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: SWIFT
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stuart College: MUSCLES / TRIBESMAN
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: THE DUBLINERS
LONDON SOUTHFIELDS King George's Park Sports Centre: OXY & THE MORONS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OLYMPIC RUNNERS / KANDIDATE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic : WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: METABOLIST / ANGLETRAX
MANCHESTER Lesser Free Trade Hall: CRISPY AMBULANCE / AVALON
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: CHELSEA
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
MANCHESTER University: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE EDGE / THE VYE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: THE INCIDENT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BARCLAY JANES HARVEST
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: GILLAN
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: MIKE HARDING
RETFORD Porterhouse: REGGAE REGULAR
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
SHEFFIELD University: THE PLEASERS
SLOUGH College: THE PIRATES
ST. ALBANS City Hall: ULTRAVOX / DOLL BY DOLL
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
STOKE Jollees: THE FOUR TOPS
SWANSEA Arts Workshop: ICE
WAKEFIELD Technical College: THE BISHOPS
WALSALL Dirty Duck: VIDEO
WALSALL Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: OCEAN BOULEVARD
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK Revolution: AFTER THE FIRE

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

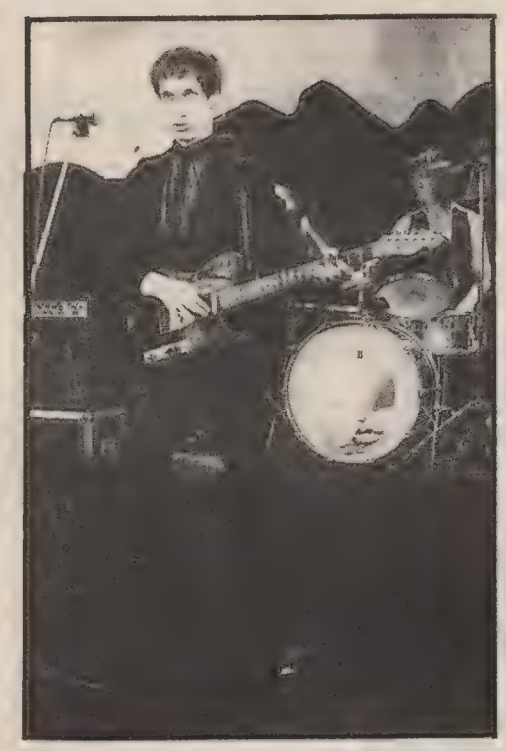
COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Our pictures on this page highlight tours which opened Yesterday (Wednesday). We mentioned them briefly in last week's Gig Guide, and promised more about them in this issue. So true to our word, here are:

● THE BUZZCOCKS (left) play Belfast (Thursday) and begin their mainland jaunt at Oxford (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Norwich (Tuesday) and Chelmsford (Wednesday).

● BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST (right) continue their extensive trek with major concerts at Liverpool (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Aberdeen (Monday) and Derby (Wednesday).

● WILKO JOHNSON (below) is busy doing the rounds with his Solid Senders, visiting Cardiff (Thursday), Bath (Friday), Hitchin (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday).



Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: AFTER THE FIRE
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: ALWOODLEY JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOGNOR Esplanade Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: CHELSEA
BRADFORD Princeville Club: SPIDER
BRISTOL Locarno: MARSHALL HAIN
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE SHADOWS
CARDIFF Top Rank: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: DOLL BY DOLL
CHESTER Valentino's: ANGRY YOUNG MEN
DAGENHAM The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: 999
EDINBURGH Odeon: ROSE ROYCE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
HARROW Headstone Manor Park (starts 1.30 pm); MISTY / INDECENT EXPOSURE / ISOLATORS / BOZO BROTHERS etc. (Harrow Multiracial Carnival)
LEEDS Grand Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SKINNY CAT
LEICESTER Braunstone Victoria Club: STRANGE DAYS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: 29th & DEARBORN
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: KOKOMO / MATUMBI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GENTRY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: DAVID BROMBERG BAND / ANDY DESMOND
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL SMITH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE KINKS
LONDON Hermit Club: QUASAR
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope / Anchor: THE INMATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS
LONDON Palladium: ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM / VINICIUS DE MORAES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: N.W.10
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BRAND X
LONDON SOUTHBANK Olivier Theatre: THE ALBION BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE ONLY ONES / BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE / THE BUSINESS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: OSSIAN
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Palais: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
OXFORD New Theatre: THE BUZZCOCKS
PERTH City Hall— THE McCALMANS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: CRAWLER
SHOTTON Central Hotel: THE EDDY
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: BARBARA DICKSON
SOUTHAMPTON University: WARREN HARRY
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
STOKE Tiffanys: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WATFORD Bailey's: THE FOUR TOPS (for a week)
WORCESTER City Football Club: THE ROTORATORS

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
ABERDEEN The Platform: LANDSCAPE
ABERDEEN Ruffles: THE STRANGLERS
AMPTHILL Folk Club: LEN HOLDEN / SOFT ELECTRIC BAND
BATH University: YACHTS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BENNY & THE JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: CRAWLER
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: RAY STEVENS (for a week)
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JASPER CARROTT
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BRISTOL University: THE POP GROUP / GARDEZ DARKX / SPICS
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE EDGE
CARDIFF University: MARSHALL HAIN
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
DARLINGTON Speedwell: R.B.Q.
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CHELSEA
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
FAREHAM John Peel: STAA MARX
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE MODS
LEICESTER Bailey's: SLADE (for a week)
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE HELICOPTERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE FRIDAY FAVOURITES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE RAMONES
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: HI-FI
LONDON PUTNEY Blue Moon: STEVE ASHLEY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: THE SHADOWS
LONDON STRAND Kings College: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE NIGHT
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PHIL RAM BAND / HANDSHAKE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: LAST CHICKEN IN THE SHOP
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
MILTON KEYNES Crawford Club: HARLOW
NEW BRIGHTON Golden Guinea: RASCAL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ROSE ROYCE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE WHIZZ KIDS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: WHEELZ
OXFORD New Theatre: THE CRUSADERS
OXFORD Polytechnic: CAMEL
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: ASWAD
WORCESTER Hideaway: FUNKY TEAM

Tuesday

ABERDEEN The Platform: LANDSCAPE
ABERYSTWYTH Kings Hall: WHIRLWIND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ULTRAVOX
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: THE DOOMED
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN/BLUE MAX/STORMER
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Arts Centre: SCRATCH
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: KEITH PEARSON'S RIGHT HAND BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: STAA MARX
BRIGHTON Dome: JASPER CARROTT
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE CRUSADERS
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE SMIRKS
CARDIFF University: THE RAMONES
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
DUNDEE Whitehall Theatre: THE McCALMANS
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE PIRATES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
HULL Tiffany's: CLIMAX BLUES BAND/DAVE LEWIS BAND
LEEDS Fan Club: WIRE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: VICE SQUAD
LIVERPOOL Eric's: CRAWLER
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JAM SESSION
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: THE INMATES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JOHN McLAUGHLIN
LONDON School of Economics: HI-FI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE JAGS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE MEMBERS' BIRTHDAY PARTY
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: THE SLITS/THE INNOCENTS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
MANCHESTER Ashton Tameside Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DR. FEELGOOD
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: R.B.Q.
NORWICH St. Andrews Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: JACK JONES
PENZANCE The Garden: ASWAD
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: CAMEL
PRESTON Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHIS
SALFORD University: JAB-JAB
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: 999
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: CRYER
SUNDERLAND Locarno: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WORCESTER The Retreat: BIFFO

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: THE ONLY ONES
ABERYSTWYTH University: CAMEL
BEDFORD Horse & Groom: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMIMGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: AUTOGRAPHS / LITTLE BO BITCH
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JACK JONES
BRADFORD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
CHELMSFORD Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHESTER Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
CHESTER Valentino's: AMSTERDAM
DERBY Assembly Rooms: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
DERBY Olde Bell Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
EXETER Routes: ASWAD
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DR. FEELGOOD
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
GRAYS University: GILLAN
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: BENNY & THE JETS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: MIKE HARDING
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: 999 / RAZAR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GULLIVER
LONDON ACTON White Hart: MATCHBOX / STUNSHOT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROSE ROYCE / STARGARD
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TRIBESMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SMIRKS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
MANCHESTER University: RACING CARS
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: MUSCLES (for five days)
MOTHERWELL Civic Centre: THE McCALMANS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE DOOMED
NORWICH Boogie House: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
NORWICH University of East Anglia: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM University: STEEL PULSE
OAKENGATES Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
PORTRUSH New Arcadia Ballroom: XTC
PRESTON Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHIS
PRESTON Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX / DOLL BY DOLL
READING Bones Club: THE EDGE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: REGGAE REGULAR
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE POP GROUP
SWINDON The Affair: WHEELZ
SWINTON Lancastrian Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE MOVIES
WORTHING Balmoral Hotel: STAA MARX
YORK Pop Club: WIRE

On The Road

JOHNNY SHINES, the near-legendary Mississippi country-blues singer and guitarist, makes his only British appearance on Sunday, November 12, when he appears at **London Oxford St.** 100 Club.

THE ENID continue their autumn tour with dates between recording sessions at **Farnborough** Technical College (this Saturday), **Sheffield** University (October 7), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (8), **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (13), **Cranfield** Institute of Technology (14), **Swansea** University (18) and **Oxford** Polytechnic (20).

STAA MARX have gigs at **Fareham** John Peel (October 2), **Brighton** Alhambra (3), **Worthing** Balmoral (4 and 5), **Burley** White Buck (9), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (10) and **Reading** Target Club (11).

ASWAD play **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (tonight, Thursday), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (October 2), **Penzance** Garden (3), **Exeter** Routes (4), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (7), **Cardiff** Sophia Gardens (9), **London Camden** Dingwalls (11), **Aberdeen** University (13), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (14), **Motherwell** Civic Centre (15), **Edinburgh** Astoria (16), **Manchester** University (18), **Bristol** Blue Lagoon (21), **London Camden** Music Machine (25), **Belfast** Polytechnic (31) and **Belfast** The Pound (November 1 and 2).

999 have added more dates to their previously-reported six-week tour, which opened last weekend. They are **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (October 20), **Dundee** Samantha's (22), **Leeds** Fan Club (31), **York** Pop Club (November 1), **Carlisle** Market Hall (2) and **Preston** Polytechnic (3).

MATCHBOX are touring throughout October, and gigs so far set are **London Southgate** Royalty (5), **London Tottenham** White Hart (6), **Manchester** Champagne Charlie's (7), **Carshalton** St. Helier Club (11), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (12), **Farnworth** Rock Club (13), **Wolverton** Crawford Arms (14), **Milton Keynes** Triad Centre (15), **Sheffield** Top Rank (25), **Feltham** Rock Club (27) and **Luton** Kingsway (28).

MAC CURTIS, the rockabilly veteran who's just completed a U.K. one-nighter series, returns here after his current European tour to play **London Southgate** Royalty on October 26. Plans are under way for the show to be recorded live by Rollin' Rock Records.

XTC have made a few changes to their tour itinerary which opens today (Thursday). **Swansea** Circles (October 30) and **Edingburgh** University (November 3) are cancelled, **Sheffield** University moves from November 9 to 3, and a new booking at **Blackpool** Tiffany's now comes in on November 9.

JOHN GRIMALDI's Cheap Flights are so far confirmed for these October gigs: **London Strand** King's College (2), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (3), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (4), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (7), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (12), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (13), **London Mile End** Queen Mary College (19), **Reading** University (20), **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (23) and **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (27). More are being set.

MARSHALL HAIN have added **Birmingham** Barbarella's (tomorrow, Friday) to their debut U.K. tour, reported two weeks ago.

RACING CARS promote their newly-released Chrysalis album "Bring On The Night" with gigs at **Manchester** University (October 4), **Exeter** University (6), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (7), **London Kensington** Nashville (12 and 13), **London** North-East Polytechnic (14), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (19), **Retford** Porterhouse (20), **Bolton** Institute of Technology (21), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (22), **Newcastle** University (23), **Scarborough** Penthouse (November 3), **Manchester** Mayflower (4), **Birmingham** The Gig (6), **Portrush** Arcadia (15), **Belfast** Whitla Hall (16), **Cork** Arcadia (17), **Dublin** Belfield University (18) and **Galway** University (19).

JOHNNIE RAY begins another British tour next month, despite reports that he was taken seriously ill in Australia. It seems he merely had a minor stomach infection and will be fit to play **Eastbourne** Kings Country Club (October 21), **Westcliff** Queen's (22-28), **Cleethorpes** Bunny's Place (31), **Ilford** Kings Club (November 6, 8 & 11), **Birmingham** Mackadown Hotel (9), **Purfleet** Circus Tavern (10) and **Corby** Festival Hall (13 and 14). Other dates, including a **London** concert, are still being set by promoter Henry Sellers.

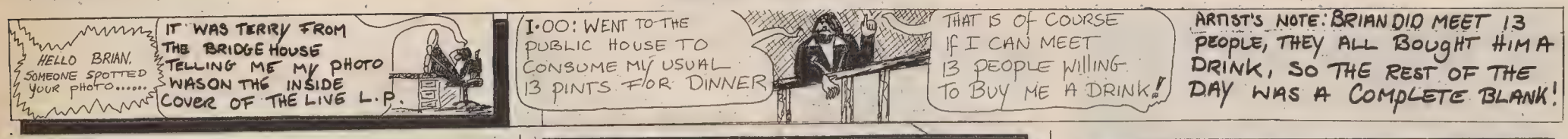
THE POP GROUP are undertakingt a series of four charity concerts, from which the profits will go to Amnesty International for the benefit of their Prisoners Of Conscience Week campaign (October 15-22). They play **Bristol** University (October 2), **Swansea** Circles (4), **Manchester** The Factory (8) and **London Camden** Electric Ballroom (12).

GILLAN, the new concise name for Ian Gillan's reshaped band, have lined up a few more gigs to follow their **London** debut at the Marquee tonight and tomorrow (28-29). They play **Northampton** County Ground (this Saturday), **Grays** University (October 4), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (6) and **Salford** University (8). Others are being finalised.

CRAZY CAVAN 'n' The Rhythm Rockers top a strong rock bill in an all-day event at **London Harlesden** Roxy Theatre on Saturday, November 11 (noon-11pm). Also appearing are Flying Saucers, Freddie 'Fingers' Lee, Riot Rockers, Gina & The Rockin' Rebels and special guest Wee Willie Harris. Advance tickets cost £3.25 from the Roxy box-office or by post from GMC Promotions (to whom cheques should be made payable), 29 Cambrian Way, Buckskin Lane, Basingstoke, Hants. On the day they will cost £4.

WIRE have slotted another couple of gigs to their extensive tour, which opens tomorrow (Friday). They are at **Colchester** Woods Centre (October 12) and **Nottingham** Sandpiper (23).

JOHNNY MATHIS has added two more **London** dates to his current British tour, following the complete sell-out of his Royal Albert Hall concerts — they are at the Palladium on October 24 and 25. Other confirmed Palladium headliners are Sammy Davis and Buddy Rich (October 27 week), Cleo Laine and John Dankworth (November 20 week) and Liza Minnelli (December 4 week).


HELLO BRIAN, SOMEONE SPOTTED YOUR PHOTO.....
IT WAS TERRY FROM THE BRIDGE HOUSE TELLING ME MY PHOTO WAS ON THE INSIDE COVER OF THE LIVE L.P.
I-OO: WENT TO THE PUBLIC HOUSE TO CONSUME MY USUAL 13 PINTS FOR DINNER
THAT IS OF COURSE IF I CAN MEET 13 PEOPLE WILLING TO BUY ME A DRINK!!
ARTIST'S NOTE: BRIAN DID MEET 13 PEOPLE, THEY ALL BOUGHT HIM A DRINK, SO THE REST OF THE DAY WAS A COMPLETE BLANK!

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY S.U.
S.A.C. presents
Friday, October 6th 8 pm-1.30 am
"This ain't no Freshers bop"
starring

MICK FARREN
and The Good Guys

LARRY WALLIS
Featuring
kicking out the Jams, London's own LIGHTNING RAIDERS
+ BRONZ and MR PUGH's Blue Show
(as featured in the latest Monty Python film JABBERWOCKY)
Films of Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin
Spectrum Lights Disco, Bar
The Mandalla Hall (Old Refec), Sussex University
Falmer, Sussex
S.U. only

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KOKOMO
MATUMBI
THE SINCEROS

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 1st OCTOBER at 5·30
ADMISSION £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

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THE ONLY ONES
+ special guests
Bram Tchaikovsky's Battleaxe
The Business
Sunday 1st October £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Real Records present

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Featuring Paul Cook, Steve Jones, Steve Marriot, Peter Perret and others (New Album — So Alone)
+ special guests
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Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

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+ Fischer Z The Physicals
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To coincide with the release of the **Live Album** the week will be repeated from this Friday, September 29th

Friday Sept. 29th **JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS**	Monday Oct 2nd ★ OLD FRIDAY FAVOURITES ★
Saturday Sept 30th **FILTHY McNASTY** *(Last gig as such)*	Tuesday Oct 3rd **JAM SESSION** with Rod De'Ath, Lou Martin, Steve Waller & Friends
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ZAINE GRIFF EVERY THURSDAY 30p
Catch the "Week at the Bridge" . . . and take It Home With You!

Play STATE ROCK

INJECTIONS
Thursday Sept 28th, GEORGE CANNING, BRIXTON
Thursday October 5th, PRINTERS DEVIL, UXBRIDGE
Friday October 6th, HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHALL
Saturday October 7th, OLD SWAN, FULHAM
Norman, where are you?
I've been looking for you all my life!

FAME

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Saturday September 30th at 8pm
ULTRAVOX!
+ Doll by Doll
Mary Jane Disco

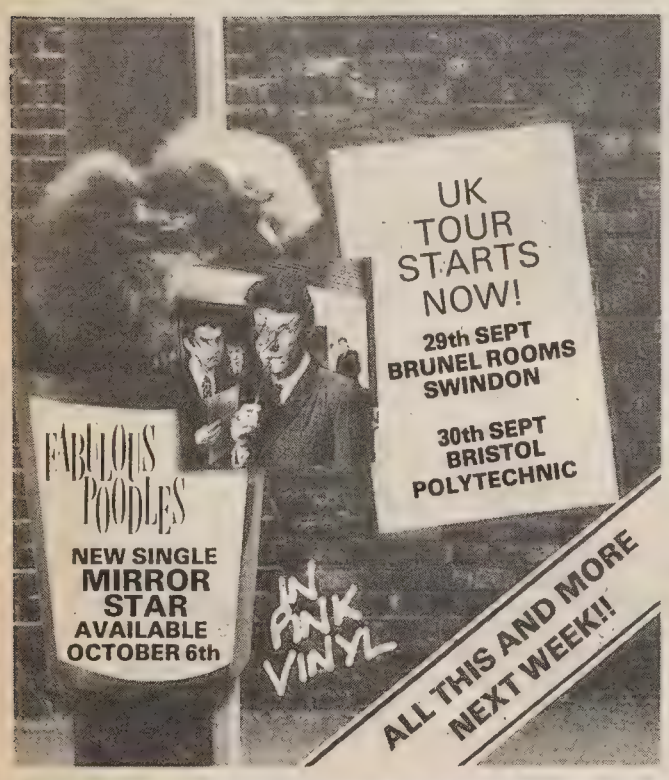
Saturday October 7th at 8pm
Dancing in the City with
MARSHALL HAIN
+ Capital Radio's
# ROGER SCOTT

Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511, or available on door
Saturday October 21st: The Hawklords (Hawkwind Lives!)
Dunstable Civic: Monday October 30th Judas Priest.

Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

THE
ACCELERATORS
Britain's most unfashionable band . . .
Thursday, September 28th — Newcastle-under-Lyme, El Syd's
Friday, September 29th — Stratford-on-Avon, Green Dragon
Saturday, September 30th — Bicester, The Nowhere Club
Monday, October 2nd — Preston, The Pear Tree
Tuesday, October 3rd — Liverpool, Havanna Club
Enquiries: 051-728 7639

DONCASTER
ROCK FESTIVAL SAT 7th OCT
AT THE 'FIRST AID' (THE CORNER OF BROXHOLME LANE AND NETHERHALL RD) 6.30 pm - 12.00 pm
ARMITIGE SHANKS
THE VIOD. THE PRAMS
JOHN KAY
KEVIN FITZPATRICK
TICKET 60p FROM 'FIRST AID' OR 70p AT THE DOOR


UK TOUR STARTS NOW!
29th SEPT BRUNEL ROOMS SWINDON
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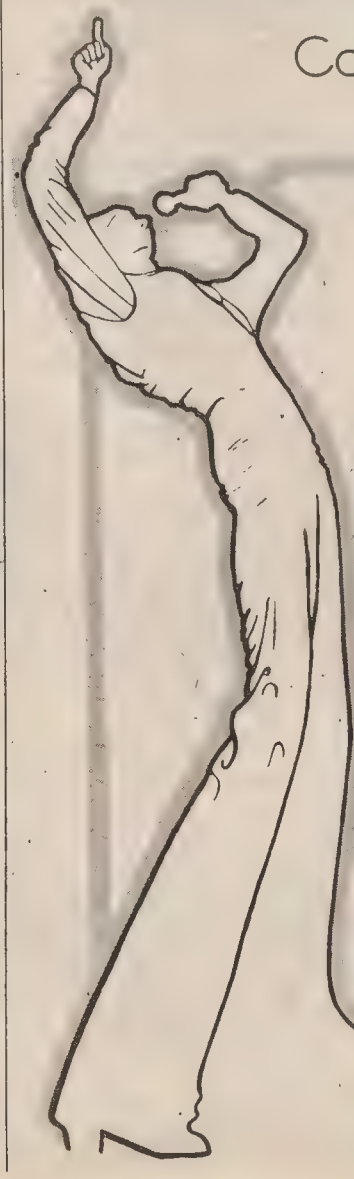
FABULOUS POODLES
NEW SINGLE MIRROR STAR AVAILABLE OCTOBER 6th
IN PINK VINYL
ALL THIS AND MORE NEXT WEEK!!

A.J.'s CLUB
High Street
LINCOLN
Thursday Sept 28th
VICE SQUAD
Saturday Sept 30th 9pm—2am
THE STRAITS
(All girl band, latest release Sacha Shoes)

at ACKLAM HALL
TERESA D'ABREU
PEARLY SPENCER
CRASS
FRI 29th SEPT '78

Capital Radio & Robert Paterson present



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IN CONCERT
London Palladium
(by arrangement with Louis Benjamin)
BY PUBLIC DEMAND
Four extra shows on October 11,12,13,14 at 8.00 p.m.
£10, £7.50, £5, £3.50
at Box Office (01-437 7373) and Agents
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD
with guests
SQUEEZE
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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SAT/SUN — 28/29 OCT, at 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (incl. VAT) available now from Box Office. Tel. 01-748 4081

BOGNOR ROCK
LITERARY JEMS No. 1
STAA MARX
Monday, Oct. 2nd
GOSPORT : John Peel
Tuesday, Oct. 3rd
BRIGHTON : Alhambra
Wed./Thurs., Oct. 4th/5th
WORTHING : Balmoral
"My old man's a breadman,
He wears a breadman's hat,
He don't give no bread mean,
So what do you think of that?"

Brunel University S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Telephone 39125
Wednesday October 4th
in the Kingdom Room
THE MOVIES
+ The Street Band
Tickets 80p at door
Friday October 6th
in the Kingdom Room
CADO BELLE
+ support
Tickets £1 in advance, £1.20 on door
Tickets available in advance from Social Secretary and City Electronics. Nearest tube Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

THURSDAYS - TRAFALGAR
SHEPHERDS BUSH PRECINCT
SATURDAYS - BLUE-COAT BOY
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JO BROADBERY & THE LOCAL OPERATOR
Rock Garden (TONITE) THURSDAY 28th SEPT.
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Trafalgar SHEPHERDS BUSH SAT 7th OCT.

R.G.K. Promotions present at the
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE, SOUTHMILL ROAD, BISHOP'S STORTFORD

October 4th	October 18th
AUTOGRAPHS + Little Bo Bitch	CGAS5 + Magnets
October 11th	October 25th
VIBRATORS + Skids	THE PLEASERS + The Banned

Advance tickets available from Box Office, tel. 56333

PEPPERS, HIGH WYCOMBE TOWN HALL
Friday September 29th at 7.30pm
MOTORHEAD
+ Lightning Raiders
(ex Pink Fairies)
Tickets at the door £1.70
Wednesday October 7th at 7.30pm
999
+ Razar
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Scorpion Records, or Venus Records, High Wycombe or Chiltern Sounds Marlow
Friday October 6th **THE STRAWBS**

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL **AYLESBURY**
Friday September 29th at 7.30pm
First night of British tour
STEEL PULSE
+ China Street
A.C. Sound and Vision
Tickets £1.95 from Earth Records, Aylesbury; Scorpion Records, High Wycombe; Hairport, Amersham; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F. L. Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; Discovery Records, Stratford-Upon-Avon (where?) or £1.95 at door on night (if available). Life membership 25p.
Tomorrow's what we're on about!

The GIG
Monday Oct 2nd
CRAWLER
+
CHAMPION SOUNDS: ERSKIN T
Thursday October 5th
DOOMED
Monday Oct. 9th
SUPERCHARGE
Thursday Oct 12th
SPLIT ENZ
8pm till 2am
Hurst St., Birmingham

NICKY TESCO and **THE MEMBERS**
invite you to Tesco's birthday and the members first anniversary
A GALA EVENING
at the
MOONLIGHT CLUB
Railway Hotel, W. Hampstead
On Tuesday 3rd October
Special guests include:
UK SUBS
THE PLANETS
Admission will be £1.00 or 95p
To those with suitable party head gear!
Come early! (Like Tesco)
Also catch the members at City Poly, Sat. Sept. 30th.

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16
01-226 5930

Thursday 28th September 1978	Free
TRANS AM	
Friday 29th Sept 1978	Free
YOUNG BUCKS	
Saturday 30th Sept 1978	50p
BIG CHIEF featuring Dick Heckstall Smith	
Sunday 1st Oct 1978	50p
AUTOGRAPHS	
Monday 2nd October 1978	Free
FAME	
Tuesday 3rd October 1978	Free
JAGS	
Wednesday 4th October 1978	Free
BENNY AND THE JETS	

RAPED
+ Support
at the
VAN GOGH
Paycocke Rd., Basildon, Essex
Monday, October 2nd
Admission: £1.00

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD

ACROSS: 1 Brian Wilson; 5 Sham (69); 7 "I Shall Be Released"; 8 (Paul) Simonon; 9 J J Cale; 10 "Hong Kong Garden"; 12 Francis Rossi; 14 (Steve) Cropper; 18 (Ronnie) Lane; 20 "Love Me Do"; 22 Del Shanon; 23 OGWT; 24 Physical (Graffiti). **DOWN:** 1 British Hustle; 2 Amazing Grace; 3 Wilko Johnson; 4 Siren; 5 Searchers; 6 Midge Ure; 9 Jarrow (Song); 11 Gospel; 13 Isley (Brothers); 15 Ronnie (Lane); 16 (John) Lennon; 17 (Jarrow) Song; 19 Noddy (Holder); 21 Paul (Simonon).

From page 26.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Garcia subscribes to *Scientific American* and *The Brain News:* "The transition of material reveals that you as an organism are continually breaking out. Wanting to produce living elements out of rock, say, arises from the surprise element . . . intelligence would rather be surprised . . . it's more delightful."

AROUND 9.30 pm the Dead take the stage for the third time. Bill Graham, who lent his enormous experience to the visit, introduces them.

It was Tom Wolfe who described the original Acid Tests in all their inspired glory. "(They) were one of those outrages, one of those scandals, that create a new life style or a new world view."

The sound of the Dead; he wrote, "went down so many microphones and hooked through so many mixers and variable lags and blew up in so many amplifiers and roiled around in so many speakers and fed back down so many microphones, it came on like a chemical refinery."

Twelve years on, they still create that brain-scrambling candy, "wholly new and delirously weird". Without the mammoth P.A. — Owsley's dream, long since dismantled and pawned to meet their debts — the Dead are nevertheless manufacturing a Sandoz laboratory of aural dimsensions refined to a purity that other rock and roll bands cannot comprehend. It's a painless anarchy of the senses, fathomless, intangible, scary and delightful.

No concert like a Grateful Dead concert? How could there be?

"Bertha" flows into "Good Lovin" and the sounds echo an unearthly resonance through cataracts of stone and timeless tunnels. Transfixing. The journeymen Dead Heads from the San Mateo, S.F.. New York, Relix Chapters are gooey on liquid dropper bottles, smoke passes down the line, the band sits on the beat. *"Look out, look out the Candyman, here he comes and he's gone again."*

Weir's slide is sliding, Garcia's custom style a magically sinuous spontaneous combustion next to his young pardner's perpetual motion Ibanaex gymnastics.

"Row Jimmy" sails through reggae time into shuffle and R&B and finally on-beat country. "El Paso" saddles up for "All New Mingleood Blues". Born in a desert, raised in a lion's den — Weir details his number one occupation and the rhythms break over the band. Even sleepy Keith Godchaux is wide awake ("and he always looks bored" — Weir) and hammering heaven and hell on a bar-room stool out of his now functioning piano.

Lesh rocks "Deal" on a running attack bass line, the band pushes itself beyond barriers. Donna Jean Godchaux's presence begins to make some sense.

For this final night Hamzad el Din and his back-up troupe come on at half time for the culture joining transitional piece. It's hypnotic, a 15-beat Nubian rejoicing. Garcia maps out the intro for "Fire", offering up a vocal of emotional enchantment.

A strange cache of hidden talents emerges during the disco-Dead "Shakedown Street", my Saturday night fever begins to take hold. The blips and fly-past chords settle into an evocation of the album cover, penned by wizard cartoonist Gilbert Shelton. Garcia troops them off, leaving Hart and Bill the drummer to visit some unknown places, a melange of percussive machinery . . . electronic slick drums, thumb pianos, wooden drums, steel drums, maraccas, timbales, the whole earth catalogue.

Owsley is proud of the Dead this night. The Merry Pranksters are going apeshit side stage. Chuck Kesey passes a pipe to Ken, who puts down his harmonica and his army of tapes and Super 16mm hand-held camera arsenal and plugs himself into the P.A.

Atop the stage Hagen and Zonker light up fireworks, girls with flowers in their hair scream and topple off their seats. Doc Strange looks on and laughs and suddenly the whole band is meandering like the tributaries of the Nile until they hit this one mammoth explosive quake of power, rising and subsiding with the vibration crawling up Cheops' grave. Shaking the sphinx, the Dead are "Truckin'" with the clarion call: *"What a long strange trip it's been"*.

Chuck gets his dues on "Around And Around", a perfect synch, moon, music, lunar pranking, the all-time solid stone band getting mileage twelve out of ten. The Ave favourite is encore. "One More Saturday Night", Weir's anthem, but not just any old Saturday night.

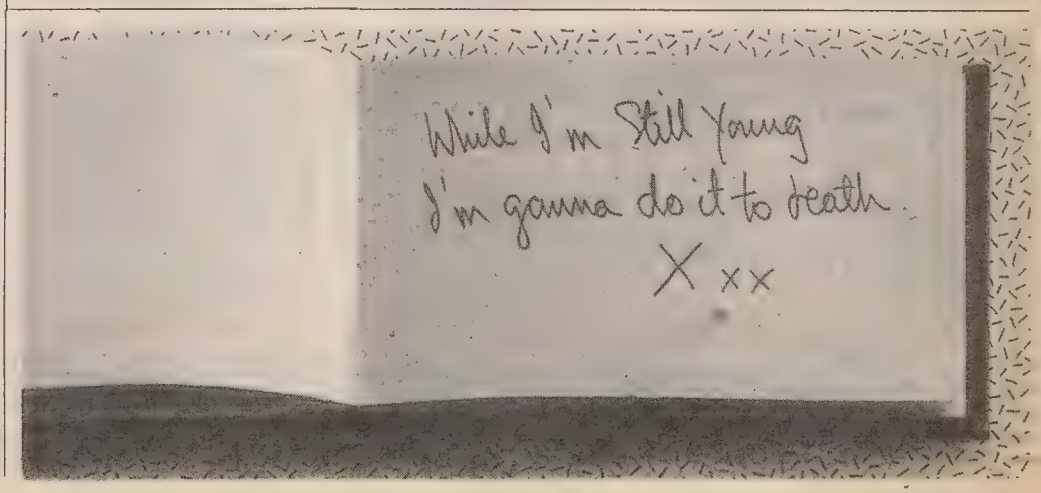
STUNNED AND I find myself back at Mena House. Lesh and Kesey are pumping each other up and down in the bar. The Big Prankster with the freckled granite rock-hewn body is yelling down Lesh's ear: "That was the Dead like the Dead, hey man! Fucking crazy — I can't believe it." Kesey packs his two beautiful daughters Shannon and Zane off to bed and disappears.

TEN MILES outside Giza is a place called Sahara City, a garish pot pourri of Western ranch outhouses where jaal goats rummage through the garbage and tiny cats scuttle by the Arabian stallions chasing sand fleas. Here Bill Graham is throwing a party for the band. A sultry belly dancer provides an antidote to some gloriously inept Egyptian renditions of old folks favourites.

Kesey and Garcia are rapping intently. Kesey regales Uncle Jerry with a cautionary tale of the Arab's choice love of money and the beauty of Luxor and the Sudan, next ports of call for those Dead members who like to collect ethnic examples at first hand.

As if to prove Kesey's point, Hart and Bill Graham have a race with trays of Tuborg and the promoter is mighty peeved when a gaggle of Arabs appear from nowhere and snaffle the lot. "What is it with these people?" Graham sighs to no one in particular. A large Angle roadie staggers to his feet and waves a bottle of Jack Daniels threateningly in the air like an iron club . . . "R'all yew guys sittin' round talking 'bout books?" he glowers. Kesey gets up and walks outside where the glimmer of a new dawn is peeking its first hot rays with an enticing balm.

People follow at random, magnetised by Kesey's cool. I slipped off down a scree and lit up in peace. Above me the clinking of cans mingled with the exhalations of myriad hash receptacles. Bedouin and Westerner cross the boundaries of ethos and nationality. Beneath me Weir, Krassner, Hart et al are racing steeds over the dunes. Gazing north the pyramids are revealed in their early morning splendour like the monuments from another planet Garcia had spoken of, dwarfing the horizon. The Intrepid Tripsters have me one toke over the line but when I pinch myself I'm still there Fatigue, exhiliaration and nausea fight for control, five days of solid living broil and mist in my head. And after all, the light's all shining and in the land of the night the ship of the sun is still drawn by the Grateful Dead.



ON THE TOWN

BRUDDERS BLAST OFF IN BELFAST

The Ramones

ULSTER HALL, BELFAST.
ONE-TWO-Free-Fouh!

The boys from the Bowery rocketed to Northern Ireland for the opening salvo of their fourth visit to Britain in two years. Twenty-six songs honed, polished and delivered in just under one hour. Shock treatment indeed.

It's easy to see why The Clash (Ulster's favourite band by a mile) rate the rock-starved kids of these six counties as the best audience in the world. Although I was assured that this gig was a mild rather than a wild affair by Belfast's own heady standards, they lapped up everything the band had to offer.

And it's not hard to see a reason for that either. It was The Ramones first trip to Belfast (a date there during their last tour had to be called off, the usual problems: venues, insurance) and seeing bands as good, original and inspiring/influential as this for the first time is an unforgettable experience. Ah yes, apeshit time. I remember it well.

Of course, the knives have been out on Da Brudders of late. And I, for one, wouldn't argue that any band who makes assholes of themselves in print the way The Ramones did at the end of Nannie Lester's *NME* piece last week don't deserve to come under the hammer.

But do things really change so much in the space of a year? The answer has to be no, they don't. The Ramones are still a great live group, and there'll most likely be gigs even better than this — at times a slightly restrained opener — on the present tour.

They've got a new drummer, but, basically, it's the same Ramones. The visuals, for a start, are just as expected; the Regal Eagle backdrop, the ripped jeans, the jackets — as old hat as the odour of stale Airfix. Joey even still brings the "Gabba Gabba Hey" banner on stage during "Pinhead".

But don't for one moment doubt that it's anything but peerless stuff.

Sure, everyone wants change. but, in a nutshell, if The Ramones were ever to drastically alter their music . . . well, they just wouldn't be The Ramones. simple as that. and that would be sad indeed. They're the exception that proves the rule.

However, any allegations that they don't care about the quality of their gigs are patently untrue. The Ulster Hall audience gob as if caught in a mid-1977 time warp, making it difficult for Johnny and Dee Dee to work the stage properly. But even on the slippery, salivered boards, they put in a whole lot of effort.

Rhythm guitarists with the flair and timing of Johnny Ramone — even if he did cock up the intro to "Surfer Bird" — are rare. Apart from one break in "Don't Come Close" (a disappointingly flaccid, flabby new single) this man is now practically alone in totally eschewing that deadly enemy of old, the guitar solo.

For sheer kamikaze malevolence, probably only Lurker Pete Stride approaches this sort of stuff.

After the set, in a moment of backstage weakness, Johnny himself came close to admitting that the "Road To Ruin" album was mixed down for American radio play. It sounds that way anyway, but, thankfully, the inimitable punch, pace and power of the blitzkreig live sound have yet to be bopped.

If Johnny is the headbanger, Joey is the geek; the beanpole with a nervous Cheshire Cat grin rocking gently on the mikestand until those sporadic, often hilarious, jumps, his voice, as ever, an updated harmonic Buddy Holly hiccup.

Then there's Marky, Marc Bell, the new Ramone. Hunched over the traps, he looks worried, but plays studiously. A more solid, faster (yeah, faster!) sticksman than Tommy.

Dee Dee just plugs away and shouts the obligatories (one/toofreefouh/) before each number.

Like the early Sex Pistols, The Ramones don't look like a rock band. Onstage they appear incompetent and inelegant to the casual observer, stumbling and fumbling in their movements, though only rarely in the actual playing.

The set is pretty much that of the last tour and the new year Rainbow gigs, with the addition of half a dozen songs from the decidedly weak new album.

Best moments are the highlights from their two bona fide classics, "Rocket" and the unsurpassed "Leave Home," although worth a mention is the bulldozing fanfare of the charging "California Sun", an extraspecially impressive moment and a blitzing Clash tour-style medley of old stuff towards the end — "Today Your Love", "Judy" and "Glue" making a magnificent three-pronged encore.

The Ramones, here today, gone tomorrow. Not on your life.
Why do I like them?
Just The Beat. Catch it.

Adrian Thrills

JOEY RAMONE. Pic: CHRIS HORLER

SCHOOL PREFECT WOWS OXFORD CHAPS

Tom Robinson Band

OXFORD, NEW THEATRE

IT'S AS if the entire audience has been put through a series of rigorous rehearsals. Like the way they do on TV where everyone responds on cue.

Tom Robinson is on stage all of five seconds. He claps his hands, and before you can say TRB, 99 per cent of the audience follow suit. Oxford are not only eating out of Tom Robinson's hands tonight (Saturday), they're also doing backward flips, standing on one leg and performing conjuring tricks for their hero.

Power in the darkness. Too right.

While the TRB's (sounds like some dumb British invention, doesn't it?) set has remained substantially the same this past year, his audience have — if Oxford is typical — become committed hyper-fans.

And I don't mean politically committed — for while a part of me is very pleased that Robinson (after all, no closet gay) can attract an audience of 'regular teenagers', one can't help wondering whether at least some of them will still discriminate against homosexuals after the gig.

It's like the racist Muhamad Ali syndrome: "I don't like blacks, but he's different".

Average age at Oxford must be around 16. And whether they realise it or not, the audience is here at least partially because of his views i.e. because they've been exploited by EMI Records, the media and Robinson himself.

But whether they go along with his worldview is another thing.

The major reason they're here, loosely knotted ties and all, is because the TRB are often a very exhilarating rock band and because Robinson, though an inadequate musician, is an engaging personality onstage.

Despite his seemingly eternal quest for working class credibility, his desire to be "one of the lads", Robinson's persona is that of an amiable school prefect, or your older brother whom you love very much. There's absolutely nothing threatening about him. Mum wouldn't object to your inviting him round for tea.

Which isn't to say he isn't powerful onstage. Because he is. Or that he hasn't been accepted by 'the lads'. 'Cause he has. In a big way. Miraculously Robinson projects the fun that has, and hopefully always will be, one of rock's trump cards, while simultaneously pointing out the defects manifest in today's society.

He doesn't do it with the wit and subtlety or humour of some of rock's more gifted performers, but for all his naivety and sloganeering, Robinson's concerts are enjoyable affairs. Above all else he's a good entertainer.

At Oxford a sense of community prevailed with none of the hostility or misguided aggression often on view at gigs in the capital.

Despite their musical conservatism (TRB sound exactly like a good late '60s rock band, and Danny Kustow plays more like Paul Kossoff than anyone else I've ever heard) the Tom Robinson Band are one of the best acts British rock has to offer in 1978. Even if they did make a duff album.

Steve Clarke

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
ON TOUR

September
28—LOUGHBOROUGH University
29—LONDON North London Polytechnic

October
1—LONDON Lyceum
4—NORWICH Boogie Club
5—LONDON Dingwalls
6—STAFFORD North Staff Polytechnic
7—PLYMOUTH Polytechnic
11—YORK Derwent College
13—RETFORD Porterhouse
14—HITCHIN College
16—EXETER Roots
20—LONDON Marquee
21—BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas
22—LONDON Rainbow
(supporting Van Halen)
23—MILTON KEYNES Crawford Club
26—BATELY Crumpets
27—MANCHESTER Mayflower
28—DERBY Lonsdale College
29—NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall
30—SWANSEA Circle

NEW SINGLE—
(SWAG 3/BRAM 1)

12"—
SARAH SMILES
TURN ON THE LIGHT
BLOODLINE
(Limited Edition RRP £1.49)
7"—
SARAH SMILES
TURN ON THE LIGHT
(RRP 85p)

Bram Tchaikovsky

SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO HAVE A DOMINEERING MOTHER . . .

Bette Midler
PALLADIUM, LONDON

BETTE MIDLER has a big ego to match her mouth, tits, and arse. It's easy to see why she appeals to gay chaps with domineering mothers.

As luck would have it, I found myself sitting next to a one-man Continental Baths. He applauded punctually and noisily at the start and finish of every song, laughed uproariously at every nuance of the script, and hissed sibilantly along to every chorus.

With friends like that, no performer needs enemies. Besides, Ms Midler is too much of a trouper to need that kind of cheer-leading. Her virtues rant loudly for themselves.

Every last paper in Fleet Street has given her a drooling review. The names of Streisand and Garland are mentioned gushingly in the same breath.

It seems to me that a more appropriate comparison might be Mae West, as the greater part of Midler's act is given over to bawdy humour delivered in a butch sort of way, out of the corner of her mouth.

Those critics who've applauded her irreverence towards showbiz tradition are essentially right. She's not

Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

quite Lenny Bruce, but this *is* the Palladium.

Sample joke: "My boyfriend said to me: 'You've got no tits and a tight box.' I said to him: 'Get off my back'."

Second sample joke: "I saw a sign in a window that said: 'Dressed crabs.' I thought: 'Holy Shit! The little fuckers are wearing clothes now'."

When Bette Midler did an American TV special, she lay on her back, lowered a bulbous microphone into her mouth, and said: "My favourite position".

Midler's vulgarity is clearly a force for the good. She also has a totally gross sense of bad taste.

One sequence of spoof songs from an Hawaiian musical features Midler dressed as a mermaid in an electric wheelchair with a palm tree attached to the back. So adept is Midler at the controls that she makes the wheelchair dance. Ironside was never in this league.

Less amusing were the jokey versions of songs from the '40s and '50s, like "Lullaby Of Broadway" and "Leader Of The Pack". Once you've heard one, you've heard the lot.

As a singer, Midler really scores with big ballads of vaguely rock origins. She accords Leon Russell's "Superstar" rather more pathos than The Carpenters managed, and her version of Dylan's "I Shall Be Released" almost aces Joe Cocker's classic reading.

The major snag with Midler's show is that she's on stage for two-and-a-half hours. After an hour, you begin to feel somewhat bludgeoned. By the final curtain, you're on the phone to Amnesty International.

Bob Edmands

PAINFUL PERFECTION

10 cc
WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON

"YOU CAN touch the magic tonight," claimed guitarist Eric Stewart.

10cc performed at Wembley Arena in front of 10,000 fans, concluding a truly memorable week for the group — number one in the single charts, number eight in the album chart, a position in the American chart, the finale of a hugely successful British tour.

They played an impeccable two-hour set for their adulating fans, astutely mixing old hits with songs from their new LP, "Bloody Tourists", and undoubtedly convinced sceptics that they are a *group*, not four sidemen propping original members Graham Gouldman and Stewart.

Each handsome member of the smart sextet contributed equal amounts of effort and craft.

The show was lavish, polished, stable. The sound was loud and beautifully mixed. Subtle lighting provided soothing visual variation, colourfully washing the cheerful musicians in alluring greens, blues and reds.

10cc were perfect!

Perfect by their own standards — standards that should be SMASHED! For they soften our minds.

The group over-excitedly opened with "Wall Street Shuffle", a once-charming ditty sterilised and deodorised, the harder and heavier parts bluntly emphasised for easy maximum effect. Other 'hits' were rendered over-developed and functional: "I'm Mandy Fly Me", "The Things We Do For Love" (or "the things we do for hits" as Stewart discreetly switched it, with cynical double bluffing), "Good Morning Judge", "Art For Art's Sake".

Hits for hits' sake were mixed in this performance with new album cuts to me even less attractive, even more sterile and laboured.

No mistakes, no naturalism, everything symmetrical, as meticulously laid out as the positioning of the speakers and potted plants at either side of the stage. Poppy, choppy heavy metal with gratuitous fanciness and intricacy. Popular muzak, the curse of the late '70s.

During the show, in front of 10,000 consciousnesses (stop and think about that), spot the naivity, hollowness, . . . sexism?

"We'd like to play one of our big hits," Stewart haltingly gushed. "We like big hits. Kate Bush has got big hits. Linda Ronstadt has got greatest hits." One example of an inane, clumsy attempt to be chummy'.

Notice the gross self-satisified acceptance of the position the group have been placed in by an affluent, easily and willingly moulded audience.

It's all conditioning . . . Cool air conditioning to make us feel 'comfortable'.

Half way through the set they delightedly play the lethargic shuffle "Dreadlock Holiday", introducing it by modestly thanking the faithful for putting it where it is. At the top.

Everyone roars in appreciation. At what, I'm not quite sure.

All through this 'big hit' the audience clap and respond appreciably more than they did before it, while afterwards the atmosphere systematically gets them drunk and proceedings build up to a peak of acclaim prior, during and after the end song of the set proper, "I'm Not In Love".

This latter almost psychedelic, almost sensuous, impressionist, fascinating song surfaced excitingly out of the rest of the impotence despite its sentimentality and coatings of sugar.

But sadly the sextet never exploit its tantalising speculations, and it drifts and pulsates, threatening, as turn of the century Russian composer Scriabin wildly anticipated, to dissolve into an aroma!

10cc's ultimate lack of imagination — beyond technical skill and versatility — was to me apparent at the end of "I'm Not In Love", where improvisation appeared to be the obvious development, with pathways begging exploration.

Instead they safely and dully extinguished the piece.

Compare this to the finely detailed extended jam of unbelievable cowardice and repetition at the end of 'Arts For Arts Sake'.

10cc. Complacent. Trivial. Perfection itself.

Paul Morley

Renaissance
Ian Matthews
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

COMPARED to a Renaissance audience, the average fan club convention must be objectivity itself. It was one of those do's where you felt a social leper knowing neither the tune nor its album of origin, inducing a feeling of acute alienation.

Yet, surprisingly, I quite enjoyed it. After all, it was Sunday evening and Renaissance's pomp-rock closely resembles the kind of costume drama I might otherwise have been watching. The transparent sincerity and commitment are somehow endearing.

Judging from the song titles, it was fortunate the lyrics were largely inaudible. "Day Of The Dreamer" was, we were told, "about a man's search for himself: it took a long time, so it's a long song." Halfway through, John Tout's piano signalled one of their arbitrary time changes and — holy cakes in the rain! — it was the upbeat section of "Macarthur Park" revisited.

Tout is the dominant figure. Michael Dunford's acoustic 12-string is largely inaudible, his electric work inconspicuous. Jon Camp (red trousers, bass and announcements) achieves a beautiful tone in the upper register, usually against a lush, synthesised backdrop, but succeeds mainly in highlighting Dunford's limitations.

Annie Haslam enters realms of asexual tonal purity unvisited since Jacqui McShee stopped singing with Pentangle, which is good news for fans of that sort of thing. Drummer Terence Sullivan alone reveals a rock 'n roll vocabulary, displaying sufficient latent funkiness to suggest he could do an Alan White in reverse and slot into a more terrestrial combo.

But I doubt it. To burst the cocoon of mutual admiration enveloping Renaissance and their audience would be akin to leaving the Civil Service to become an encylopaedia salesman. The longer you remain institutionalized, the harsher the outside world must seem.

Ian Matthews, supporting, gave notice that his stop-go career may at last be lurching decisively forward. Still boyish-looking, his patter was surprisingly assured for one absent from the boards for so long.

Phil Palmer (guitar) and Jim Russell (drums) remain from his album band, the line-up being completed by Joel Tepp (slide guitar), ex-Southern Comfort guitarist Mark Griffiths (bass) and Mick Weaver (keyboards).

Recording in England again seems to have done Matthews good. The overtly American flavour of his U.S.-made albums has been replaced by a more personal ambience, though Tepp owes a lot to David Lindley.

Jesse Winchester's "Payday" rocks hardest, with good piano from Weaver, but "Dancing Shoes" and a tautly percussive version of John Martyn's "Man In The Station" are distinctly infectious.

If he can avoid Eagles-type dirges like "King Of The Night", this man could yet give sensitivity a good name.

Harry George

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READY FOR THE SOUND OF THE '80s?

Strangeways

WAKEFIELD

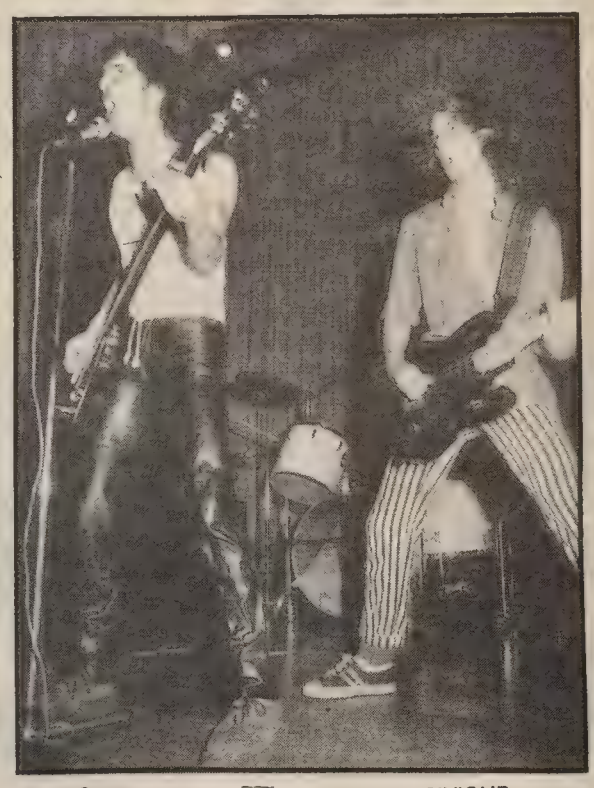
RETURNING TO their native Wakefield as a prelude to a more comprehensive national tour, Strangeways turned in another performance of musical authority and invention — this time for the partisans for whom they can do no wrong.

The band, newly signed to Real Records, features a fairly standard line-up of two guitars, bass and drums, with Ringo (Higginbottom — drums, naturally) the only one not taking a shot at lead vocals. Standard, but by no means stale — Ada Wilson and Bas Snaith share the lead riffs (although most of the rocks-off stuff goes to Snaith, while Ada comes more into his own on the six-string arpeggios).

Bob Marsden's bass is energetic but never erratic, executing scales with flair; Ringo drums with flourish. It's good all-action music — they make it look fun to play as well.

What's more, the competence of the musicianship is not (as so often happens) undermined by shortcomings on the vocal front — in fact, the standard of singing is a positiive strength. Bob, Bas and Ada can all trot out a tasty tune, and when not actually to the fore, can adapt to neat Lennon/Mac/Beach Boy harmonies.

The majority of their material is original, ranging from the disappointing (and critically written-off) power pop single "Show Her You Care" and 'Stranglers rip-off' "Losing My Control" to the subtler, more melodic "Don't Say It" (somewhat reminiscent of the Kursaals) and the reflective, tunefully heavy, "The City".



STRANGEWAYS. Pic: CHRISTINE SIVIOUR.

Not all the songs work — some are too obviously derivative, some amazingly banal, and sometimes Ada's lyrics strive over-energetically for the poetic. But enough of the material (especially "Scapegoats", "Shine On" and "Don't Say It") testifies to the band's wit and ingenuity, suggesting that here are the seeds of a talent which must surely grow.

As yet there might be a lack of overall commitment to finesse. Bas Snaith — who *says* he's not Peter Frampton's younger brother, but take a look, see what you think — can look a shade awkward as he spreadeagles himself mid-air, while the others occasionally look a little stilted in their various stances.

But there is more than enough fluency in the music to compensate. By the time they concluded the set with a (can you believe?) *valid* re-work of The Archies' "Sugar, Sugar", and a delightfully exuberant "Route 66" jam, there was a decided momentum about the performance — which still lingered about the Unity Hall as the boys hopped off the stage and picked up their pints.

Perhaps it's too early to talk about post-New Wave music, but it does seem that in Strangeways we have a young band who could well make a positive and original contribution to the catalogue of the '80s.

Heard it all before? Go buy yourself a course in credulity.

Emma Ruth

Simon Townshend Band

GOLDEN LION, FULHAM

PETE TOWNSHEND's flirtation with keyboard synthesizers has emerged as a fully-fledged love affair in his young brother Simon, making it the dominant instrument in his highly polished five-piece.

Fronted by Ian Hunter-type vocalist Graeme Tarrant the band moved at a measured pace through a dozen songs, all jointly composed, some of which suffered from the customarily God-awful pub sound and some stage business which went off at half cock.

Genesis and Yes unavoidably crop up by way of musical references, which is a pity as there is enough talent on display to suggest a departure into something really original. As it is, the songs are *all* multi-tempoed, the lyrics laboured and pretentious and the excitement dissipated through indulgence.

Many of the numbers sounded like derivative medleys, a touch of Yes here, a shade of Roxy there, and sprinklings of Floyd and Santana for variety. And the rhythm section comprising Pat Ahern (drums), Tony Butler (bass) and David Bowles (rhythm and lead guitar) went to a lot of trouble to display their polyrhythmic versatility.

"Flyaway" awas the only vaguely hummable tune (just as well as they've chosen it as their potential single) and "Candlelight" with its Osibisa percussion finale had some sort of cohesive power. It got a second airing as an encore at any rate.

Individually, they're more than competent. Townshend has an undeniable understanding of keyboard dynamics, piling structures like upside-down pyramids; and the group, especially the drummer, would not be outmatched in many of the big-league groups.

But they lack that dark energy that is always the deciding factor.

It's a tough life as a younger brother.

Neil Norman

Cuban Heels

BURNS HOWFF, GLASGOW

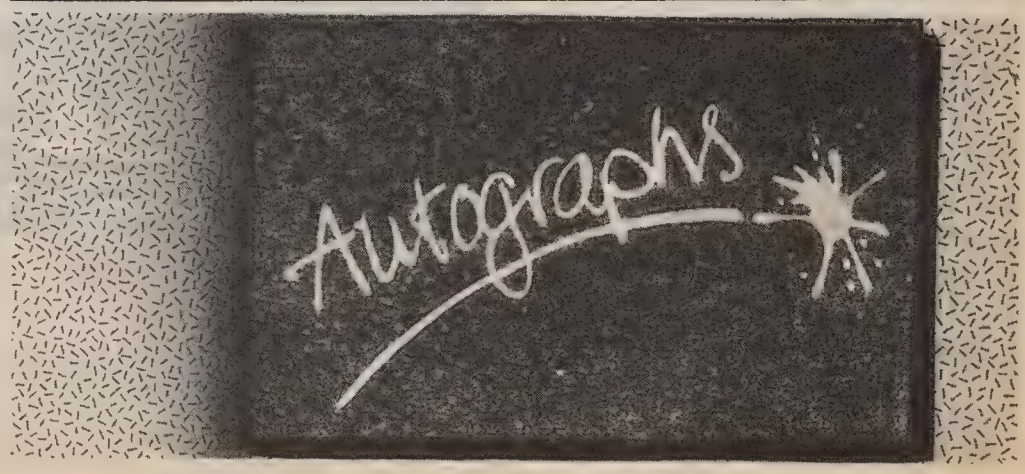
BUSINESS CONSPIRACIES force us into the bars instead of concert halls of Glasgow, but fortunately local bands are queing up to play in the handful of pubs which let them.

Scotland's best bands (Rezellos, Skids) are the ones which make some sense of the term 'power pop'. And, although lacking the trash panache of the former or the latter's excellent songs, The Cuban Heels are another.

They're also another band with immaculate taste in oldies ("Matthew And Son", Petula Clarke's "Downtown"), although these songs lack wit or, possibly, affection in performance. Don't be a comedy band, but have a sense of humour and you'll be stars, guys.

They have style, too. John Malarky (vocals, Jackie Pallo hairstyle) twitches well and, even though all except guitarist Laurie Cuffe have given up trying to look like their cartoon logo.

Glenn Gibson



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Reggae Festival

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WHAT A NICE way to spend a warm, jolly Saturday. Dally down Ally Pally to feast on the wonderous delights of an eight-hour reggae spectacular featuring all the home-grown greats of British roots rock music.

Matumbi, Cimarons, Aswad and 15, 16, 17 all on the same bill along with no less than four heavy sound systems. Dreader than dread! An all-day licensed bar and a pile of delicious Jamaican nosh. King Sounds is to compere. Spend one day inna Ally Pally and see what I see.

God, we need an event like this to prove to John Public that reggae events are, contrary to popular *realist* opinion, tightly organised well-run funtimes.

WH'APPEN?

Yout' hangin about (waitin'). Pic: MURPHY/HERSHMAN

Get there an hour late (you know, give them a little head-start). No action, and now it's nearly opening time for the Ally Pally pub round the corner. Yes, that's *two and a half hours after the official start.*

Never mind, we've got till midnight. Who's ina hurry? Relax!

What's that faint noise in the distance? It's Coxsone! Well what d'you expect — a million watts?

Commotion — King Sounds announces in a stream of "Blood Claaat's" that **15, 16, 17** will not be playing because, apparently, the promoter has punched manager Castro Brown in the gob.

At last **Aswad** come on stage and jam some excellent jazz tinged free-form reggae. Inventive isn't the word!

They streamline into "Natural Progression". Slow haunting, great. But what's this? Not more sound problems? — they won't leave Aswad alone, these gremlins. No — the plugs have been pulled out. It's Aswad's PA, and manager Mickey Campbell has had some trouble, probably feels bad about the Castro incident to boot. They pull out also. No P.A.

More commotion near the door. "E.L.O." T-shirted bouncers run amock. Punters follow. Everyone rushes to the tall glass entrance doors. There's fighting — calls of "He's got a knife", "He's got a gun," fill the air.

The "E.L.O." top-notchers are fiddling mad with their walkie-talkies. They start running to a sidedoor. St John's Ambulance men follow them everywhere, just in case the blood begins to flow.

Still no live music. Eventually, the punters get really pissed off. There's an announcement that the man has run off with the takings. Hence the remaining two bands, Cims and Matumbi, won't get paid. Cims pull out as a result.

"I want my money back. This is a farce."

I talk to a few mature couples, as irate as the youth about it all.

What seems like hours passes (it *is* hours). The people have been throwing beer cans and stuff at the stage in sheer frustration. Loads of people have wandered in the door, open for all to enter. A free-for-all.

At five minutes to eleven, seven hours after the promised start, we get live music. Matumbi hit the stage, in a surprisingly happy mood. I'm numbed by the sheer unreality of it all.

They've added trombone and sax since I last saw them, to great effect. They play nine songs (could be more but I left during the first encore — how much more can a mere mortal take?). They played like the masters they are. "Guide Us", "Music In The Air", "Money", "After Tonight", "Rock", "Rocksteady", "Bluebeat And Ska" and a few numbers off the forthcoming "Seven Seals" album.

They made us smile for a short while, but how could they possibly erase the memory of what had gone before? Thank you, Matumbi for almost saving the day.

John Gray

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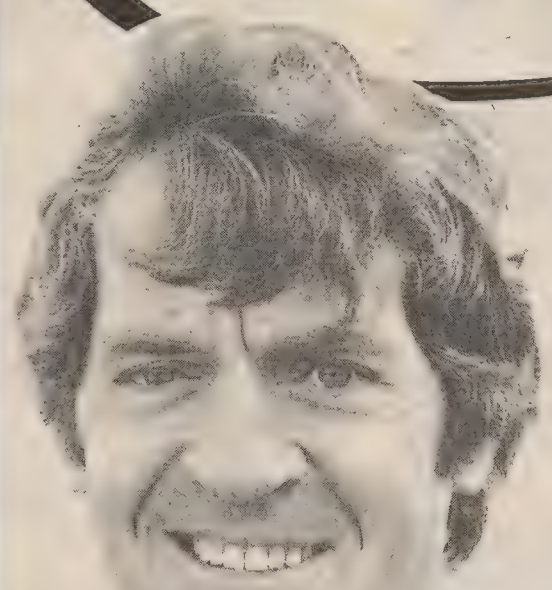

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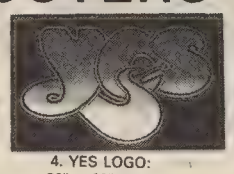
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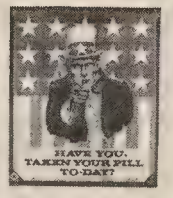

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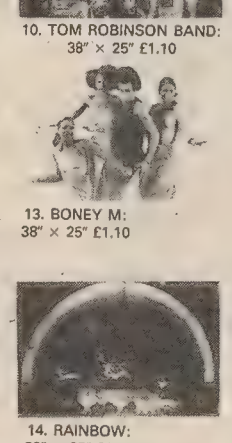
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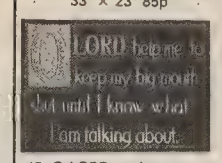

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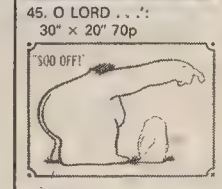

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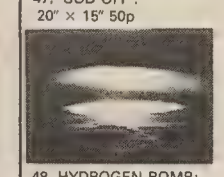
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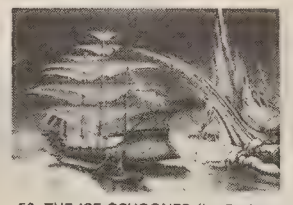
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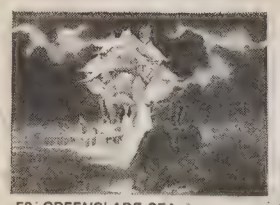
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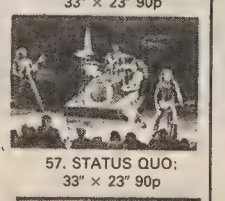
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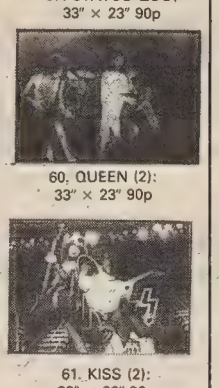
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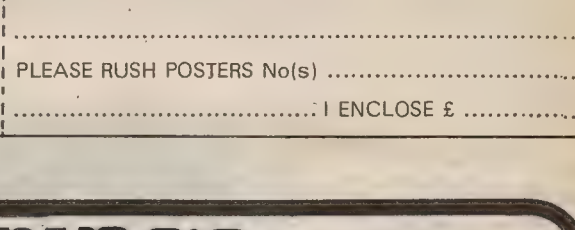
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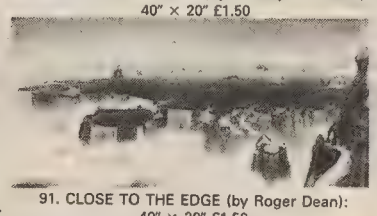
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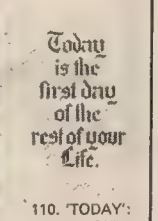

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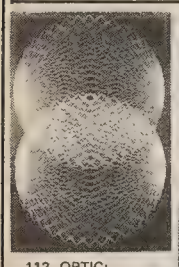
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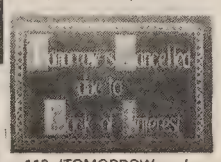

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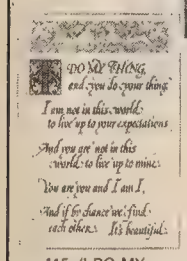
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and you do your thing
I am not in this world
to live up to your expectations
And you are not in this
world to live up to mine
You are you and I am I
And if by chance we find
each other It's beautiful
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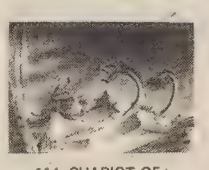
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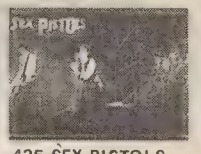

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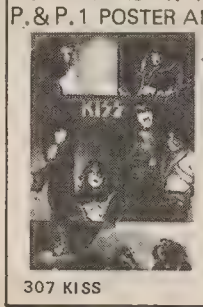

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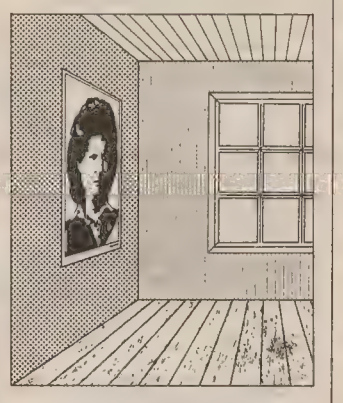

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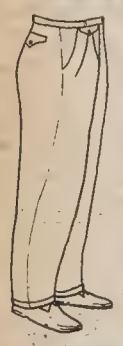

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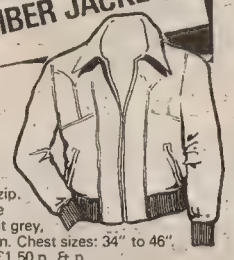

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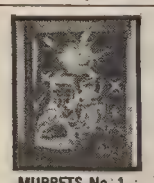

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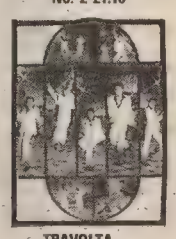

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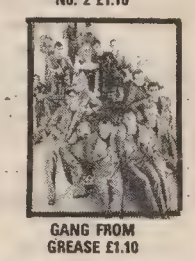

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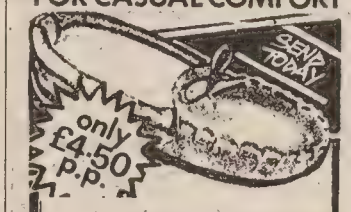

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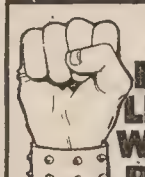

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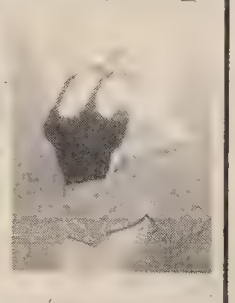

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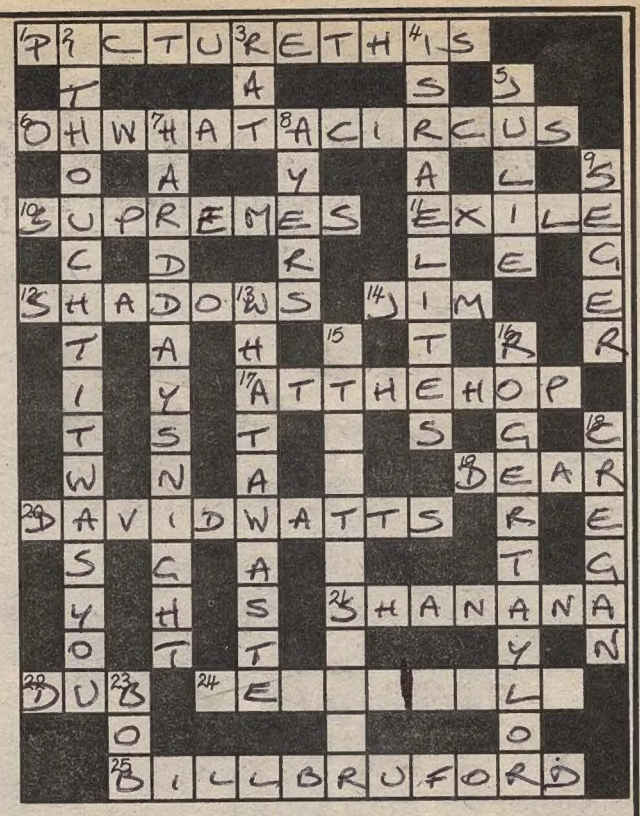

ACROSS

1 An invitation from Debbie Harry?! (7,4)
5 Oh what a crappy record! Hit 45 from your favourite Fascist musical! (2,4,1,6)
10 Formed by three Detroit high school friends who originally called themselves The Primettes
12 They've got a chart hit with "Kiss You All Over"
13 Hank Marvin, Jim Prior, Bruce Welch, Keith Joseph, Brian Bennett, Willie Whitelaw, etc!
14 & 18 Bassist with the last Family line-up, he subsequently joined Rod Stewart's band via a spell in Cockney Rebel.
17 Recently re-released, Danny & The Juniors' r'n'r classic (2,3,3)
19 Blondie reprise: Whose presence was Debbie always touched by?
23 Written by Ray Davies, recorded by The Jam (5,5)
25 U.S. r'n'r revivalists who hold the distinction (sic) of featuring in both "Woodstock" *and* "Grease" (3,2,2)
26 As in, *"Arise Sir Upsetter"!?*
24 Leader of the J Geils Band who married Faye Dunaway (5,4)
22 Former Yes and King Crimson drummer currently in the UK (the band that is, not the land mass!) (4,7)

DOWN

1 Now it's Herbie Hancock's turn to go disco! (1,7,2,3,3)
2 Norvegicus or Scabies
3 Desmond Dekker's reggae No 1, circa '69
4 Gordon the Moron took her away from Jilted John
5 The Fab Four's first wacky movie (4,4,5)
6 Kevin of "Yes We Have No Mananas . . ."
9 See 23
11 *Could 'ave bin a writer wiv a growin' reputation, could 'ave bin a ticket clerk on Fulham Railway Station . . .* Career opportunities the Ian Dury way! (4,1,5)
15 Tangerine Dream elpee
16 Drummer with Queen whose namesake was/is a smarmy British tennis star — if that's not a contradiction in terms! (5,6)
18 See 14
20 & 9 His albums include "Beautiful Loser" and "Live Bullet"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS P.50

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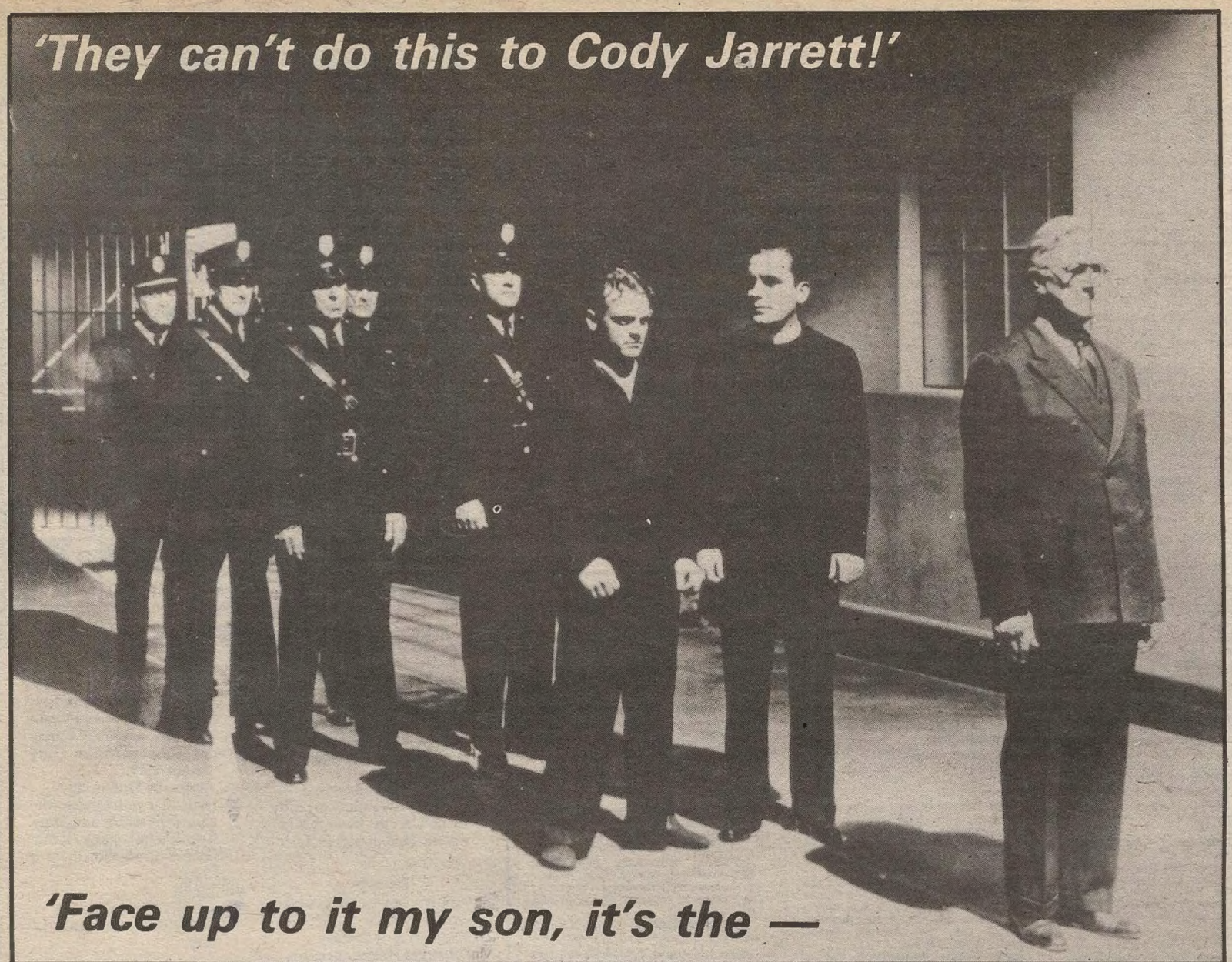

Gas Bag For You!!'

HAVING BOUGHT the *NME* now for more years than I care to remember, it strikes me that when someone first gains some notoriety and you like them, you tend to heap lavish praise on them. Once the band has become established and popular, your lavish praise becomes lavish criticism. Recently you've done this to Tom Robinson, Elvis Costello, Patti Smith, Blondie, The Sex Pistols and The Stranglers. I suppose it's only a matter of time before you treat The Clash and The Rezillos in the same way.

Now, I don't suppose that this matters very much. After all, it's only pop music, and unless your value system is rather unusual, listening to records isn't going to make much difference to anybody's life.

However, when the *NME* starts espousing political opinions, for instance, in relation to the Anti-Nazi League, and starts sticking them in amongst the entertaining trivia with which it deals quite adequately, I get scared. How long will it be before the leftish humanitarian ideals you're now proclaiming become unfashionable? Pop music doesn't matter. The *NME* doesn't matter (except to you).

Stick to pop music.

ANON

Ouch! Yes, I take your point, and sometimes think it's a self-defeating context for commitment. No, I can't give you a forecast. Mostly, I hope for a points win: some of it will stick — B.C.

IT COST ME at least three quid to get down to Rye for the Carnival last Saturday, which is nearly two weeks pocket-money to me and therefore a lot, but I thought it'd be worth it to see The Flys. We buggered about all afternoon till The Flys came on about six, when suddenly we realised that all the punks — and there were few enough to begin with — had quietly crept away, leaving us, two girls and two blokes, and what seemed like 50 greasers-cum-teds.

Oh well, it doesn't matter, that ted versus punk thing's over now, we thought merrily. Then one of the boys in blue came up and warned us to get out because a girl punk had just had her ear cut up. A few bewildered glances and feeble smiles later, we were walking up the road to the station — but the bastards were everywhere, on street corners, at the station.

They followed us into pubs and my nerves were in shreds. Luckily, a police car was by the station, so we managed to get on the train — where we found the punks who had left earlier — and get home under shouts of abuse.

Thank you Elvis fans for making my day a little bit happier. I missed 90% of The Flys' set because of you, was scared out of my mind and really terrified for us girls. I'm sure you'd have beaten us up as soon as look at us.

A PUNKETTE, Margate.

Would it help to say you've made a happy man very old? — B.C.

I'M PISSED OFF at hearing and reading so much shit on the subject of sexism. The section of society who are really repressed are not women but ugly people. It's not their fault that they were born that way, yet society is so structured that they are endlessly persecuted and without a hope of real happiness.

AN AVERAGE-LOOKING STUDENT, Coventry

I am not secure enough to be compassionate, as Monty just threw up in his hand when I said hello. — B.C.

TO EVERY Bryan Ferry fan, or ex-Bryan Ferry fan: you just read this. You are the most ungrateful sods around. Bryan Ferry gives you bloody good music for five years, and you repay him by not buying his records, and he works damn hard on his records. His latest two singles did not go well, not because you did not like his records — it's just that you are a load of shit.

You have betrayed him just because he has not been with Roxy Music for two years. Is this the way to repay him?

Who would pay £397 a night for a room? He didn't — it was just the media that made him out to be a posh sod. He is not. When he is not doing concerts and making LPs, he's thinking of new music for sods like you. And, by the way, he is making a new Roxy Music LP NOT for the money, but for you sods out there.

Just to end with, while he was making his new LP, he and the rest of the crew started crying as his music touched them and Bryan — and that shows how much Bryan Ferry puts into his music.

P. PHILIPS, Birchington, Kent.

One of the most silkily persuasive arguments I've ever encountered. I only hope it isn't too late to make amends, and I'll certainly make every effort to find out who he is. — B.C.

IT HAS been a year since Marc passed away, so please print this poem for him so that he will know that we still love him.

If tears could build a stairway
And memories a lane,
I would walk all the way to heaven
To bring Marc back again.
But love in death should let us see
What love in life should really be,
And if roses grow in heaven, Lord
Please pick Marc a bunch for me.

MITCH, Lanchester, Durham.

I don't know that it works that way, Mitch, but just in case, would you settle for radishes? B.C.

NO, NO, NO, no! Please let us keep the paper that used to have such choice snippets for us occultists free of statements like Ian Penman's, that "Aleister Crowley was a Black Magician and all-round excessively malignant guy".

Fair enough, people who chose to be close to him did tend to crack up, not through his malignancy, but through their inability to understand and contain the force with which he worked.

Hitler was a black magician, Crowley was an untogether magician — and also a shit-hot astrologer. I'm sure the difference between the two should be studied and understood — particularly in this confusing and unsettled City Age. I'm sure that if Ian Penman and others bothered to spend their time finding out about the motives of magicians, they'd not only change their tune about Aleister Crowley, but also be better equipped to appreciate music, or that part of the human soul from which it comes.

COLONEL ALOSTRAEL BLINK, St. Ives, Cornwall.

ALEISTER CROWLEY was not a Christian. As Satanism is a Christian heresy, Crowley was not a Satanist or Black Magician. His magical system was complex, but honours above all Nuit or Nu, Goddess of infinite space, followed by Hadit, "the point of concentration within infinite space", then a curious deity, Ra Hoor Khuit who is also Hoor Paar Kraat, which combined personality is Herv Ra-Ha, a sort of blend of the old Egyptian God-brothers Horus and Set.

Finally, Therion and Babalon, the Beast 666 (Crowley himself and his successors in the office of Prince-Priest) and the Great Whore, Babalon (Crowley's many mistresses took this role and he did indeed treat them foully, with the swaggering confidence of the nineteenth century born-and-bred M.C.P-Crowley was all for women's lib in theory, but in practice he was sadly lacking).

Nevertheless, Crowley's "Satanism" was confined to his reaction against his puritan upbringing, and his later occult studies transcended this position. He ascribed fear of Satan to what he saw as the pathological timidity and self-mistrust of the Christians, and identified this cosmic principle as Set-Shaitan/Aiwaz — the solar-phallic goat-god Pan, hated by the antisexual Puritan Christian tradition, but not in the least evil from Crowley's point of view.

He was never head of the Order of the Golden Dawn. He left after a leadership crisis in the early years of the century, forming his own order, the Argenteum Astrum, and became involved in the Ords Templi Orientis which practised sexual magic similar to Tantric Buddhism.

In conclusion, I find it astonishing that *NME*, a paper supposedly supporting rock musicians who are dissenters against authority, should perpetuate these hoary half-truths about a man who believed in everyone's right to live in the way they chose, free of authoritarian interference. Surely Crowley was an early torchbearer of the spirit of dissent and mistrust of the orthodox that has found its flowering in the youth culture of the last ten years. Whatever his faults, he deserves our respect as a forefather.

TANKMISSIMUS, Hambley, Hants.

I never even fathomed Tommy Cooper. — B.C.

FED UP with the loutish behaviour and the comments against society of vile little safety-pin festooned punk rockers, I turned to the great classical masters for some clean fun.

Well! Imagine my shock when I found Beethoven was a naughty man! Yes, he was a self-confessed hater of the aristocracy, though he did have to rely on them for financial backing. There is worse to come, for Beethoven used nasty words! For example he said to one reviewer, "Was ich scheisse, ist besser als was sie schreibt", or "what I" — here he uses a naughty form of poo-poo, which I daren't mention — "is better than what you write".

Gosh! Now I've become very confused because I'm sure I've heard something like this before, but for the life of me, I cannot think where.

A. BEETHOVEN PISTON

This poo-poo — anything to do with his last movement? I'm groping here. — B.C.

DEAR ROD STEWART, We have a photograph of you on a Californian street with your flies undone. I am sure you would pay highly for the negatives.

M. CLIBURN & CHRIS CORP, Reading, Berks.

No. Done up are rarer.— B.C.

I KNOW I'm an ignorant bastard, but as it was mentioned twice in the Tubes articles last week, what does S/M mean? I do realise how unhip and uncool I am not to know — still, you must admit I'm pretty groovy to use words such as "hip" and "cool", eh, eh?

A. K.A. PELLO

It's an abbreviation for Sunny Murray, a music journalist's shorthand for quality drumming. What are Tubes?— B.C.

I HAVE wanted to write to you for some time now. Unfortunately, this has not been possible until today. Before today, I found that I couldn't put into words what I felt I had to say to you, but at last I have overcome that final barrier.

AVON

C'mon bashful, you can tell me — you're Laurence Sterne ain't ya? — B.C.

I USED to think that the letters printed in your musical paper were written by members of your own staff. However, I now know that I was wrong.

MARK HELFOND, Hendon, London.

Thought the felt-tip would fool me, eh Monty? — B.C.

I WAS extremely annoyed to read in your *T-ZERS* page, 16th September, that the Move are re-forming — and especially at the way in which you hinted that this would be a "money-making scheme". This resulted in me receiving a barrage of embarrassing phone calls and letters during the past week.

I don't know where you usually obtain your information, but you must seriously ask yourself if he is the right man for the job.

If any such re-formation had been imminent, I have certainly not been told about it — neither has Rick Price nor Trevor Burton, and I still socialise with both of them. In fact, we wouldn't consider the idea for all the tea in Scunthorpe. Even though I have not seen Jeff Lynne or Bev Bevan for some time, I can positively say that they would feel the same way, as the whole thing would be pointless — and they certainly don't need it!

I have, on the other hand, been approached to produce a record for Carl Wayne. This depends entirely on the time factor, as I have just finished a new album with my band, Wizzo, and we intend to have another one ready before Christmas. I will also possibly be working with The Rezillos.

I hope this letter has helped to clear this matter up. Please try to get your facts right, or phone me — everybody else has!

ROY WOOD, Worcestershire

Roy Carr has owned up, Roy, and we've all spanked his ample botty. "A really reliable source told me," whined Roy (not you, our one) — apparently it was the last thing he heard before passing out. Sorry. — B.C.

Edited by BRIAN CASE All Home Office pardons to G. Bag, 5/7 Carnaby St., London W1.

GRATEFUL DEAD roadies cheer the arrival of their bonus payments — a pack of Camel cigarettes (not a fart in a cartload, is the proud boast), though we suspect the fine gentleman in the fez has partaken of something a mite stronger. The truck is by British Leyland, the pic by ADRIAN BOOT, and all will be revealed in MAX BELL's Egyptian epic on pages 24-26.

T-ZERS

WAVES ALOHA

STAND BY FOR A Christmas Day blitz from Finsbury Park's most famous ex-inhabitant, **J Lyndon** esquire. *T-zers* understands The Rainbow has filed an application for Johnny Lydon's **Public Image** to take the boards at the Finsbury Park theatre on December 25. The application is being considered today (Thursday). *T-zers* awaits their decision with baited breath, though trusts it'll be the right one . . .

In the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*, **Pete Townshend** describes Lydon as "like a white **Jimi Hendrix.**" Talking about the first time he met Lydon, Pete said: "I can't explain it. Just the feeling of being in the presence of someone that's really great. And who isn't gonna compromise". You should hear what he says about you Pete . . .

Ironically, both *Stone* and *Creem* carried **Who** cover stories the week of **Keith Moon's** death. Wrote *Rolling Stone's* **Dave Marsh:** "Moon seems to be on the way to recovery from whatever physical and mental demons have plagued him" . . .

Bruce Springsteen outrageously magnificent at New York's Palladium for three consecutive nights last week. Bruce played for nearly four hours on closing night, and left the audience, including *NME's* **Tony Parsons,** howling for more. Bruce collapsed after the show. . .

Glad to see there's some sense left within the pages of our popular press. Writing about the weekend's **Anti-Nazi League** Carnival in Monday's *Daily Mirror*, master novelist **Keith Waterhouse,** wrote, in typically sardonic fashion: "What the Anit-Nazi League is riddled and infested with is a manifestation of that new social class I once identified as the Polycracy. It transcends all the old boundaries of accent, upbringing or postal district, laughs at the supposed difference between one shade of skin and another, is impatient of orthodox politics and has a naive habit of saying what it means." If only more thought like that . .

Meanwhile, back in trivialand. **Elvis Presley's** Corvair jet, which he bought for a cool $1m, has been bought for $4m by a Las Vegas doctor. He plans to turn the place into a tourist attraction to raise money for an Elvis Presley Heart Clinic in London . . .

With peerless crassness, the latest ish of America's *National Enquirer* (it makes the *Sun* look like *New Society* — well almost) devotes its cover story to how a medium made contact with The King's spirit. Criticising Presleyploitation, 'Elvis' said: "They're like wolves. This is like a sideshow, a zoo." Expect triple live set soon . . .

More from the land where Krass Is Kool. On the night of **Keith Moon's** death, fierce competition from radio stations eager to present "the ultimate Keith Moon tribute". . .

RAR "furious" with police estimates of 25,000 at Carnival. They say Lambeth council's official estimate was 105,000. Our man **Graham Lock** split the difference and settled for 50,000 — for report, see *Thrills*. . .

Neil Young's "Comes A Time" still conspicuously absent from record shops, and in LA Young has been presented with a gold acetate award for test pressings in excess of half a million units. Neil didn't like the quality of the Continental pressing and demanded that several hundred thousand of them be melted down. . .

Almost, but not quite. When DJ spun **Clash's** "White Riot" in Paris punk palace The Bataclan, the Parisian Punks sang "Quiet Riot". As for the lads themselves: **Topper Headon** and **Paul Simonon** have now flown to the Rotten Apple to join **Jones** and **Strummer** where they're busy aggravating **Sandy Pearlman** in the Record Plant studios. Whilst in town, they visited CBGBs where their bar bill was picked up by club owner **Hilly Kristal.** "Lisshen," slurred Hilly, "if yashe guyshe play a shett here ya can *own* the goddamn joint!" The Clash declined the offer. While at CBGB's The Clash were impressed by the **B-Girls.** the following night less ecstatic about **Richard Hell.** Hell, incidentaly, is splitting Sire and giving a heavy come-on to **Rolling Stones** Records *(He'll be lucky — Non-nihilistic Ed.)* . . .

Needless to say, The Clash are totally bemused by the **Bernie Rhodes** stories that have been appearing in the press since their arrival in America. Re Rhodes' remarks about The Clash dumping the Roxy date in protest against the lack of airplay on British radio, Strummer said: "We didn't know about that Roxy date. That's just Bernie". Added Jones: "As far as I know, we're going on the road as soon as we get back to England" . . .

Cartoon by STEVE BELL

According to Strummer, Rhodes says he's going to collaborate with **Malcolm McLaren** on a group called **The Black Arabs.**

And the final word on these shenanigans. Just what is McLaren doing in NYC having talks with RCA? Selling the Pistols or has Malc already moved on to The Black Arabs? .

Still In Noo Yawk, not everyone is glad to see **Johnny Thunders** and Co, back in town. Seems that not all are pleased with their habits . . .

John Turnbull, guitarist with **The Blockheads,** is now missing a cassette player and his black/dark cherry Gibson SG Special, number 969973. The guitar, stolen from his Crouch End home, was given to him three years ago by **Pete Townshend.** A reward is offered for its return. Those with any information should ring 01 229 8211. . .

This week's RIPs. **Tanz Der Youth,** the band **Brian James** formed after **The Damned's** demise, have ceased to exist. Refusal to work unless a heavy advance was forthcoming was the cause. James's future is uncertain, but *T-Zers* hopes he can resist all temptation to reunite with his old comrades in The Doomed. Other dole queue candidates are the **Hugh Cornwell**-produced **Leila and The Snakes.** After mass walk-out, all that remains of the combo are Leila and her guitar player. **Moss Evans** was unavailable for comment . . .

Still, it's not all loss and heartbreak in the land where the plectrum is king. Down Georgia way **Gruntin' Gregg** and his awful pleasant chum **Dicky Betts** have reformed **The Allman Brothers Band.** The re-grouped outfit recently performed a 90-second *(Great! — Ed)* set at the Seventh Annual Capricorn Records Barbecue. A tour and album are imminent. **Jimmy Carter** almost choked on his fried chicken when he heard the news . . .

More exciting news *(Is this some kind of joke — Ed)* has it that a British publisher plans to put out a limited edition of **George Harrison**'s songs in their original form. That is, scrawled on envelopes, note pads and anything else available at the time. Hari is penning a commentary for each chune and the books will be numbered and individually Harri-signed. The publisher claims the scraps are now "historical documents" — which is presumably why he's charging $300 a copy. . .

Lynott In Cool Quotient Drop Shock: When **T'in Lizzy** were playing Columbus, Ohio (near fashionable Cleveland and Akron, trend-spotters), well known bass player Phil Lynott suffered a somewhat undignified attack of **Proby**'s Complaint (i.e. his strides split). The unfortunate Phillip was thus forced to retreat behind the drum rostrum (still whacking away at his bass) while **Gary Moore** took over lead vocals and no less than three roadies grabbed their crowbars and attempted to pry Lynott out of his damaged netherwear and replace same with an unblemished pair. The audience, for some reason, found all this very amusing . . .

Stop Press **Spirit** tour announced on news pages has been postponed cancel . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases

20p Alternative Ulster, My Way, Slits, Skins, Love Bites, Strictly pre, Size I Prefer

25p Smokey Bears, Telephone (France), Blondie No. 4, Bowie 78, James Dean, Don't Dictate, Sore Throat

POP ART 20p Revolt into Style, No Rule, Anti-Social, Fay Five is Fab, Auto-Destruct Button, Panic Button, Clone

This	Last week	
1	(1)	Animal Liberation
2	(—)	Rezillos
3	(2)	Clash Police
4	(6)	Siouxsie Special
5	(3)	Buzzcocks
6	(—)	The Jam — N.O.W.
7	(10)	Sham Army
8	(7)	Steel Pulse
9	(—)	Penetration
10	(4)	999

Clash City Rockers has been deleted because Bernie Rhodes (the manager) doesn't like it. Please accept a substitute.

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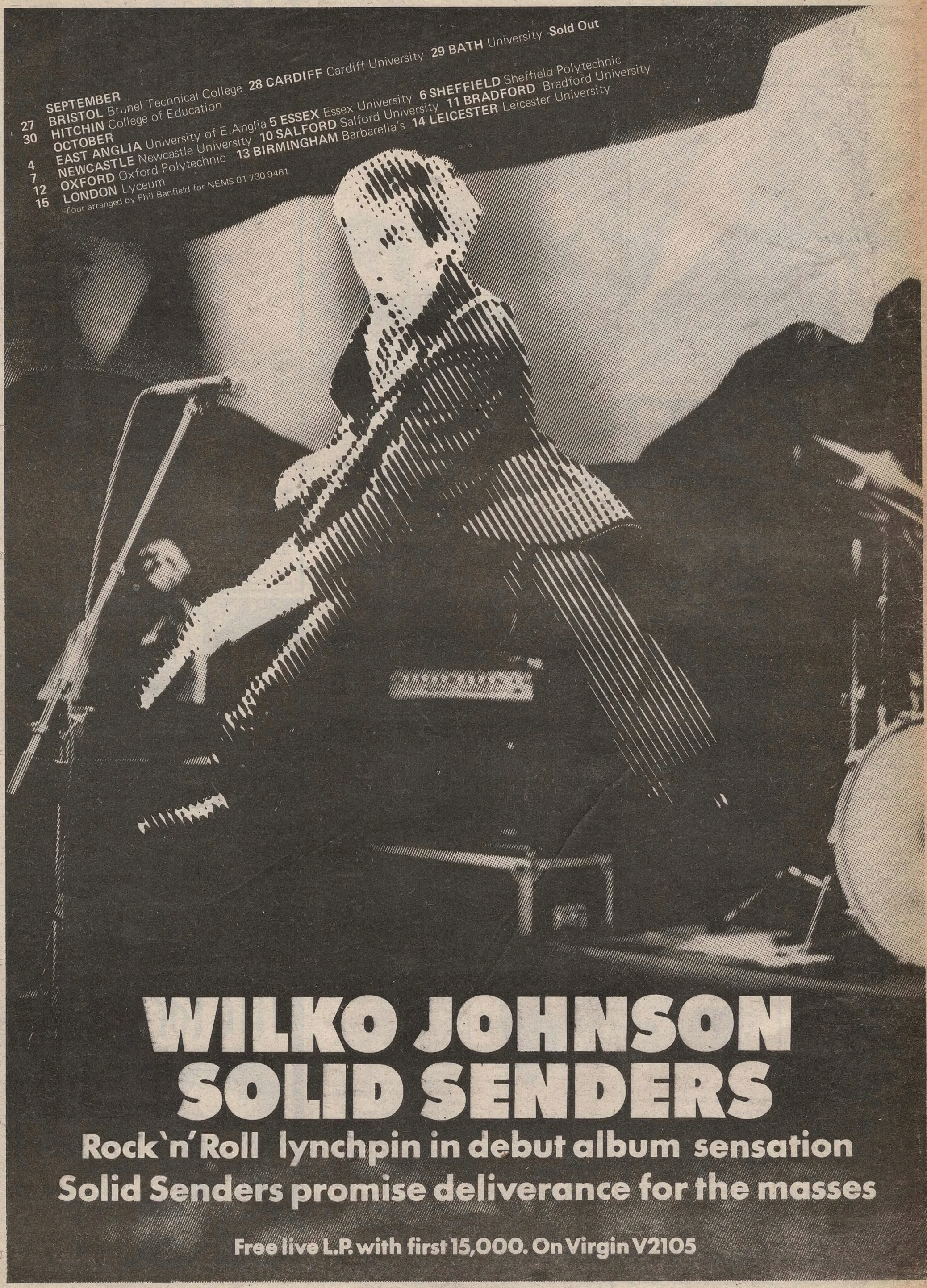
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30 HITCHIN College of Education
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